

Builders of the West

A BOOK OF HEROES

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Builders of the West

A BOOK OF HEROES

Edited by

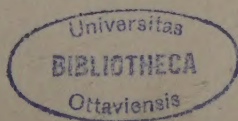
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Author of "British Columbia: The Making of a Province"



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PART ONE
THE RED RIVER

Builders of the West

PART ONE

CHAPTER I

The First White Men of the West

A LITTLE more than three hundred years ago, Samuel de Champlain with a company of thirty men built on the rock of Quebec a group of three two-storied log buildings, each twelve feet by fifteen, and a store-house thirty-six feet by eighteen. This little band of colonists, three thousand miles from home, was left almost wholly to its own resources.

Of the men who carried on the pioneer work so nobly begun by Champlain, none deserves a higher place than Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de la Vérendrye.

La Vérendrye was born in 1685. Although by this time almost eighty years had passed since the foundation of Quebec, the French colony in Canada was still in a very distracted condition. So the colony languished. True, for a period of ten years following the taking over of Canada by the French Government as a Crown Colony in 1663, there was considerable activity. But this activity was short-lived, and in 1685 the total population was still only about six thousand. A large proportion of these lived in the settlements at Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers. The rest cultivated their little farms, each with its strip of river-frontage along the banks of the St. Lawrence or Richelieu.

La Vérendrye spent his boyhood at Three Rivers, then a palisaded settlement enclosing twenty-five houses, the third largest in the colony. His father, an officer in the famous Carignan regiment which came to Canada

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with the Marquis de Tracy in 1665, married the heiress of Varennes, and afterwards became governor of Three Rivers. The explorer, known to us as La Vérendrye, was one of his nine children. The governor's official salary was very small, only twelve hundred francs a year, and though he owned three fiefs, with some seventy persons as his vassals, he must have found it difficult to provide for his large family. The rent paid by the



MAP OF THE EXPLORATIONS OF LA VÉRENDRYE
AND HIS SONS

An inscribed tablet was discovered on the bank of the Missouri, at Pierre, South Dakota, at the spot shown on the map where La Vérendrye's route crosses the river on the return journey.

habitants (his vassals) would be of no great value, a sack of wheat, some eggs, a few live fowl, a little money.

Like many another seignior, the governor traded in furs on his own account, and by virtue of his position made considerable profits, for Three Rivers was a favourite resort for the Western Indians. Its connection with the West was of long standing. It was the home-town of Nicolet, the first Frenchman to explore Lake Michigan. It was later the home of Radisson, the discoverer of the Mississippi. It lay well away from

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the customary haunts of the Iroquois, and consequently attracted more than its share of trade as being nearer to the West than Quebec and safer than Montreal. The young La Vérendrye was thus familiar with the fur-trade and with the Indians of the West from early boyhood. He was probably educated in Quebec and, being the son of the governor of Three Rivers, was well known to the Governor of the colony.

The hardships and dangers of pioneer life brought youths to manhood at an early age, and at eighteen La Vérendrye saw his first active service as a member of a band of Canadians and Indians sent in 1704 to attack the New England border settlement of Deerfield.

In the early years of the eighteenth century Louis XIV was trying to put himself in a position where he could control the affairs of Europe. His plan was to join Spain with France. This plan was opposed by England, Holland and Austria. A mighty struggle, known as the War of the Spanish Succession (1702-13), took place. The garrison of Canada was reduced and numbers of young Canadians were prevailed upon to cross to France and take service. Among them went La Vérendrye, who took part in the fierce struggle at Malplaquet, where the French, although defeated, inflicted heavier losses on their opponents than they themselves suffered. The future explorer was wounded nine times and left for dead on the field. He recovered, and received a commission as lieutenant in recognition of his bravery. Unable through poverty to take this rank, he resigned and returned to Canada with the rank of ensign.

Shortly after his return, he married, and with the permission of the governor of the colony set up as a fur-trader at his father's fief of La Gabelle, near Three Rivers. The years that followed were the most peaceful and happy in the explorer's life. During this period

were born his four sons. Influenced by the growing needs of his family and by his desire to test the information that he had obtained over a period of many years from Western Indians, he secured (1727) from the governor of the colony a grant of the trading post at Lake Nipigon, a lake of considerable size, north of Lake Superior. This post had been built with the idea of attracting those Indians who were in the habit of taking their furs to the English posts on Hudson Bay. It soon became clear to La Vérendrye that if this were to be done effectively it would be necessary to establish trading centres still farther west. He began, therefore, to collect and record all the information that he could obtain as to the land west of the Great Lakes.

Ten years later the fort was abandoned, and La Vérendrye had grave cause to regret the failure of this attempt to clear the way for western exploration.

By 1730 La Vérendrye had decided to undertake the exploration of the West. He hoped that the French government would provide him with the men and supplies necessary for the work. But Louis XV spent so much money on his pleasures, and his ministers were so taken up with European affairs, that the importance of La Vérendrye's proposal was not recognized.

His own resources were scanty. He had therefore to bargain with a group of Montreal merchants, his "Associates," for supplies, equipment and wages for his men. The Montreal merchants proved hard taskmasters. They were not at all interested in exploration. Their sole concern was the establishment of forts at points where vast profits could be won from the fur trade. They sent their representatives along with La Vérendrye, controlled his movements as far as they could, and did all they could to force him to attend solely to the fur-trading side. In 1731 La Vérendrye left Montreal with about fifty men, including his three sons and his

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nephew, La Jemmeraye. He followed the usual route to the west: up the Ottawa River to its junction with the Mattawa; up the Mattawa, thence to Lake Nipissing; across the lake and down French River to Georgian Bay. Thence, skirting the northern shore of Lake Huron, he came to Michillimackinac, where he was joined by a priest, Father Mesaiger, a member of the Jesuit order. Late in August the party reached the mouth of the Pigeon River, which afforded easier access to Rainy Lake than did the Kaministiquia route followed by de la Noue. La Vérendrye's plans for pushing forward immediately to Rainy Lake had to be abandoned at this stage. His men, either through fear of hardship or because they had been tampered with by rival Montreal fur traders, mutinied and refused to go any farther.

La Vérendrye was able to send his nephew ahead with a party of the best-disposed men before the freeze-up to establish a fort at Rainy Lake.

La Jemmeraye's expedition proved a great success. He built a fort at the point where the waters of Rainy Lake flow into Rainy River, and named it St. Pierre, in honour of his uncle. Here he spent the winter trading. In May he set out down the Pigeon River with a valuable cargo of furs, and met La Vérendrye at the mouth of the river.

The sight of La Jemmeraye's furs cheered both La Vérendrye and his men. To the leader the furs represented security for further advances from the merchants to meet the terribly heavy costs of the expedition. To the men the furs stood for wages, and were an incentive to further effort. After sending off the furs to Montreal, La Vérendrye, with all his remaining men, set out for Fort St. Pierre. Here he was well received by the Indians of the district, and, after the usual ceremonies and gifts, continued his voyage down Rainy River into the Lake of the Woods with an escort

of natives in fifty canoes. He made for the north-west angle of the lake, and there built a second fort, which he named Fort Charles, in honour of the governor, Charles de Beauharnois.

In the spring of 1735 Father Mesaiger returned to Montreal on account of ill-health, and with him went La Jemmeraye and a fleet of canoes loaded with furs. La Jemmeraye described to the Governor the difficulties encountered by the explorer and urged that the King should be persuaded to provide the means for further explorations. The Governor was sympathetic, but his appeal to the King on La Vérendrye's behalf was without result. The Montreal "Associates" refused to advance any more supplies, and La Vérendrye was compelled to go east in order to pacify them.

The year 1736 was to be a disastrous one for La Vérendrye. Misfortunes crowded upon him thick and fast. He had returned to the west full of hope. His chain of forts now reached to the Red River, and he still clung to the idea that the Western Sea was not far distant. His first disappointment was at St. Charles, where he found his men on the brink of starvation. To relieve the necessities of the garrison he was compelled to draw on the rather scanty supplies that he had brought with him.

Following the death of La Jemmeraye, Fort Maurepas was temporarily abandoned. La Vérendrye remained at Fort St. Charles anxiously awaiting the supplies that were on their way from Montreal. When starvation began to threaten, he sent his eldest son, Jean Baptiste, with nineteen men, to meet the canoes carrying the goods.

After three or four hours' paddling, the little band landed on one of the many islands that dot the surface of the Lake of the Woods.

Suddenly the war-whoops of a hundred Sioux rent the

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air and a storm of arrows came whizzing upon the unsuspecting Frenchmen. A few were able to seize their guns, and some few savages then bit the dust, but in a few minutes all was over. The last of the Frenchmen perished in a desperate attempt to swim to another island. The scalping knife completed this tragedy of Massacre Island.

La Vérendrye's fortunes were now at a very low ebb. He had lost his nephew, his son, his priest, and nearly half his men. He had spent all his money and was in debt to an alarming extent. The rivalry between the Indian tribes ruined the fur trade, and perpetually threatened death and destruction to La Vérendrye and his men. The great explorer made no attempt to avenge his son.

He believed that it was a matter of the first importance to reconcile the differences that existed between the Indian tribes, and though his heart must have been heavy at his crushing loss, he refused to depart from his settled policy.

Early in 1737 La Vérendrye visited Fort Maurepas, and for the first time gazed upon the grey waters of Lake Winnipeg. His Montreal "Associates" were again becoming impatient, and for the third time La Vérendrye was compelled to go east in search of further supplies. He took with him a good haul of furs, but he had great trouble in securing further advances. In order to get the supplies necessary for his long-cherished exploration of the prairies, he was compelled to hand over his forts to his "Associates," and leave them in full control of the fur trading.

Hastening westward again, La Vérendrye reached Fort Maurepas in September, 1738. He at once entered Lake Winnipeg, skirted its south-east shore, and passed up the Red River to its junction with the Assiniboine, where he found ten Cree Lodges.

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After bidding farewell to the Cree chiefs, La Vérendrye journeyed on up the Assiniboine River. At the point where the great portage from this river to Lake Manitoba is made, he built another fort, Fort La Reine, close to where Portage la Prairie now stands.

La Vérendrye made a very brief stay at the new fort. He had it in mind to reach the Western Sea. Back in Nipigon an Indian, called Ochakah, had drawn for him a rough map on birch-bark showing three routes to the Sea. None of these routes was of any great length. He had also learned of Mandans, a tribe who were reported to have accurate knowledge of a route. Pushing forward before his supplies could be exhausted, La Vérendrye left Fort La Reine in October (1738). The first Mandan village was reached on December 3rd. Friendly relations were at once established. The French lined up and saluted their hosts with three volleys. Speeches of good will and friendship were exchanged between La Vérendrye and the Mandan chief. A feast was provided and for a time all was well. But the Mandans had no intention of feeding a hungry crowd of Assiniboines for any length of time. They therefore reported that scouts had seen Sioux warriors on the war-path. This information was too much for the Assiniboines. They fled northward in panic. Unfortunately, La Vérendrye's interpreter went with them, and the explorer could find out little from his hosts by means of signs. Almost the only thing that he could learn with any degree of certainty was that the Mandans did not know the location of the Western Sea.

Leaving two men at the village to learn the Mandan language, the Frenchmen began their laborious return to Fort La Reine. For fifty-nine days they tramped over snow-covered prairies, breaking their own trail, hunting for their food, getting their own meals often in forty below zero weather, sleeping in the shelter of bluff or

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creek, and suffering torture from snow blindness. "I set out," says La Vérendrye in his notes, "although very ill, in the hope that I might get better on the way. It turned out otherwise, as it was the bitterest season of the year. . . . It would be impossible to suffer more. It seemed that only death could deliver us from such misery. . . . I have never endured so much wretchedness in my life from illness and fatigue as in that journey. I found myself after a fortnight's rest a little restored." This extract shows the conditions which had to be endured by those heroic pioneers who opened up the Canadian West.

In 1739 La Vérendrye sent his son, François, known as the Chevalier, to visit Lakes Manitoba, Dauphin, Bourbon and Winnipegosis, and, as the outcome of these explorations, forts were built on Lake Manitoba (Fort Dauphin), on Cedar Lake where the Saskatchewan River enters the lake (Fort Bourbon), and on the Saskatchewan River (Fort Paskoyac, now The Pas).

Meanwhile La Vérendrye himself had to go to Montreal in 1740 to adjust financial troubles, but was back again at Fort La Reine in 1741. By this time, however, the hardships that the veteran explorer had undergone had begun to tell on him, and he was compelled to remain at Fort La Reine while his sons carried on the search for the Western Sea. The two youngest sons, François (the Chevalier), and Louis (Louis-Joseph), accordingly set out in the spring of 1742. The Chevalier is said to have been able to speak seven Indian languages fluently, while Louis was a trained map-maker; an admirable combination for the work in hand. Passing through the Mandan country, they went in search of a tribe known as the Horsemen, who were reported to hunt near the "Shining Mountains," and to trade with the Spaniards on the other side of the mountains.

But the proverbial ill-luck of the Vérendryes was

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again to the fore, and they were deprived of all opportunity of ascending the "Shining Mountains," at whose foot they had arrived. There is considerable doubt as to just what part of the western mountain range was reached by the Chevalier and his comrades; possibly it was the Big Horn range.

An interesting relic of this expedition was found by a schoolgirl of Pierre, South Dakota, in 1913. It was a leaden plate, some eight inches long, with the arms of France and a Latin inscription on one side, and the names of the Chevalier, his brother Louis, and two *voyageurs* scratched on the other side, along with the date, March 30, 1743.

After a long string of adventures the party reached Fort La Reine safely, to the great joy of La Vérendrye, fifteen months after setting out. This little group of four Frenchmen were thus the first white men to catch sight of the Rockies.

In the fall of 1743 La Vérendrye was again compelled to go to Montreal. A new governor was persuaded to dismiss La Vérendrye from his post.

La Vérendrye's successor made no additions to the existing knowledge of the West. For years La Vérendrye strove hard to obtain permission to go West again, and to recoup himself in some measure for his heavy losses. He was for long unsuccessful in his efforts, but finally, in 1749, a reaction in his favour set in. A capable governor, De la Galissonnière, reported very favourably on the work done by the Vérendryes, and the old leader was rewarded by an appointment to the order of St. Louis, and by the restoration of his post as commander of the Western forts. La Vérendrye joyfully made his preparations for setting out. But the effort was too much for his wasted strength, and he died in the winter of 1749.

CHAPTER II

The First White Women of the West

THE NAME of the first white woman of whom there is record is not known. Nothing is known of her beyond the fact that she came out from the Orkney Islands in 1806 in a Hudson's Bay Company's ship, disguised as a young man, and after spending two or three years on this side of the Atlantic, returned home.

In the summer of 1807 the second white woman to set foot on the prairies arrived with her husband at the Red River, in one of the canoes of a fur trader's brigade from Montreal. The canoes were manned by skilled canoe men—French-Canadian voyageurs and Iroquois Indians from the St. Lawrence—and each canoe was paddled by eighteen men. The portages were many, and the canoes so heavy and large that it required eight men to carry one canoe over a portage. The love of colour which is so manifest in both the French-Canadian and the Indian was demonstrated by the bright designs on each end of the canoes, and, to complete the effect, the paddlers arrayed themselves in gay-coloured shirts and tied red sashes around their waists as belts. It was their chief delight to arrive at the end of a journey bedecked in all their finery, paddling at top speed to the tune of one of their favourite paddle songs.

This woman who came to the West in 1807 was the wife of Jean-Baptiste Lagimoniere, an adventurous young man who after spending five years in the wilderness of the North-West with the fur traders, had returned to his home below Three Rivers on a visit. Jean's family urged him to marry and settle down on a farm near his home, and in April, 1807, he married Marie Anne Gaboury, who had lived on a neighbouring farm. They

had not been married many days, however, before the young husband became restless for the old life of adventure; so he and his wife set out on their journey to the North-West.

The brigade of canoes spent over a month on its journey up the Ottawa River and across by a succession of waterways to Lake Huron—the regular fur trader's route—and on to Sault Ste. Marie, thence along the north coast of Lake Superior. Travelling by way of Rainy Lake and Rainy River, Lake of the Woods, Winnipeg River, Lake Winnipeg and the Red River, they arrived at the headquarters of the buffalo hunters, a trading post known as Fort Pembina, where the town of Pembina in North Dakota now stands. There the young couple spent several months in a wigwam, and at the end of their first winter in the west, the Lagimonieres decided to cross the plains to the Saskatchewan River. They took with them three of the hunters who had wintered with them, Chalifou, Belgrade and Paquin, and their wives, all of the Cree tribe.

The little party started out late in May in four canoes, travelling down the Red River to Lake Winnipeg, and skirting the western shore of the lake until they came to Grand Rapids at the mouth of the Saskatchewan. Marie Anne Lagimoniere's baggage was reduced to its smallest bulk and weight, and she carried her baby in a moss bag, Indian fashion. The coming of a white woman and her baby caused much excitement, and, at Cumberland House, a Hudson's Bay Company's post at Sturgeon Lake on the Saskatchewan, a great assemblage of Indians gathered to see the wonderful sight. Belgrade, who had arrived a little in advance of his companions, told the Indians that the white woman was good and kind, but had great power as a medicine woman, and by looking intently at any person who had offended her could cause that person's death. This increased the

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excitement greatly. Speeches and presents were prepared for her, and the Indians excelled themselves in every way, and showed extraordinary pleasure as they gazed on the white woman and her baby.

For four years Marie Anne Lagimoniere wintered at the Fort of the Prairies, where the city of Edmonton now stands. Every spring, when her husband returned from his trapping expeditions, she accompanied him to the plains with the buffalo hunters. She was an excellent horsewoman, and could spend all day in the saddle without fatigue. On one occasion she had chosen a horse which was a trained buffalo rider; a bag hung from each side of her saddle, and she had placed her child in one of them. When the horse caught sight of a herd of buffalo, he galloped after them. Lagimoniere fortunately appeared on the scene, and by wheeling and cutting across the horse's path he succeeded at last in stopping him, and helped his wife to dismount. Marie Anne had pluckily clung to the horse's mane with one hand while she clutched her child with the other.

One day in the following spring, her little fair-haired, blue-eyed boy was stolen by the wife of one of the Blackfeet Indians. Marie Anne mounted a horse and followed her, and, after a race of several miles, she overtook the Indian woman, who pretended that she was carrying the child away to play with him. A year later the husband of the kidnapper arrived at the Lagimoniere camp with some horses. He led the finest of his horses to Marie Anne and asked her for her boy in exchange. The mother told him in sign language that she could never be persuaded to give away her child, but the chief, thinking that she was not content with one horse, drew up a second.

"Tell him," she said to her husband, "that I will not sell my child, and that my heart would have to be torn out before I would part with him!"

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"Very well," said the Indian when this had been interpreted to him. "Take all of the horses and one of my children."

"No! No!" cried the mother. "Never!" And taking the child in her arms, she began to cry. The Blackfeet chief said no more, but went on his way with his people and his horses.

In 1811 the Lagimonieres heard at the Fort of the Prairies that Lord Selkirk was bringing settlers from Scotland to form a colony on the banks of the Red River, and late in the summer of that year Lagimoniere and his family arrived at the site of the future city of Winnipeg. The first of the Selkirk settlers did not arrive until the following year. John Tanner, the explorer and fur trader, was at the Red River in the summer of 1813. "The Scots people to the number of a hundred and more arrived to settle under the protection of the Hudson's Bay Company," he wrote in his journal, "and among these I saw, for the first time since I had become a man, a white woman." The Lagimonieres were then living near Fort Pembina, where they had passed their first winter in the West.

During 1815 the warfare between the rival fur companies was causing unrest among the settlers. At the beginning of the winter of that year it became necessary to have important messages carried from Fort Douglas, the stockaded stronghold on the Red River, to Lord Selkirk, who was then in Montreal. Lagimoniere volunteered to carry the messages, and on November 1st he set forth alone and on foot on the long and perilous journey. His wife and children were taken into Fort Douglas until his return. In June, 1816, a few days before the massacre of Seven Oaks, which was followed by the capture of Fort Douglas by the men of the North-West Company, Chief Pequis came to the Fort and persuaded Marie Anne Lagimoniere to take her children

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and go with him to his camp, where there would be safety. She did so, and just before Christmas, 1816, when she had almost given up hope of ever seeing her husband again, he arrived, after having been gone fourteen months.

In starting on his journey to Montreal, he had first gone south to Pembina, following the usual route of his ordinary hunting expeditions. He went as far to the south as the present city of Detroit, in Michigan, trusting to his gun for his food, and then eastward, until, finally, he arrived in Montreal on New Year's Eve, on the sixty-first day after leaving Fort Douglas. Lord Selkirk immediately set out to organize a body of armed men to send to the West, and Lagimoniere, having delivered his message, started homeward on his journey from Montreal.

The leaders of the North-West Company had issued orders that Lagimoniere was to be captured, offering rewards of rum and tobacco to the Indians in the neighbourhood of Fort William, the North-West Company's headquarters in the West. Lagimoniere made a detour to avoid Fort William; but was taken prisoner by a party of Indians and was confined for several months. In the summer of 1817, when Lord Selkirk arrived at Fort Douglas, which had been retaken by his people, he rewarded Lagimoniere by giving him a grant of land opposite the Fort.

The Lagimonières lived on their homestead on the bank of the Red River until 1850, when Marie Anne was left a widow. All of her children had married and established themselves on farms near St. Boniface. One of her daughters married Louis Riel, who was known as "the miller of the Seine" from a woollen mill he set up on the bank of a small stream of that name which flows into the Red River. He was a notable man in his settlement; his son and namesake was the leader of the rebellions of 1869-1870 and 1885. Marie Anne Lagi-

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moniere lived until 1878, when her long life came to a peaceful end in the home of her youngest son. From the time of the return of the Orkney girl to Scotland until the arrival of the first women among the settlers sent out by Lord Selkirk, she was the only white woman on the northern half of this continent west of the Great Lakes of whom there is a record. The first white women who crossed the continent south of the international line were the wives of the two Presbyterian missionaries, Marcus Whitman and Henry Spalding, who accompanied their husbands to Oregon in 1836, twenty-eight years later.

CHAPTER III

Chief Peguis of Red River

WHEN Manitoba, the first of the Prairie Provinces, was established in 1870, all the area between Ontario and British Columbia was a wilderness upon which, save in a few isolated localities, no mark had been made by man. General Butler, the distinguished soldier and writer, who as a young man was at Red River with the Wolsey expedition in 1870, described that empty vastness as "The Great Lone Land." The West was held in fee simply by herds of buffalo and wandering tribes of Indians. The only records left on the prairies by other activities than those of the changing seasons were the permanent buffalo trails. There was but one place where settlement could boast of being more than a few hunter's families clustered about a trading post.

This was at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine rivers, where the settlement known as Red River had grown during the preceding half century until its population of whites and half-breeds had reached the twelve thousand mark. Of the Metis, or Bois Brûlés—a nick-name which the French-speaking people of mixed blood used with reference to themselves, proud of their "burnt wood" hue of skin—there were a few frugal, thrifty families who lived comfortably on their farms, while others were of a roving disposition and less provident. The latter loved the excitement, adventure and freedom of the great buffalo hunting expeditions which set forth every spring and fall from Red River.

The settlers sent out by Lord Selkirk found both the Metis and the Indians friendly from the first. Good feeling amongst all classes was strong. The Selkirk

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settlers worked faithfully on their long, narrow lots, which ran back two miles from the river frontage, and the Metis, who had no love for toil but relied upon the proceeds from their buffalo hunts for a livelihood, called these enterprising people "the gardeners." When the settlers were harvesting their crops, the women worked in the fields beside the men, although they sometimes hired Indians and half-breeds as helpers; and when the buffalo hunting expeditions went out on the plains in the spring and fall, the Indians generally took with them some of the more adventurous young men from the Selkirk settlers' families. In the early years of the settlement, the lack of food during the winter forced the settlers to take refuge at the headquarters of the buffalo hunters, sixty miles away. The Indians carried the settlers' children on their ponies, and treated them very kindly, although when they rode off at top speed the mothers were terrified, thinking that they might never see their children again.

The friendly relations between the Indians and the Selkirk settlers were in a great measure due to a notable Indian, Chief Peguis, of the Saulteaux tribe, whom Lord Selkirk found to be the most influential chief in the region. He was born about 1774 at Sault Ste. Marie, and, when a young man, led a band of his tribe westward to the Red River, where they established themselves. The other Indian tribes whom they found settled there were the Crees and the Assiniboines. The latter tribe soon afterwards lost many of its number through small-pox, and the survivors, believing that the Evil Spirit was the cause of that terrible visitation, and that it was the will of the Master of Life that they should move away, went westward and were seen no more along the Red River.

Chief Peguis was a man of courage. His gift as an orator, combined with his remarkable resoluteness, wis-

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dom, and physical strength, won for him the respect and admiration of the Indians. From the first he was the unswerving friend of the white people, and, during the fur trade hostilities, he gave convincing proof that he had the safety of the settlers at heart.

He was the principal of the five chiefs with whom Lord Selkirk, on July 18, 1817, made the treaty "at the Forks of the Red and the Assiniboine," by which the Indians gave up their title to the land "extending to the distance of two English statute miles from the banks of the said rivers on each side, as far as the Great Forks at the mouth of the Red Lake River" (in what is now Minnesota), in consideration of a quit-rent of "two hundred pounds weight of good merchantable tobacco, to be paid on or before October tenth of each year." The Indians' version of the "two English statute miles" was that they gave the Silver Chief, as they named Lord Selkirk, the land back from the river banks as far as daylight could be seen under the body of a pony standing on the level prairie.

One of the earliest descriptions of Chief Peguis was written by Alexander Ross, who for many years was Sheriff of Red River. In his book, "Fur Hunters of the Far West," he records that as he came up the Red River he met some Indians, who took him to their chief Peguis. He and Chief Peguis remained friends for forty years. At that first meeting he failed to catch the Chief's name accurately, and wrote down, jocularly, "Seigneur Pig-wise" in his notebook. Peguis had lost the tip of his nose, which was bitten off in a fight when he was a young man; but Alexander Ross made a note of the "expressive countenance" of that "short, stout, middle-aged man." The Chief showed Ross his treaty medal and the document Lord Selkirk had given him, dated Fort Douglas, July 20, 1817, which testified that he was a "steady friend of the settlement ever since its first establish-

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ment," and "had never deserted its cause in its greatest reverses." The documents said, further:

He has often exerted his influence to restore peace, and, having rendered most essential services to the settlers in their distresses, deserves to be treated with favour and distinction by the officers of the Company and by all friends of peace and good order.

In 1855 Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, gave Chief Peguis a document testifying anew to the value of his constant friendship to the settlers, and containing the notification that the Company would pay him thereafter an annual pension. He was taken to the annual Council at Norway House that year, and sat at the table with Sir George and the Chief Factors assembled from all the principal posts of the Company throughout the West. No other Indian Chief was ever honoured in that way.

The Chief's methods in dealing with the Indians were effective, and his manner of disposing of a difficulty is well illustrated by an incident which occurred during the 1850's. Thomas Truthwaite, the son of a retired officer of the Company, farmed a river lot at St. Andrew's rapids on the Red River. He asked the Chief for permission to enclose a field of the Indian's land adjoining his lot, and sow it with wheat. Peguis, after a brief consideration of the matter, said: "My son, you may fence in a field and plough it, and plant wheat in it and have the crop." In the following year some of the Indians went to Truthwaite and demanded part of his crop in payment for the land. He gave them presents of pork and flour, and partly pacified them. Then he went to Chief Peguis. The Chief sent a message to all the bands, calling them to a council meeting.

When the hour for the meeting arrived, the Chief arrayed himself in all his regalia of war, and went to the council with his scalping knife in his belt. He lighted

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the council pipe, and it was duly passed around and smoked in silence. After the other preliminaries had been observed, Chief Peguis spoke:

"I have given the use of some land to my adopted son," he said. "If any one troubles him in any way"—and he snatched the scalping knife from his belt and brandished it over his head—"I will rip up the trouble maker!"

There was no further discussion of the matter. The meeting dispersed. That brandishing of the scalping knife was a flash of the Peguis of old, before his conversion by the missionaries. There is an interesting record of Peguis' conversion in a little book entitled "The Rainbow of the North," which was published in London in 1852 by the Church Missionary Society.

In the Journal of the Rev. John West it is related that when one of the York boats of which he was a passenger entered the Red River on the morning of October 13, 1820, the first stop was made at the camp of Chief Peguis, who was invited to join the party at breakfast. There is frequent mention of Chief Peguis in the Journal of John West; for instance, on Nov. 2, 1821, West, being then on his return from a journey to the north of Lake Winnipeg, writes: "We arrived at the camp of Chief Peguis at Netley Creek, having been delayed for several days. Food had run short, and we were nearly famished." The chief's hospitality seems, however, to have come to their relief. When West returned to England in 1823, his successor, Rev. David Jones, likewise found in Chief Peguis a firm friend, as did all the succeeding clergymen at Red River during the following forty years.

Archdeacon Cochrane records in his narrative "the sound of the conjuror's drum and rattle" in the camp of Chief Peguis, who, in spite of his friendship for the missionaries, clung to the old Indian beliefs and

observances for several years. However, he allowed one of his children to be baptized. The child died soon afterwards, and those of the Indians who refused to listen to the missionaries said that the death of the child was due to the anger of the Master of Life, and begged Peguis to have the Indian rites performed over the child's body. But Peguis refused, and announced to them that he had determined to become a Christian. The missionaries, however, insisted that before he could be baptized he must improve his habits of living, chief among which was his occasional departures from sobriety. After he had given proof of his earnestness by two years of sobriety without a single lapse, he was baptized in 1838.

Soon afterwards one of his sons died out on the plains, and the body was brought to the banks of the Red River for burial. The face was painted red, red feathers were stuck in the hair, beads were placed in the ears and nose and a necklace around the neck. The body, thus arrayed, was sewed up in a blanket with the weapons and the hunting and fishing gear of the young man, in accordance with the ancient Indian custom. Chief Peguis asked that the body might be buried in the churchyard, next to the place he had selected for his own grave. Rev. John Smithhurst, who was then in charge, found it hard to refuse that request, but felt that he must do so; he suggested that the body be buried just outside the boundary of the churchyard. After a silent struggle with himself, Peguis consented.

"He had the body stripped of every badge of heathenism," says the missionary narrative in "The Rainbow of the North"—"and placed in a coffin, employing Christian bearers to carry it to the burying ground." It was January: the wind was blowing a hurricane, the air was darkened with drifting snow, the thermometer registered eight degrees below zero, and

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Mr. Smithurst, who could see the whole proceedings from his window, concluded that as soon as the grave was covered the party—which included many of the Indians—would disperse. But they still remained at the grave, and presently he saw that their Chief was addressing them with great earnestness. The faith and love of the old man had risen above his grief and he was taking advantage of this solemn occasion to invite his people to become followers of Christ. The narrative tells us that “the feelings of the poor father were deeply wounded” by the refusal to be allowed to bury his son in the churchyard, and he was unable to understand it.

Chief Peguis died in 1864, in his ninetieth year. At the funeral Archdeacons Cowley and Hunter officiated. A monument erected by the Lord Selkirk Association in memory of his staunch friendship for the white people and of the national importance of his services, was unveiled on May 24, 1924, in Kildonan Park, Winnipeg. The Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, Sir James Aikens, Archbishop Matheson, Hon. Colin Inkster—Sheriff of Winnipeg and one of the oldest survivors from the Red River district—and Chief Henry Prince, a grandson of Peguis, were present at the ceremony and gave addresses. “Chief Peguis was a friend of my father,” said the Archbishop. “They hunted together and visited each other. All that I am able to recall of the Chief is that he was a fine, noble, Christian gentleman. He called my father ‘Little Brother,’ not because my father was small, but because he himself was so big.”

Chief Peguis' grave is in the burying ground of St. Peter's Church, below the town of Selkirk, not far from where he had his camp on that October morning in 1820 when the brigade of York boats arrived, and where he saw John West for the first time.

CHAPTER IV

The Man Who Taught Birchbark How to Talk

NO MISSIONARY in Canada is better entitled to a lasting regard than James Evans, "the man who taught birch bark how to talk." He was born in Kingston-upon-Hull, England, January 18, 1801. His father, captain of a merchant ship, was on a trip to Cronstadt in the Baltic when James was born.

James grew up in Kingston-upon-Hull, and, as was natural, desired to go to sea. His father, however, had seen the unpleasant side of a seaman's life, and while not protesting against his son's choice of a career, he quietly made his plans to disillusion the boy. Accordingly, when James was but eight years old, his father took him on two long voyages, one to Dantzic, and the other to Copenhagen. The trips were rough and the life anything but ideal. The result was that James turned his attention in other directions.

After leaving school James, then fifteen years old, was apprenticed to a grocer in his home town. As was frequently the case, the employer took his help to board, and in this instance it was fortunate for James. The grocer was an official in the Wesleyan church, and as he attended all the preaching services and other meetings with regularity, James felt that it was also his duty to be punctual at "the means of grace." On one occasion Gideon Ouseley, a celebrated Irish missionary, visited the Methodist church for the purpose of interesting the English Methodists in Ouseley's struggling Irish churches. As he listened to the impassioned eloquence of the Irishman, Evans was greatly moved, and then and there made his choice.

Therefore, as soon as James Evans had expressed

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the wish, he was placed among the prayer-leaders. Having served his apprenticeship in this capacity, he was raised to the rank of a local preacher.

James Evans was in the prime of his youth when his family emigrated to Canada, settling at Lachute, Quebec. He continued to work in London, in a glass and crockery concern, for another two years, and then joined his family. One month after his arrival he accepted a



JAMES EVANS

The man who taught birchbark how to talk

position as school teacher near L'Orignal. No special certificates or examination were then required of a teacher; the main virtues a teacher was supposed to possess were a liking for books, and the ability to keep order. Indeed, some teachers occasionally used a book to help preserve order!

While teaching at L'Orignal James Evans met Mary Blithe Smith, and, after a brief courtship, they were married. Two years after their marriage, about

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1825, they migrated a little to the westward along the St. Lawrence, and settled near Augusta. It was while attending a camp-meeting at Augusta that Evans again felt his heart warmed, and again he resolved to use whatever talents he possessed in the service of his God.

In 1799 a young surveyor, by the name of Nathan Bangs, came up from the United States to carry on his profession. He remained during his stay with his saintly sister and her husband, and before long experienced a great change in his religious life. Following his spiritual awakening he felt impelled to preach, and, accordingly, in 1802, became a circuit rider. Over all sorts of roads, in all kinds of weather, with few chapels and a scattered flock, his worldly possessions in his saddle bags, the preacher made his way.

So it was that William Case went through Canadian Methodism, raising money and finding men, in order that he might build schools, train his preachers and teachers, instruct the children, provide literature, develop manual and industrial training, and so assist the Indian to become a god-fearing, intelligent, self-supporting and respectable part of the nation.

Some of those men whom William Case discovered and trained are: James Evans, inventor of the Cree Syllabic; George McDougall, "the missionary-martyr of the Saskatchewan," and father of John McDougall, "McDougall of Alberta"; Henry B. Steinhauer, translator of the Bible into the Cree language; Peter Jones, native Indian preacher, translator and author; John Sunday, native Indian chief, orator and missionary. This list might well be extended, but it serves to show how well William Case planned and how wisely he chose.

Two years after his religious awakening at Augusta, James Evans became the school teacher at Rice Lake. His success was immediate. Possessed with a love of learning, he was now even more possessed with a love

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of men. He studied Ojibway, the language of the Rice Lake Indians, and before long was able, not only to translate portions of the Scriptures into Ojibway, but to address them with a degree of fluency.

James Evans was received on probation for the Methodist Ministry at Kingston, Ontario, August 17, 1830, and was appointed a missionary to the Rice Lake and Mud Lake Tribes. As if this were not enough, before the year was over he had to assume charge of the Cavan Circuit as well, which had seventeen appointments.

William Case had been successful in his visit to the United States, and returned with funds which permitted him to proceed with the translation and publication of the Scriptures. In this he was assisted by James Evans. The work succeeded beyond their fondest expectation. Five Indian Reserves had been organized by the church, comprising some ten tribes, with sixteen schools, employing seventeen missionaries, nine of them natives!

James Evans was sent to the Credit in 1831. The splendid work he had begun in translating the Scriptures into the Indian language was here carried forward to fresh success. In addition to his translations he ministered to the Indians, and also to the white settlements close to the reserve. The following year he was sent to Ancaster as missionary in charge. This mission included a considerable territory, part of which is now the city of Hamilton.

James Evans was born for the times. He was a man of high ideals. He believed intensely in truth, freedom and righteousness, and between these high goals of his endeavour, and those things which defeat his purpose, he ran a line of fire. The closing years of Evans' work in Ontario were marked by such splendid courage and ability that he was marked for the greatest opportunity of service the church had to bestow.

The Indian Mission along the St. Clair River was in

a bad way. The Indians were more than ordinarily superstitious, immoral and debauched, and the missionary had been unable to cope with the trying situation. James Evans, therefore, was sent, and the change was striking. Fluent in their tongue, and with his translations of the Bible and many hymns, he inspired respect at once. In addition to this his passionate love for his work, and his resolute personality convinced the St. Clair tribe that he was there for business. The effect was almost instantaneous. Evans not only preached on the Canadian side, but crossed over to the United States territory along the river, preaching his good news everywhere.

Meanwhile, the work that Evans, Jones, Case and others had been doing in translating the Scriptures was nearing completion. When the Conference of the Church met in 1837, Evans was commissioned to proceed to New York for the purpose of having the translations printed.

Scarcely had James Evans successfully completed this great task, when the church sent him to the Indians in the Lake Superior district. That was in 1838, the year of the Rebellion in Lower Canada. Evans spent the winter and spring among the Indian camps along the shores of Lake Superior, and returned to Ontario in the summer of 1839, being stationed at Guelph. Here he laboured for one year, and then turned his face towards the prairies.

The story of the progress of the Church on the plains is a romance without parallel. In this book you may read some of the finest records of heroism written into the annals of our Dominion. The West was a huge empire, but an empire uncharted, and all but unknown. The dangers of a hostile climate were matched by the enmity of the savages. None but those stout of body and indomitable of heart need hope to brave those wilds

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for peltries or for souls. Into the West, therefore, in the spring of 1840, James Evans went, accompanied by three young missionaries from England, G. Barnley, W. Mason and Robert Terrill Rundle. The man who was destined to be the first missionary of any church to reach the present site of Edmonton was this Rundle.

James Evans was appointed Missionary Superintendent and was stationed at Norway House, which had been established in 1819 by a party of Norwegians. Rundle arrived at Norway House two months before Evans, and lost no time in setting out for his distant field in Alberta. Evans spent the first few months getting acquainted with his work and teaching the Indian children. His knowledge of their language promised success from the beginning. In the spring he set to work to erect his mission on a small island in Playgreen Lake, two miles distant from the Fort. Donald Ross, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, gave Evans great assistance, and as a pretty compliment the missionary named the new mission station Rossville, after the Factor. Although the timber had to be felled and squared, it was not long before there was a school, church and parsonage, with a little plot cleared and a garden started.

Evans had the responsibility of supervising the other western missions, and, when his own work was well under way, off he set to Oxford House, York Factory, Nelson House, Fort Pitt, Fort Chippewyan, then on to Lesser Slave Lake and Dunvegan! His only means of travel was by canoe, in which he took his full share of paddling with his Indians. Dangers of every kind awaited him, but he passed unharmed.

The principal tribe among which he laboured were the Crees, a branch of the Algonquin family, who called themselves Naheyowuk, the exact people. Being fluent in the Ojibway language, a dialect of the Cree, Evans

soon mastered the language of his people. Not content merely to speak the language, he set himself the task of translating the Scriptures and hymns as he had in Ontario.

The year 1841 is important, for it was in that year that Evans completed the Cree Syllabic, the alphabet of the Cree Indians, one of the most important achievements by any scholar of any time. This is not the place to explain the Cree alphabet. It is sufficient to say that it laid the foundation of education among the Indian tribes of the plains, making available in their own language the Scriptures, and the great hymns of the churches. The Evans Cree Syllabic System contains less than fifty characters, and those who have taught it declare that it can be mastered in an hour.

Having invented the alphabet, his next problem was to procure a printing press and type. The Hudson's Bay Company feared that the introduction of printing would make the Indians restless. But Evans was determined to see his purpose accomplished. At first he cut birch bark into small sheets, and with ink made of chimney soot, wrote hymns and Bible verses on them. But this was not satisfactory. Accordingly, after having made his models from wood blocks with a jack-knife, he gathered lead linings from old tea chests, melted it and moulded it into type. He later cut more type with his knife from musket bullets. A crude hand press was fitted up, then ink was again made from chimney soot, while birch bark still served for paper! Thus was begun the first printing press in the North-West!

Later on a small press was sent out from England. When the new equipment arrived, Evans had to promise that it would only be used for missionary work. On these terms alone would the Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company agree to present the press and type to the

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mission. At first Evans did most of the work himself, but, later, the Indians could set type and print portions of the Scriptures as well as hymns.

Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada many years afterward, when told of James Evans' great work by another missionary, Dr. Egerton Ryerson Young, said: "The nation has given many a man a title, and a pension, and then a resting-place and a monument in Westminster Abbey, who never did half so much for his fellow-creatures."

The syllabics invented by James Evans were adopted by Protestant and Catholic alike, and as time went on were adapted to the language of other tribes. In less than a decade, James Evans had placed books in the hands of the Indians in their own language. The little printing press at Norway House was the first in the whole North-West. At Victoria College, Toronto, may be seen copies of these small, crude books, covered with deerskin, bearing this imprint: *Norway House, 1841.*

James Evans returned to England for a brief visit in 1846, where, without warning, he passed away at Keilby, Lincolnshire, November 23, 1846.

CHAPTER V

The Red River Settlement

LET US, in imagination, approach the Red River settlement in the late afternoon of a day in August, 1851, with a train of Red River carts, which started northward from St. Paul four weeks ago. During its journey the caravan of 150 carts has kept guard against the Indians, especially while traversing the territory of the Chippewas or "Pillagers."

Each cart is drawn by an ox, and carries about nine hundred pounds of merchandise. Rivers and streams have been forded, and thus the whole train has sometimes travelled less than twenty or twenty-five miles in a day. The Red River carts are two-wheeled, and made wholly of wood; not until the closing years of the Red River era was any part made of iron. No grease is used on the axles, because experience has taught—or so it is believed—that the fine dust along the prairie trails lodged in the grease and wore down the axles and hubs. The squeaking of a loaded cart can be heard on a still day for over a mile. "The creaking of the wheels is indescribable," wrote the poet, Charles Mair, when he came to Red River in 1868. "It is like no sound you ever heard in all your life, and makes your blood run cold."

The driver straps a scraped buffalo skin or a piece of oiled canvas over his cart at night with a rawhide thong, and calls it a tent. He can remove the wheels, which are of a "dished" shape, and by lashing them together and fastening the buffalo skin or canvas to them, can make a boat in which to cross a river too deep to ford. The "dished" shape of the wheels is of advan-

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tage also in travelling along uneven or slippery ways, and in preventing the carts from toppling over.

As we approach the Red River settlement, the small log houses of the French-speaking settlers appear



LORD SELKIRK NAMING THE PARISH OF KILDONAN

"The parish shall be Kildonan: here you shall build your church, and that lot is for a school."

among the trees along the river bank. As they near home the Metis cart drivers don the new red sashes which they purchased in St. Paul, and knot the bright-coloured kerchiefs about their necks, or tie them round their heads like turbans. They take from the carts

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their private packages of gay feathers and ribbons, and the other gifts which they are bringing home. Presently their friends come riding out to greet them.

One of these riders is Joe Amyot. He soon finds a friend who is bringing him a bright-coloured shirt. Joe dismounts, and, leading his pony, trudges along by the side of his friend. They have come to that part of the trail which is now known as St. Mary's Road, and along which now run the electric street cars from Winnipeg over the bridges spanning the two rivers. Presently, as the trail nears the high bank of the Red River, Joe and his friend come into full view of three large buildings which look westward to the mouth of the Assiniboine. The nearest of the three buildings is a white-washed dwelling-house, the home of hospitable Narcisse Marion, the wealthiest French-Canadian resident of the Red River. The second is the convent of the Grey Nuns—a broad building with two rows of windows, which, unlike the other buildings of the neighbourhood, is painted red. The third is the cathedral of St. Boniface, built of stone. Only one of its two steeples, in which a chime of bells is hung, is finished.

Pacing back and forth on the river bank before the cathedral is a black-gowned priest, reading his breviary, which at intervals he holds behind his back, with his right finger between the leaves as a marker. If we look past him towards the Assiniboine, we can see, on the far bank of that river, the grey stone wall which surrounds Fort Garry, gable-high to the buildings it encloses, while at the corners of the wall are cone-shaped bastions.

While Joe Amyot is riding homeward past the cathedral, the priest calls him. He dismounts, leads the pony over, and stands, cap in hand, listening. "There are visitors at the fort," says the priest. "They will want a guide to-morrow to the Stone Fort, perhaps."

After thanking him, Joe rides back past the Marion

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house to the road which goes down the river bank to the ferry. Many of the carts which have arrived have to cross the river this evening, and the bank is crowded. Joe decides to ride back to the house of a friend, where he leaves his pony and borrows a dugout canoe, and in it he crosses to the Fort. Climbing the bank, he goes through the river-gate in the wall facing the Assiniboine. Once inside the Fort, he learns that the visitors are two young Englishmen, who are now in Governor Caldwell's house. The two young men came across the plains to Pembina on horseback, left their horses there, and finished the trip to Fort Garry in a Company canoe. Their purpose in coming to Rupert's Land is one of great importance to them. It is to join in the great buffalo hunt in the fall.

Joe's face wears its friendliest smile as Dr. Cowan, the young medical officer of the Fort, rides in at the river-gate with a young horsewoman in an English riding-habit. Joe has been the doctor's guide on more than one hunting trip, and knows himself to be a privileged person; so, after the two riders have dismounted and entered the house, he asks at the door for the doctor. Joe wishes to know whether the Englishmen will need a guide to the Stone Fort the following day, and, as Dr. Cowan re-enters the house to obtain this information, Joe catches a glimpse of the living-room, where Mrs. Caldwell, wearing her lace cap and dressed in all the daintiness of the days in old England, is chatting with the young lady and the two young Englishmen, who are telling her of their journey across the plains. The room is bright and pleasant, with house-plants in the windows. There is a framed steel engraving of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, with the little Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal and two other Royal children, over the fireplace, while another engraving of one of Landseer's pictures of stags in the Highlands of Scotland

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hangs on the wall opposite the windows. A melodeon stands in one corner, and there is a music box on a side table. Through an open door may be seen, in an adjoining room, a handsome sideboard. Dr. Cowan returns through the hall, where there are riding whips, guns, paddles, snowshoes, horns of elk and moose on the walls, and tobacco jars and pipes on a side table. He tells Joe that he will be needed to guide the visitors to the Fort the next day. As Joe passes out through the river-gate, Dr. Cowan and the young lady ride out of the fort, on their way to her home, which is about a mile down stream.

And now let us accompany the two Englishmen and their guide as they set forth from Fort Garry—of which only the western gate is standing to-day—for Lower Fort Garry, which is twenty miles down the river, and which was then called “The Stone Fort.” We ride northward along the river road—now Main Street in Winnipeg—and soon pass what is now the junction of Main Street and Portage Avenue. Where the Bank of Montreal now stands, we see only a sinew-stitched Indian tent. An Indian stands watching us as we pass. A squaw is busy loading a dog travois, while an Indian boy, who stares as silently as his father, holds a snared gopher at the end of a buffalo-skin string.

A little to the north is the house in which Andrew McDermot lives. It stands among several other buildings in a grove of trees, with a windmill back of it. The place is known as Emerald Grove. Near by is Mr. McDermot’s trading store, which appears to be nothing more than a weather-beaten barn. Joe tells the visitors that Mr. McDermot is a man of importance and wealth, a freighter across the plains, and that he has the largest business in the district, with the exception of “the Company.” As we enter the store our first impression is rather an unpleasant one. Clear air and sunshine

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belong to another world, and the mingled odours of dried hides, Indian-dressed skins, and groceries fill the air. But suddenly all this is forgotten as Mr. McDermot, a brisk little man of sixty with twinkling blue eyes, rather long whitish hair which was originally red, and a quick and humorous tongue, calls upon seeing us, "Come in, gentlemen! Come in! I'll be with you in a jiffy!"

The two Englishmen look with interest at the contents of the store. There are shelves and large, roughly-made tables filled with merchandise. The floor is piled with boxes, barrels and bales. On the floor are dressed buffalo hides, and near them bundles of buffalo meat in long slices streaked with fat, which has been dried on the plains. There is pemmican, which is the staff of life on the plains, and the staple food in Red River. Moccasins, boots, chests of tea, boxes of tobacco, rice, raisins, loaf sugar—all these are mixed with kettles of various sizes, frying pans, and other cooking utensils. A pair of large balances and a pair of small ones hang from the beams of the ceiling. The shabby aspect of the exterior of the store is forgotten in the display of plenty inside.

The visitors express their surprise, however, upon noting the scarcity of furs. "Those few skins you see have come in during the last day or two," Mr. McDermot explained. "The furs are collected only in the winter time or in the early spring, and are always sent away in the spring."

The store-keeper shows them a collection of fine beaded work, silk and dyed quills, which has been done by Indian women and women of mixed blood. While they are talking, the door opens and a tall, elderly man with a shrewd Scottish face and a mop of brindled hair comes in. He is Sheriff Ross. When Mr. McDermot tells them that the Sheriff was for years in the service of the Company on the Pacific coast, they are

keen to hear tales of his adventures, and he invites them to come to his house when they return from the Stone Fort. "And mind that you've promised to come to my house, too," says Andrew McDermot.

The visitors take the road again, and soon pass what Joe describes as the home of "the doctor's young lady," Miss Sinclair, whose father is James Sinclair. As they follow the river trail, past groves of Manitoba maple and thickets of shrubbery, at every bend of the river they catch glimpses of fields of wheat, potatoes, oats or barley; beyond the harvest fields are pasture lands extending to the skyline.

Before long they come in sight of a stone church, with steeple and bell. Near by, on the bank of a creek, are the two steep-roofed houses of the Red River Academy, and a little apart is a two-storey house with the narrow eaves and plain white walls of Red River architecture. Priding himself on his knowledge of the whole settlement, Joe Amyot informs the visitors that the house is Bishop's Court, and that the two gentlemen in the garden are Bishop Anderson and Mr. Cowley, the clergyman in charge of the Church of England Indian mission at St. Peter's, down the river, below the end of the Red River settlement. The Bishop, a dignified, portly man, whose kind heart has won him the liking of all in Red River, is wearing his black silk apron and his gaiters, and his shoes have silver buckles. Mr. Cowley is a tall man, with red hair. In a few years he is to be made Archdeacon Cowley, and moved up to St. John's cathedral; at present he not only is a missionary, but also physician, judge and adviser of the Indians down the river. Bishop Anderson welcomes the two visitors to Bishop's Court and they are taken over to see the cathedral and the academy. On their return the Bishop's sister gives them refreshments.

They are now in the district of the Selkirk settlers.

The Red River Settlement

The Kildonan kirk, which in the years to come is to be known as "John Black's church," has yet to be built. The Rev. John Black is to arrive next month and the Kildonan people are busy building a manse for him. It is to serve as a place of worship until the church is built, for which the stone has already been quarried at Stony Mountain, twelve miles away.

Our travellers have been passing for some time fields in which sturdy women are at work. Some of them wear sunbonnets, the heads of others are bare, and their faces are burnt dark by the harvest sun. Some are cutting the wheat with sickles, others are raking and binding. In other fields the men are working with scythes. To Joe Amyot they are "the Scotch," a staid, toiling people. His grandfather had called the Selkirk settlers "the gardeners" because they would rather work the land than hunt buffalo. The Kildonan men do not wear buckskin trousers and brightly-coloured sashes, as the Bois Brules do; they are clad soberly in faded amber corded trousers, or gopher-striped homespun, and, instead of the red-checked shirts of the French-speaking people, they wear shirts as drab as their lives seem to be to the gay Indians and French.

A few miles farther along the river road our travellers pass St. Paul's Anglican church, which Joe calls Middlechurch. They are now at the north end of the district peopled by the Selkirk settlers. They ride on, and have journeyed some sixteen miles from Fort Garry when they come to the Rapids, where there are several stone houses which belong to retired Company officers. On rising ground near the river is St. Andrew's church, which is considered the finest church in Red River. All of the churches in the district have been built by devoted and enthusiastic people. When the lines for the foundation of St. Andrew's were marked, several of the parishioners rose before dawn on the day on which the work

was to be begun, each hoping to be the first to turn a sod. When the earliest of them arrived on the scene, he found Archdeacon Cochrane there before him with an hour's work already done. When the walls were being built the heavy stones were carried up by means of a harness which hung from the shoulders of each man.

At the Rapids the two young Englishmen call at the house of Thomas Sinclair, a younger brother of James Sinclair. They have many questions to ask about his trips to and from Norway House and the Bay with his brigades of York boats, and he insists on their staying for dinner before they go on to the Stone Fort. Mrs. Sinclair, a tall, handsome, dark-eyed woman, with her brown hair in ringlets, who as Caroline Pruden was the prettiest girl in Red River, joins in her husband's invitation. Joe takes the horses to the stable, and Mr. Sinclair tells him to have his dinner in the kitchen, where he soon makes himself welcome. After dinner they ride on to the Fort.

In the evening, as Joe Amyot rides home to "The Forks" in the moonlight, he thinks of the coming buffalo hunt. He halts his pony for an instant to listen to a sound which issues from one of the Kildonan houses. It is made by the upper stone of a quern being ground round upon the fixed nether stone. The woman of the house always does the grinding; it is her last work before she goes to bed. Her husband and children are already sleeping. She has worked all day in the field, she has milked the cows and fed the calves, she has churned the butter in the dasher churn, and now she is breaking the grain for to-morrow's meal. To-morrow will come, and it will be another day like to-day, but when Sunday comes there will be no work done in Kildonan.

CHAPTER VI

*Louis Riel and the North-West Rebellion**

A SHOT rang out over the snow, and Canadians awoke to find themselves plunged in a western war. Before that war was over, half a dozen battles had to be fought. Three armies spent the summer in hard marches over hundreds of miles of uninhabited prairie and through a wilderness of forest and muskeg.

In 1869, then, a quarrel broke out in the pioneer settlement of the West, on the Red River. Like most quarrels, it was caused by a lack of good sense on both sides.

The Dominion of Canada, formed two years earlier by the union of four eastern provinces, arranged to take over "Rupert's Land" and the "North-West Territory" from the ancient Hudson's Bay Company, which had ruled the West for nearly two hundred years. Now the Company only held possession under the supreme ownership of the Imperial Government, over in England. That Government was preparing to issue the Royal Proclamation which would give the Territory to Canada. The Canadian Government, however, without waiting for this necessary act to give them legal possession, sent a party of surveyors up to start road-making and map out the land in squares for the settlers who were expected to follow. This the surveyors proceeded to do; and new-comers began to stake out land for themselves.

This alarmed the settlers already living on the Red River. They numbered about twelve thousand,

^{Footnote} *Mr. Kennedy, representing *The Times*, London, England, was an official observer of many of the events he relates here.

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and only some fifteen hundred were "white folk." The rest were descendants of French voyageurs and Scottish and English fur-traders, in the old Company's service, who had married Indian wives. These folk were known as "Métis," or people of mixed blood; and this is a better name than "half-breed." Some of



THE BATTLE OF BATOCHÉ

The illustration depicts the rush of the troops on the last day of the fight, as seen from the line of rifle-pits. Through the screen of trees and bushes, veiled in the thin foliage of early spring, are seen the men of the Royal Grenadiers and the Midland Battalion dashing down the hillside. In the distance, over the crest of the slope, shows the spire of the church, which still exists to-day, and around which much of the earlier skirmishing took place.

them, in fact, were more than half white. Well, they were used to the old Company's rule, but did not know what kind of regulations they would have to obey from the new Government; and, anyhow, they had not been consulted about the change, which had been agreed to over their heads.

A young Métis named Louis Riel, better educated

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and worse tempered than the great majority of his people, took the lead in opposing the surveyors, and even forbade them to go on with their work. His followers suspected, for one thing, that this square survey system would rob them of their own long homesteads.

Riel took possession of Fort Garry at Winnipeg, the old Hudson's Bay headquarters. He sent an armed band to the frontier, and kept out of the country the new Canadian Governor who had come round through the States to take possession of the territory in the name of the Dominion. He even set up what he called a Government, with himself as President, and imprisoned many who dared to oppose him. One of these, a young Ontarian named Scott, was tried by a Métis "court-martial" under one Lépine, and cruelly put to death.

You may imagine the excitement and indignation this aroused in Canada. A little force of Imperial soldiers and Canadian militia was sent up to put down the revolt, and reached Winnipeg on the 24th of August, 1870, after a long journey by river, lake and trail—the old fur-traders' route to the West. The expedition was led by Colonel Garnet Wolseley, afterwards famous as Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

The usurping "President" Riel fled from Fort Garry a few minutes before Wolseley marched in. A Royal Proclamation was made, transferring the Territory to Canada, the Red River settlement became the heart of a new province, Manitoba, and the Hon. Adams Archibald was safely installed as Governor.

Not long afterward, however, a fresh danger had to be faced, this time from outside. A band of Irish "Fenians" in the United States, having no quarrel with Canada, but moved by hatred of the British Government,

invaded the Territory from Minnesota and seized a Hudson's Bay post at West Lynne, north of Pembina. The Governor called for volunteers to repel the invasion, and among those who answered the call were Riel and Lépine, at the head of a band of Métis. As it happened, the invaders were followed and quietly taken back across the frontier by United States troops.

The Métis got their right recognized to the lands they lived on, and received also "scrip" entitling each of them to a share of the public land—though most of them promptly sold this scrip for a trifle. The Red River settlement and the surrounding country became the Province of Manitoba, and peace appeared to be firmly established. The murder of Scott, however, was still unpunished, and the Province of Ontario offered five thousand dollars reward for the capture of his murderers. In 1874 Lépine was tried and sentenced to death. Against Riel, who was not to be caught, a "warrant of outlawry" was issued. On account of their loyal action at the time of the Fenian invasion, Lépine's sentence was commuted to two years' imprisonment and Riel was condemned to five years' banishment. As a matter of fact, the Federal Government had already paid him four thousand dollars for "expenses," to get him out of the country.

Some of the wilder spirits among the company of the newly-formed Mounted Police paid him a warning visit. This was in 1875.

The Métis and Indians very soon discovered that even out on the Saskatchewan they could not have all the country to themselves.

Gabriel Dumont, a famous buffalo-hunter, led one of the parties in this exodus. Halting at last in the beautifully-wooded valley of the South Saskatchewan, Dumont's band started a new riverside colony of the old

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Métis pattern. In this settlement of St. Laurent the old hunter set up a little Métis government.

Again the Government surveyors had to come and map out the land for the settlers, and again there was trouble.

There was more delay in assuring the Métis of their title to the land they lived on, and in granting "scrip" to those who demanded it. And there were other grievances.

The Métis in 1884 got Louis Riel to come back from the States and help them in pushing their demands. At first he only carried on his agitation in lawful ways, such as presiding over public meetings, from which petitions were sent to the Federal Government. The Ottawa authorities, however, seemed deaf to all complaints.

Riel himself could doubtless have prevented the outbreak, and indeed he had offered to quit if the Government would pay him a large sum of money. But the Government neither agreed to his demands nor took steps to prevent him in his anger from blowing the spark of rebellion into flame.

And that is what he did. He called the Métis to arms, and got them to set up a "Provisional Government," with himself as "President." On the 18th of March, he led an armed party to a white man's store at Batoche and demanded arms and ammunition. The store-keeper refused. He and his clerk were made prisoners, and the store was looted. The rebellion had broken out.

Fort Carlton was an old Hudson's Bay post, eighteen miles away on the North Saskatchewan, garrisoned by Mounted Police and volunteers from Prince Albert. Major Crozier, the officer in command, contemptuously refused Riel's demand for the surrender of the fort, and on the 26th set out with eighty-five men to save the

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contents of a store at Duck Lake, which the Métis had begun to loot. The rebels awaited him, in a well-chosen position, and he was driven back, leaving a dozen men dead on the snow.

The first fight had been won by the rebels!

The news fell on Canada like a thunderbolt. Regiments of eastern volunteers and batteries of artillery were rushed off to the imperilled West.

There was terrible need for hurry, for Riel was trying desperately to spur the Indians on to the war-path. Playing upon their credulity, he claimed to be a Messiah, with supernatural power, sent to lead the redskins and give them victory over the white men who had taken possession of their country. There were twenty-five thousand of these pure-blooded redskins, including many braves with a great fighting record. If they had joined forces with the Métis, they could have deluged the West with innocent blood.

Happily, the influence of missionaries and Mounted Police, with the astonishing evidence of Canada's power in the thousands of men who had just built a road of steel across the plains—and the British fair play which the tribesmen north of line forty-nine had received from the Hudson's Bay Company and the Canadian Government—kept most of the Indians quiet.

The worst tragedy of that black year occurred at one of the loveliest spots in all the lovely park-lands of the north—Frog Lake, over a hundred miles north-west of Battleford.

Excited by the news of Riel's "victory" over white men at Duck Lake, the most savage members of the tribe got the upper hand. Setting at naught their old chief, Big Bear, they chose a wild young man named Wandering Spirit as war chief. On the 2nd of April a band of painted braves took their guns and knives and went down to the settlement. Big Bear went, too—hoping to

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prevent mischief, as he afterwards said. The raiders gathered all the white folk together, out of doors, and Wandering Spirit ordered Tom Quinn to march up to the Indian camp. Quinn was the Government's Indian Agent, and had some little Sioux blood in his veins. He despised the Crees, and refused to obey. Wandering Spirit shot him down.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Big Bear. It was no use. The tiger spirit was up, and was only gluttoned when nine victims lay dead, including two missionary priests. Only one man was spared—W. B. Cameron,* a clerk in charge of the Hudson's Bay store. The two white women in the settlement—their husbands had been slain before their eyes—were ransomed from their captors by friendly Métis in the Indian camp. No woman, nor any Hudson's Bay man, was touched, all through these troubles.

Ten days later, the same Indians laid siege to Fort Pitt, an old Hudson's Bay post on the river thirty miles away, near the present boundary between Alberta and Saskatchewan. It had a garrison of twenty-two Mounted Police, commanded by Captain Francis Dickens, a son of the famous novelist. "I want you to cross the river at once"—Big Bear sent this message to the captain—"for my young men are terrible hard to keep in hand."

There was no choice. The civilians put themselves at the mercy of the red men, who for the next two months kept them prisoners, wandering about in the woods. The Police embarked in a leaky old scow and navigated their painful way down stream for a week, through floating slabs of ice, a hundred miles to Battleford.

In the early days of the trouble a Government Farm instructor had been killed on one of the Stoney

*Author of *The War Trail of Big Bear*. He tells a little about these stirring days later on in this book.

Reserves, and a wandering Stoney had shot down a white farmer whom he happened to see greasing the wheels of a wagon. Poundmaker, the most famous of the Cree Chiefs, was too wise to imagine that anything but mischief would come of it. He even tried to get away, planning to take refuge with the Blackfeet, who were enjoying peace and quietness in the far south-west. His wilder comrades, however, would not let him go, and he was practically a prisoner in the Indian camp, like many others who saw no sense in defying the white man.

Three little armies were ordered to strike north from various points on the railway. The first column, of eight hundred and fifty men, started from Qu'Appelle. It was led by General Middleton, commander of all the Canadian militia. He aimed at crushing the Métis at Batoche; then, if that did not scare the Indians into good behaviour, he would go on up the Saskatchewan and join the other columns in restoring peace throughout the West. The second column, about five hundred strong, under Colonel Otter, marched north from Swift Current to the relief of Battleford. The third column, commanded by General Strange, went north from Calgary to Edmonton, through a region where Indians had looted a few stores and might at any time do worse—then he turned down the North Saskatchewan to Frog Lake and Fort Pitt.

The worst experience the General's men encountered was having to wade through knee-deep mud—until, on the 24th of April, they came to Fish Creek, within a dozen miles of Batoche. There they were suddenly held up by Gabriel Dumont and a party of Métis and Indians, who had come out to check their advance. Dumont had skilfully chosen the best spot for the purpose, his men being hidden among the trees on the steep banks of a ravine which the troops had to cross.

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Every attempt to get at the "hornets' nest" of the enemy failed, and before sunset ten of our men had been killed and forty wounded. By morning the Métis had cleared out of the ravine; but the General decided not to go on until he could dispose of the wounded and bring up reinforcements. A field hospital was established at Saskatoon, where a few pioneers had laid the foundation of the present city.

Though a Black Friday for Middleton's men, that 24th of April was a red-letter day for Otter's column, with which I rode; for that morning we marched into Battleford, having covered one hundred and fifty miles in five and a half days, and the Indians slunk away through the woods without firing a shot. Great was the rejoicing in the beleaguered town.

Without waiting for General Middleton to come up, Otter decided to take half his force and "finish Poundmaker," who was supposed to be in command of the Indians thereabouts. On the 1st of May, therefore, we started for the Indian camp, thirty-five miles away in the west, and rode all night, hoping to catch the "enemy" before they awoke in the morning. We got caught instead, because one old Indian with the early rising habit went out of camp to round up some cattle, and heard us coming. He gave the alarm; the Indians rushed from their tents, and met us at the top of a long open turfy slope which we had climbed after crossing the gully of Cutknife Creek. Several men fell on each side, shot at close quarters. But then the Indians dived out of sight, into the wooded gullies on both our flanks. They even got round behind us, into the gully we had just crossed.

We were completely surrounded. With two little seven-pounder guns and a gatling we held the top of the slope; but the seven-pounders' old wooden gun-carriages were rotten, and gave way under the shock of firing.

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Our men opened out in skirmishing order, lying down along the crest of the slopes and firing down into the gullies. They were as brave and cool as veterans, most of these young men of ours, though few had ever been under fire before. But the Indians, firing up from the gullies, picked off one after another, with little loss to themselves, and bullets whistled in from every direction. After five hours of this weary work, hungry and thirsty, under a hot western sun, our men were allowed to dash down and clear out the gullies. The Indians fled before cold steel, and in the lull our colonel gave the order for retreat. We could not have held the position a single night.

The victorious Indians, coming boldly out into the open, swarmed down after us over the battle-field we were leaving in their possession. They were checked by the steady rear-guard fire; but when we got out of sight they would have followed and picked us off where our homeward trail lay through dense woods—only Pound-maker this time succeeded in stopping them.

Encouraged by this success, the Indians at last yielded to the persuasion of Riel's envoys and started eastward to join forces with the Métis at Batoche. As they streamed across the Swift Current trail, a whole trail of wagons loaded with supplies for our men fell into their hands.

Making a fresh start on the 7th of May from Fish Creek, and circling eastward over the prairie to avoid the brush fringing the river, the General's column early on the morning of the 9th stood once more on the edge of the great valley. The trail from the prairie level to the river one hundred and fifty feet below ran through dense brush. Not content with the cover of the woods, the Métis had dug a series of rifle pits to guard the trail.

The General withdrew his men to camp for the night, and renewed his skirmishing attack in the morn-

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ing—again without result, except, as he said, to give the young soldiers practice and confidence. “They were being taught, by somewhat painful experience, the necessity of using the enemy’s tactics and keeping themselves under cover.” That was Sunday, and as the Métis followed up the troops on their withdrawal in the evening, the minister holding a field service in camp had his voice almost drowned by the rattle of musketry. Next day the skirmishers advanced a little farther into the woods, and even carried a few of the rifle pits before their third retirement.

On the fourth day, the 12th of May, the General took all the mounted men of his force, with a couple of guns, and rode north, to make a feint attack on Batoche from that quarter and draw the enemy away from their southern defences. A battalion and a half of the infantry, after an early dinner, had been ordered to advance from the south and go as far as they could. With a rousing cheer they began rushing the rifle pits, cleared them out, raced across an open space to the village of Batoche, which they captured—and in half an hour the battle was won. Eight of our men had been killed and forty-six wounded in the four days’ fighting.

Many of the Métis and their local Indian allies surrendered immediately, and from that afternoon not one of them fired a shot. Riel was captured three days later by a party of scouts, though Dumont got away to Montana.

On hearing of Riel’s collapse, the Indians coming down from the west called a halt, and on May 26 the Chiefs came in and surrendered at Battleford.

Big Bear and Poundmaker were imprisoned, but after a few months were set free. The citizen soldiers, their painful duty bravely done, went back to their business; the hundreds of western settlers who had spent the season teaming for the army, returned to their farms;

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the Métis and the Indians, as much relieved as the rest of us by the end of the nightmare, settled quietly down, to learn, though with varying degrees of speed, the ways of white civilization.

With the inrush of settlers by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was finished from coast to coast before the year was out, the West became definitely a White Man's Land, and the dream of any future trouble from the old wild spirit was banished forever.

PART TWO
THE PRAIRIES

CHAPTER VII

The Company of Adventurers

THERE are two main pathways which lead from the Old World to that part of the New World which we now call Western Canada. One lies through Hudson Strait to Hudson Bay, that vast inland sea into which flow the great rivers of the Western plains, the Red, the Saskatchewan, and the Churchill. The other pathway lies up the St. Lawrence, through the Great Lakes, and across from Lake Superior by way of Rainy River and Lake of the Woods to Lake Winnipeg from which radiate river routes to all the West. The second of these pathways was discovered and first used by the French. The other, found still earlier by the English sea-captain, Henry Hudson, became the great avenue along which the famous Hudson's Bay Company traded with the West.

On April 17th, 1610, Hudson embarked at London on what was to be his last and greatest voyage. In his stout little ship, *The Discovery*, he and his crew of twenty men battled their way through the ice floes of Hudson Strait and sailed south across the open waters of the bay. Their hopes rose high that they had reached the Pacific Ocean and that they would soon touch land in China or Japan. Thence they could return to England, their vessel loaded with the rich products of the East. But at every effort to sail westward they found themselves landlocked. They were compelled to pass a winter full of hardships on the bleak shores of James Bay. When next summer, short of provisions, they set sail again for England, part of the crew mutinied and set Hudson and those who remained loyal to him adrift in an open boat

on the bay. Their fate we do not know. Probably they soon perished, but the name of him who pioneered the first path to Western Canada will for all time remain imperishable.

Sixty years passed before Englishmen made any use of the doorway to the West which Hudson had discovered, and then their doing so was largely due to the enterprise of two daring Frenchmen, Pierre Radisson and his brother-in-law, Medard Chouart des Groseilliers. As a mere youth Radisson had lived a life of daring exploits and hairbreadth escapes in the French wars against the Iroquois. As a grown man he had turned to the almost equally perilous calling of the fur trader. This took him far afield and he became a great explorer, full of the thirst to find new regions and open them up for trade. Already in 1659 Radisson and Grosseilliers had been the first white men to penetrate westward to the Mississippi and to the land of the Sioux, and in the summer of 1662 they travelled with the Cree Indians from the Lake Superior region along northward-flowing rivers to what Radisson calls "The Seaside" and the "Great Bay of the North." If this was Hudson Bay, and the great likelihood is that it was, then Radisson and Groseilliers were the first white men to reach it overland. In any case, they were convinced that they had arrived at the bay which Hudson had discovered, and they were now filled with the resolve to open up the fur trade in that region by sailing to it through Hudson Strait. Since the Governor of Canada was their enemy and thwarted them at every turn, they journeyed to England, where they enlisted the interest and help of King Charles II, his brother, the Duke of York, the gallant Prince Rupert, and a number of wealthy merchants of the City of London. Backed by these powerful patrons, Radisson and Groseilliers set sail for Hudson Bay in the summer of 1668 in two small vessels,

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the *Eaglet* and the *Nonsuch*. The *Eaglet*, with Radisson aboard, was so damaged by the furious storms that were encountered that she had to put back to port, but the little *Nonsuch*, under Groseilliers, with greater luck rode out the tempest and reached the bay. In 1669 she returned, bearing such a rich cargo of furs in her hold that on May 2, 1670, King Charles granted a charter to the noblemen and merchants, who had sent her forth, incorporating them as "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson Bay." The Company so founded has played, and still plays, a great and honourable part in the history of the Canadian North-West.

Radisson lived until 1710 and for most of these forty years he was connected with the great Company which he had helped to found. But the Company itself soon ceased to be inspired by an adventurous, exploring spirit. It was content to maintain its posts like York Factory and Fort Churchill, on the shores of the bay, and compel the Indians to make the long journey to the coast to trade. This was a good enough business policy as long as the Company had no rivals to cut in on its trade, but it was a policy which did not lead to that exploration of the unknown interior of the Continent which had been the great passion of Radisson's life. To this passive policy of the Company the exploits of Henry Kelsey, Anthony Hendry, and Samuel Hearne form three notable exceptions.

Henry Kelsey was a little waif of the London streets whom the Company took into its employ as an apprentice. Weary of the monotony of the life at Fort Nelson, Kelsey escaped and travelled through the wilds with the Assiniboine Indians, whose language he learned to speak and whose ways he came to love. At first the Governor of the fort was very angry at Kelsey's escapade, but in 1686 the French, under De Troyes and D'Iberville,

pushed overland from Canada and captured every fort on the bay except Fort Nelson. Under these circumstances the English Company so feared the loss of its trade that the Governor was glad to pardon Kelsey and to send him again into the interior to visit more distant Indian tribes and invite them to come and trade with the English at Fort Nelson. Thus commissioned, in the summer of 1691 Kelsey made a notable journey. As nearly as we can judge from surviving records, he travelled for five or six hundred miles westward, through what is now Manitoba into what is now northern Saskatchewan. He was the first white man to set foot in these regions. There he encountered mighty herds of bison and joined the Indians in the chase. There, too, he met that most formidable of all the Indian's enemies, the grizzly bear. Kelsey killed two of them in a single encounter and by his prowess earned from the admiring Indians the name of "The Little Giant." But most important of all, from the Company's standpoint, Kelsey proved a most capable ambassador to many Indian tribes whom he persuaded to keep peace with each other, hunt for furs, and come to trade with the English in their forts on the bay.

It was more than half a century before the Company despatched another explorer inland. By that time the French, who had penetrated to the West from Lake Superior, were building forts along the Saskatchewan and entrenching seriously on the Company's trade. To retrieve the situation, the Company, in the summer of 1754, despatched inland one of its servants named Anthony Hendry. Tough of physique and bold of spirit, Hendry pushed even further afield than Kelsey had done. Ascending the Hayes River, he crossed by way of Playgreen and Moose Lakes to the Saskatchewan, which great river he was the first Englishman to behold. Thence, after visiting the French in their fort at The

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Pas, he made his way afoot across the great plains and passed the winter, as nearly as we can tell, somewhere in the upper Red Deer Valley, about mid-way between the sites where now stand the modern cities of Edmonton and Calgary. In the course of his journey, he encountered many tribes of Assiniboines and, still more interesting, he met the "Horse Indians," the fierce and restless warriors of the "Blackfoot Confederacy," who roved the plains on horses introduced into America by the Spanish colonists far to the southward. After conveying to all these tribes the greetings of the Company and an invitation to come and trade at its posts, Hendry himself returned to Fort York, having achieved the remarkable feat of penetrating for nearly a thousand miles across the prairies, almost to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

Even more remarkable were the exploits of Samuel Hearne, whom the Company sent out in 1769 from Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Churchill, in search of a fabulous mountain of copper of which the Indians told tales. He failed to find the mountain of copper ore, but in his quest of it he explored the regions in the neighbourhood of Lakes Dubawnt and Yathkyed, and, after unbelievable hardships from cold and hunger, he reached the mouth of the far-distant Coppermine River and stood on the shores of Coronation Gulf. He was the first of all white men to traverse the so-called "Barren Lands" or "Arctic Prairies" of northern Canada. He was the first to reach the Arctic Ocean from the interior of America. And on his return journey he was the first to gaze upon the vast expanse of Great Slave Lake. Such was the reputation that his travels justly gave him, that in 1774 he was chosen to lead the expedition to establish the first inland post of the Hudson's Bay Company at Cumberland House, on the lower Saskatchewan. For by this time the compe-

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tition of the traders from Montreal had grown so keen that in self-defence the old Company had to commence a career of inland expansion.

The new British traders were not slow to enter into the inheritance which the withdrawal of the French from the West left ready for their hands. Energetic Scottish and English traders, with headquarters like their French predecessors at Montreal, soon hired French-Canadian voyageurs and began to press north and west along the routes which La Vérendrye had pioneered. As early as 1761 we read of a trader named Alexander Henry bartering with the Indians in the neighbourhood of Fort Michilimackinac. By 1767 James Finlay of Montreal had penetrated from Lake Superior across to the Saskatchewan, where he wintered about one hundred miles above The Pas. There he was soon followed by Thomas and Joseph Frobisher. The latter in 1772 built the first English trading station on the Saskatchewan, and by 1774 had journeyed north to the Churchill, where he intercepted the Indians from the Athabaska country on the way to trade with the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Prince of Wales. By this time Alexander Henry, Thomas Currie, Peter Pond, and other pioneer traders, were operating in the same region, and in 1778 a group of these traders pooled some of their stock and sent Peter Pond as their representative into the Athabaska country. Passing by way of Portage la Loche or Methye Portage from the upper waters of the Churchill to those of the Clearwater, Pond descended the latter to the Athabaska, and, sweeping down this broad river, he constructed Old Pond Fort at a point about thirty miles from its mouth. A little later Pond completed the descent of the Athabaska and was the first white man to gaze across the waters of Lake Athabaska, the "Lake of the Hills."

It was at this point, eleven years later, that the

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work of exploration was taken up by the young, energetic and daring Alexander MacKenzie. By 1787 the keenness of the competition with the old Hudson's Bay Company and with each other had caused the great majority of the Montreal traders to merge their interests under the name of the North-West Company, and it was as the representative of this powerful Company that MacKenzie was sent to the Athabaska in 1787. It was he who constructed on the shores of Lake Athabaska the famous Fort Chipewyan, which was to become the great emporium of the fur trade of the north. And it was he who made his way down the rapids of the Slave River, across the western end of Great Slave Lake, and along the Mackenzie River to its outlet in the Arctic Sea. Four years later, with an even greater daring, MacKenzie had pushed his way west and south to the head waters of the Peace, had crossed to the Fraser, and thence, traversing the valleys of the Blackwater and the Bella Coola rivers, stood on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. He had thus repeated the feat of Hearne in reaching the Arctic from the interior of North America. He had likewise achieved the ambition of La Vérendrye and had reached the Western Sea. Of all white men, he was the first to cross the Rocky Mountains north of Mexico, and his exploits had laid for Britain the foundation of her claim to share in the great empire of the Pacific slope.

At the same time, other men were working at the task of trade and exploration and empire building. From 1792 to 1814 another Alexander Henry, nephew of the older trader mentioned above, was tirelessly travelling up and down the great region between Fort William and the Rocky Mountains. He was drowned in 1814 at Fort Astoria, on the Pacific coast. He was not so much a great discoverer as a keen observer, and in the journals which he wrote from day to day as he travelled, we get

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probably the most vivid picture of the life of the North-West at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Daniel Harmon, also, spent nineteen years in the service of the North West Company. From 1800 to 1819 he traded from Fort William to Northern British Columbia and from the international frontier north to Great Slave Lake. In his "Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America," he gives us an interesting narrative of his experiences.

But the greatest rover of all was David Thomson. As a little orphan lad of fourteen he was apprenticed to the Hudson's Bay Company in the summer of 1784. It became his great ambition not only to explore new lands but to make an accurate map of all the north-western part of North America. In 1797 he went over to the service of the North-West Company, but wherever he went, for either one company or the other, he was always busy taking accurate astronomical observations of the position of forts, rivers, and mountains, and recording all kinds of interesting facts with respect to the character of the country and the people. In the years between 1784 and 1812 Thomson travelled more than fifty thousand miles in canoes, on horseback, and afoot. He it was who discovered two passes through the Rockies, from the headwaters of the Saskatchewan and Athabaska rivers to those of the Columbia, thus opening up the Pacific slope to the Canadian fur traders of the North-West Company. And not only was he the discoverer of the sources of the Columbia, but he traced the course of that mighty river to its mouth at Fort Astoria. The story of his travels we can read in his own journals, and parts of our modern maps of Canada are still based on his work. Modest and retiring in disposition, but with a hardiness and steadfast courage that are unsurpassed, Thomson is one of the

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greatest geographers of history and is perhaps the greatest land surveyor that the British race has produced.

Some years after Thomson said good-bye to his beloved North-West, another remarkable explorer entered it. In 1819 the British Admiralty despatched Lieutenant Franklin, later Sir John Franklin, to western Canada to find out by an exploration of the Arctic coast whether it was possible for ships to sail westward around the north of North America to the Pacific. Two later expeditions with the same object in view were led by Franklin in 1825 and 1845. Time does not serve to tell of the heroic fortitude displayed by Franklin and his comrades on his successive journeys nor of the tragedy of that last expedition, from which neither the commander nor any of his men returned. Suffice it to say that the labours of Franklin, coupled with those of Richardson, Parry, Back, Dease and Simpson, expanded our knowledge of the northern interior of Canada, completed the general survey of its Arctic coast, and established the fact that a North-West Passage to the Pacific existed, though it was too much ice-infested to be a practicable route for ships.

Thus step by step a long line of discoverers and pioneers, English and French, from Hudson in the seventeenth century to Franklin in the nineteenth, won their way across Western Canada from east to west and south to north. By their toils and sufferings they revealed to the world a mighty land, a land of promise wherein millions might find happy homes. And with the land they bequeathed a tradition of steadfast endurance and superb achievement which was to be a priceless element in shaping the new nation's life.

CHAPTER VIII

Before the Railway Came

FOR LONG years after Europeans came to Eastern Canada the western plains remained unchanged.

To the north grew the park-land trees; in the south waved the prairie grass. Hot summers succeeded cold winters, while in the fashion of the centuries the great rivers ran steadily to the sea. Viewed from the air, our most vivid impression would have been the enormous herds of buffalo in the south and cariboo in the north, streaming slowly along those food-routes which through numberless generations they had learned to use. Of men there were only a few Indian tribes, roaming in small groups from one waterway to another. For most of them—as for the wolves—choice of location was decided by the buffalo, their chief food supply. Between their land and the Eastern settlements lay the rocks and forests of Superior.

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Some thousands of miles away, in England, Prince Rupert met Pierre Esprit Radisson. Out of that meeting came, in 1670, a royal charter incorporating the Hudson's Bay Company—a charter which handed over to a private company the enormous territory surrounding Hudson Bay and draining into it. Rupert's Land it was named, while what lay beyond was called the North-West Territories. The Company's purpose was to make money out of furs and minerals, and no one dreamed of any other use to which such land could be put. Through it the Company expected to open a short route to the markets of the South Sea (Pacific).

This event brought changes to the fur animals of the

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north, to the buffalo of the south, and to the Indians everywhere. Gradually the wild animals began to disappear, until now the story of the great buffalo herds sounds almost like a fairy-tale. European commerce in a simple form came to the Indians, and they began to evolve a new mode of living based on the exchange of furs for European food and manufactures. Most important of all, a number of white men came to direct this business, and many of them stayed.

The officers of the Company ruled absolutely. They made laws and dispensed justice. No others might trade in furs save by their permission. To the "posts" came the Indians, and there learned to exchange furs for trade-goods. The profits, from our point of view, were enormous, and the Company's monopoly did not long remain unchallenged. The strongest rival to appear was the North West Company. Competition became very keen, but it ended in 1821 with their union under the name of the older establishment. Many of the North West Company's "servants" were French-Canadians; usually the Hudson's Bay Company employed Scotchmen. As the number of posts increased and the larger ones grew into clearing-houses for furs and trade-goods, a well-defined system of travel routes came into being, converging at Fort Garry. Through it flowed the stream of furs and supplies by way of Hudson Bay and England.

In the north the trader sought the smaller but more valuable furs, with beaver skins as the standard. In the south he found buffalo robes and meat. Since real settlement took place first in the south, the early history of the West centres in that region, and our pictures are drawn mainly from its memories. In the north everything depended upon the individual post; in the south was a larger and more varied population, and there the first small agricultural communities appeared.

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The "factor" in charge of a post was always the principal person in the little settlement. Sometimes he was married, rarely to a white woman, usually to a squaw or a half-breed. Two or three clerks might be the only other Europeans. Traders, usually working under contract for the Company, effected most of the exchange of goods for furs. Ordinarily they were half-breeds with native wives; the clerks also married natives, and thus the half-breed population grew until a little settlement formed about the post. The only settlements not wholly dependent on these posts were at Fort Garry and Portage la Prairie; before the railway came there were less than three hundred persons in the former. Portage was largely Métis.

The principal business of the year, beyond a little freighting for the Company in summer, was the hunt. In spring the buffalo travelled north, and the hunt was for buffalo robes. In the fall they retreated south, and the hunt was for meat. An early snowfall hastening the movement south might prove a serious matter, for this was the principal food supply of the country. Hence the hunt was organized like an army on the march, with captains and a strict discipline. All the men in a settlement took part, mounted on Indian horses and accompanied by carts. Even the post officers might follow, to buy robes and meat. Women and children went with the carts to skin the animals, cut up the meat and dry it in the sun. Scouts were sent in advance to locate the herds. When the carts were filled the hunters returned, perhaps two months after setting out.

From Fort Garry to Portage and along the Assiniboine to the first Hudson's Bay post at Fort Ellice the route used by the hunters and freighters was in common. There the parties diverged, going north toward Fort Pelly or west to Qu'Appelle Post and on to Touchwood Hills Post, in the central part of the hunting grounds. As the

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buffalo were driven west the trail led on to Fort Pitt on the North Saskatchewan and Chesterfield House on the South Saskatchewan, with a clearing-house for northern trade at Fort Edmonton. Back along these trails came the robes and meat, mainly to Fort Garry. Some meat was distributed to those posts where buffalo were not easily procured; the robes were shipped to England. For a robe the hunter received one or two dollars. Meat made into pemmican at Fort Pitt and Edmonton went out through Edmonton, down the Mackenzie, to the northern fur region.

There the posts were smaller, perhaps not over a dozen persons in all. The fur hunt was a winter business, and in that season the trader might follow the trapper, leaving the settlement deserted. The half-breed and Indian trappers depended wholly on the local company. From the factor in charge the trapper "took debt"—was outfitted on credit with powder and shot, blankets, kettles, axes. He carried fish and flour, with spirits or tea for a hot drink. In early fall there would be expeditions to obtain fish from the lake region northwest of Fort Garry. The pelts were segregated at the larger posts, later to be shipped to England.

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Where the Assiniboine empties into the Red there is a region of unusually fertile soil. To it in 1812 came Lord Selkirk's settlers by way of Hudson Bay. It was a brave adventure, two thousand miles from an Atlantic port, one thousand from any agricultural settlement. Selkirk had talked with Sir Alexander MacKenzie; he had purchased this area from the Company, and his Scotch settlers made it famous as the Red River Settlement. When Selkirk died the land was sold back to the Company, but the settlers remained. In every way they

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were dependent upon the Company, and so the first years were full of suffering. For settlement meant fewer fur-bearing animals, and the traders were hostile. The Nor'-Westers joined the Métis against them; the Hudson's Bay officers exposed them to starvation and the dangers of the buffalo hunt. Floods, frosts, a plague of grasshoppers came, until even the stoutest despaired. For several years their numbers were fewer than two hundred; after thirty-five years they were less than five thousand. Most of their industrial schemes were unsuccessful. But they were the real pioneers, and the measure of independence they finally achieved made possible the settlement of the plains and ended the rule of the fur traders.

More settlers came in. Winnipeg, near the Company post at Fort Garry, in 1866 demanded two policemen, one for night duty, because it now was a "centre of business." Portage la Prairie was demanding its own government, and Edmonton was growing. Some stragglers from the Cariboo gold rush, mostly from Ontario and the United States, took up land. In 1821 the Company itself had begun a settlement scheme for its retired servants on the Red River, and eventually their numbers exceeded all the settlers sent out by Selkirk. The Company rule became difficult and irksome, and in 1869 the new government of Canada bought out the Company's holdings.

Greater changes followed. The half-breeds, under Louis Riel, fearful of losing their lands to new settlers, rose in rebellion. Many of the volunteer soldiers who came from Ontario upon that occasion remained as settlers. It was the largest single influx prior to the coming of the railway. Slowly, as the settlements grew, agriculture began to displace the hunt as the chief interest of the people. There was a parallel development in government. In 1870 the land of the Red

River settlers became the province of Manitoba. The region farther west became the North-West Territories, governed from Manitoba. After five years it received a separate government, and in 1881 came the railway.

After 1870 there were marked changes. At that date the country had less than a half-dozen private traders, and these dealt mainly with the Indians. New settlers brought in some goods, but apart from the posts trading was merely casual. The Company fixed prices for farm produce, and there was no other market. Then traders came in, bringing goods down the Red River from St. Paul. Slowly they spread westward from Fort Garry, and, a little later, Edmonton became a distributing centre for the north, although freight in horse-carts took over a month in transit. The common unit of currency was a "made" beaver skin—ready to ship abroad. Around Fort Garry after the first settlers arrived, there was for a time a local paper currency based on the English; a five-pound note was called a "Hudson's Bay blanket." Any financial operation took place through the Company. Only with rumours of the coming railway was banking introduced, at first in the form of small loans.

There had been Company mails by ship to England, but in 1873 the Dominion government established a monthly service between Fort Garry and Edmonton, and over the same route ran a telegraph line. At points such as Calgary, Macleod, and Walsh the North-West Mounted Police had stations, and their supplies came in by government contract, at first through the Company but later through private firms. Each station became the nucleus of a small settlement—specially indicative of the permanent occupation of the prairie, the passing of the old order.

For persons not officially connected with the Company, winter meant leisure and entertainment.

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Many Métis played the fiddle, and at Christmas there might be a big dance lasting a week. The great event was a wedding. Could the bride's family make ample provision? There must be plenty of pemmican—the standard food, like bread with us. Buffalo meat was cut into strips, pounded until the fibrous structure was broken down, packed into bags of dressed buffalo hide, and melted fat poured over all. It was rich, sustaining, easily carried, and kept well. A special variety was berry pemmican, with dried native berries mixed with the pounded meat. Besides pemmican there would be wild geese, ducks and swans, partridge, venison, fish. There were wild plums, saskatoons, and other berries, all preserved by drying. A special dish was deer tongues. It was good living, consisting, oddly enough, of what now would be delicacies.

The Selkirk settlers had their own social life. But they were few in number; they lived on farms scattered along the Red and Assiniboine rivers, and although many customs were general, life in this settlement was not altogether typical of the country. The settler was not solely a farmer; at times he turned hunter, and each year he must work on the roads and bridges. Twice a year, at Frog Plain, there was a public fair. Notices about stray cattle, or the regulations for the buffalo hunt, would be posted on the church door; cardboard bulletins gave more important news. In 1859 came the first newspaper, the *Nor'-Wester*. There was only one serious Indian scare, in 1862, when the Sioux became violent in Minnesota. The early churches and schools grew out of missions; there were few of either. Letters went by the York packet or the winter post overland to Canada until 1850, when the settlers obtained six mails yearly to Europe. Within five years there was a monthly mail to Pembina, on the Red River south of the boundary.

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Postmaster James Ross was paid ten pounds yearly. He built a post office at his own expense for thirty pounds, and found that his postal duties required him to be "almost constantly at home."

Everywhere in the early days there was a marked absence of many simple commodities. Even in Winnipeg as late as 1871 it was difficult to obtain milk, butter and eggs, while jams and jellies were rarely known. Tin pannikins of many sizes took the place of crockery; telescoped together in stacks, they safely withstood the long journeys in the freighters' carts. When traders came in, the farmer brought with him some receptacle for his groceries; otherwise they were bundled in cloth—and he paid for the cloth.

Social life was a trifle more complicated after the arrival of a Governor and staff and civil servants. But there was very little social distinction. There were no domestic servants, and so each person must share in the menial work; this was equally true of the officers of the companies. Nearly all the settlers had been somewhat prominent in their former homes, and none had been indigent, for the journey into the country was costly. Professional men were few. Before 1870 there were only two doctors, connected with the Mounted Police, to serve the entire region. It was truly a land for the young and strong.

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The railway came. Regina was made capital of the Territories. The stream of settlers grew; the true pioneering days ended. Only in the northland have they persisted, and in lesser degree, while yearly the frontier shrinks.

The Old Timer sees, and understands. But in his heart memories linger, while yet on the plains hot summers succeed cold winters, and the great rivers run steadily to the sea.

CHAPTER IX

The Riders of the Plains

MANY YEARS ago an old Indian chief, speaking at a council and addressing a representative of Canada's famous Mounted Police, said: "Before you came the Indian crept about; now he is not afraid to walk erect!"

From the common treasury of heroic story let us bring forth again a few familiar tales illustrative of the fashion in which that unique organization—known for a generation as the North-West Mounted Police, then by his Majesty's proclamation honoured in 1904 with the epithet "Royal," and since the Great War entitled the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—won the affection and respect of all who know how the extraordinary sense of security so long enjoyed in the Great North-West has been achieved.

The organization of mounted constabulary came under consideration immediately after the annexation of Rupert's Land to Canada. It may be doubted, however, whether the need would have been met so promptly had not the public conscience been shocked into activity by the culminating atrocity of a shameful series of crimes which threatened to involve Canadian Indians and the whites in general in mutual reprisals and wars of extermination. In this case the outrage consisted in the wanton massacre of thirty-odd defenceless Indians. Probably twice as many were wounded and the other members of the unfortunate encampment escaped only by flight. The criminals had first debauched the Indians with liquor and secured in exchange practically all their valuables. The question for Canada to face was whether

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these American whiskey traders and other desperadoes of their kidney were to be allowed to re-enact on Canadian soil the lawless and bloody scenes for which the adjacent prairie states had been made infamous.

Canada's answer was the North-West Mounted Police.

Under authority of an act passed in 1873, there assembled next year, at Emerson (then called Dufferin), in Manitoba, a force whose first march into its new domain struck the keynote of all its subsequent history. With imagination alert let us read a paragraph from the report of the commanding officer, Commissioner French:

At this latter place (Dufferin) the whole force was divided into six divisions or troops, and on July 8 started on an expedition which veteran soldiers might well have faltered at. Tied down by no stringent rules or articles of war, but only by the silken cord of civil contract, these men, by their conduct, gave little cause for complaint. Though naturally there were several officers and constables unaccustomed to command and having little experience or tact, yet such an event as striking a superior was unknown and disobedience to orders was very rare. Day after day on the march, night after night on picquet guard, and working at high pressure during four months from daylight until dark—and too frequently after dark—with little rest even on the day sacred to rest, the force ever pushed onward; delighted when a pure spring was met with, there was still no complaint when acrid water or the refuse of a mud hole was the only liquid available. I have seen this whole force obliged to drink liquid which, when passed through a filter, was still the colour of ink. The fact of horses and oxen falling and dying for want of food never disheartened or stopped the men, but pushing on, on foot, with dogged determination, they carried through the service required of them, under difficulties which can only be appreciated by those who witnessed them. When time was so valuable there could be no halting on account of the weather; the greatest heat of July sun or the cold of November in this northern latitude made no difference; ever onward had to be the watchword, and an almost uninterrupted march

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was maintained from the time the force left Dufferin with the thermometer ninety-five to a hundred degrees in the shade till the balance of the force returned there in November, the thermometer marking twenty to thirty degrees below zero, having marched 1,959 miles.

Gradually the little band of three hundred men was systematically organized into smaller units and distributed far and wide over the Great New Land, and, as by magic, the previous reign of lawlessness came to an end. In interviews respecting to the full the Indian sense of dignity and love of ceremonial, the chieftains of the savage tribes were patiently taught that the Police came among them as their friends and for the protection of all good children of the Queen, their Great White Mother, and the confidence skilfully won and amply justified was never lost. This prestige was an important factor in securing the peaceable surrender of the plains for settlement, by treaty between the Indians and the Government.

"The advice given to me and my people has proved to be good," said the Blackfoot patriot and statesman, Crowfoot, when announcing his intention of signing such a treaty. "If the Police had not come to this country, where should we all be now? Bad men and whiskey were indeed killing us so fast that very few of us indeed would have been left to-day. The Mounted Police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frost of winter." To which Red Crow, the chief of the Bloods, added: "Everything that the Mounted Police have done has been good. I entirely trust Stamix-oto-kan (Colonel Macleod) and will leave everything to him."

Often, of course, the Police had to protect the savages from each other or to intervene for the prevention of possible insurrection.

It will be remembered that in 1876 the Dakotan

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Sioux, Sitting Bull, having outgeneralled his foes and destroyed a detachment of cavalry under Custer, withdrew into Canada, where he at once attempted to secure the support of the Canadian Indians. He was followed by many other armed refugees, until they totalled some seven hundred lodges, or about five thousand six hundred souls. During this dangerous crisis a great gathering of many tribes was held among the Cypress Hills, which Major Irvine, with a subaltern and ten men, was instructed to attend. Under date of Fort Macleod, July, 1876, the following amusing despatch appeared in the *Toronto Globe*, and between its facetious lines may be read a story of courage, shrewdness, and successful audacity highly characteristic of the force:

While the American papers are teeming with telegrams referring to the movement of General Terry's army of four thousand three hundred men, and of the advance of these troops in three divisions against the Sioux in the Yellowstone region, a similar movement of troops on this side of the line has been successfully made, of which no notice has as yet been taken. On July 18 last, Assistant Commissioner Irvine, commanding the North-West Mounted Police in this district, advanced on and completely demoralized a large encampment of Indians at Cypress Hills. The camp numbered over one thousand lodges, of which one hundred lodges were of Sitting Bull's band. Colonel Irvine advanced his troops in a mass of columns, the whole numbering ten men. Having successfully pierced the centre of the camp, he threw amongst the Indians, at close quarters, hand grenades of a new pattern, patented by an eminent firm in Canada. These missiles were composed of sea biscuits, tea, sugar and tobacco. The Indians never recovered from the first discharge. On the following day the first wing of the left division, consisting of one man, was despatched to a mixed camp of Indians, numbering one hundred and fifty lodges, with orders to seize a certain number of horses stolen by them from the South Piegans; peacefully if possible, but in case of resistance to capture the entire band. The horses were recovered.

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During the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway it was part of the duties of the Mounted Police to suppress the traffic in intoxicants among the employees, keep a general oversight over the railroad camps, and preserve order along the right of way. In a letter dated January 1, 1883, Sir William Van Horne expressed his gratitude for the efficient manner in which these onerous duties were performed. "On no great work within my knowledge where so many men have been employed," said he, "has such perfect order prevailed."

When the great American transcontinental roads were under construction, they were continually impeded by the Indians. A few scattered attempts in this direction were made in Canada, but the energy and boldness of the Police prevented any serious trouble.

On one occasion Chief Piapot and his band resorted to the stratagem of passive resistance, deliberately encamping on the right of way and refusing to move. A complaint was duly registered with the police authorities and a sergeant and a constable were sent to move the troublesome band. Accompanied by a jeering mob of barbarians, they went directly to Piapot's tent, conveying the command to move his encampment, and informing him that if the orders were not obeyed forthwith, they twain would undertake the task at the end of fifteen minutes! This proposition was received with laughter. The sergeant accordingly took out his watch and he and his companion stood at attention beside the tent door for a quarter of an hour, much to the entertainment of the Indians. When the time had expired the sergeant returned his watch to his pocket, and without further parley, the two policemen cut the guy ropes of Piapot's tent, causing it to collapse on the heads of its astonished occupants. The whole encampment was instantly in an uproar and nothing but the chief's vigorous personal efforts saved the lives of the white men. Piapot was no

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fool. He understood well enough that these two audacious red-coats had behind them the whole might of Canada and the Queen, and he promptly ordered his braves to strike camp and leave the railway line free of obstruction.

Space does not permit us to tell the part played by the Police in relation to the rebellion of 1885, its causes, events, and consequences. However, it is now agreed by students of the situation that if the warnings of the police officers had been heeded there would have been no insurrection. Moreover, if when the ill-starred outbreak actually occurred, the force had been suitably augmented and given the necessary freedom of action, the Mounted Police, it is safe to say, would have met successfully that great emergency, as it did so many others, and the rising would have cost Canada much less than it did, both in blood and treasure. As it was, the presence and reputation of the Police, probably more than anything else, prevented it from spreading.

As time advanced and the frontiers of settlement extended ever farther into the plains, the duties of the Police became increasingly diverse. We find them acting as cow boys, driving back across the boundary vast herds of American ranch cattle which again and again wandered northward in search of better feed and more water; here and there they were in charge of great herds of quarantined cattle, sometimes attending sick milch cows and, at the expiration of the term of quarantine, driving them long distances by trail and loading them on trains. They help in the enforcement of the customs laws, the execution of Crown timber and Dominion Lands regulations; they are game guardians and fire wardens; they take the census—in 1905 making a house to house visitation of 65,873 whites and 7,633 half-breeds, sparsely scattered over an area so stupendous as almost to stagger the imagination; they keep watch

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over the lonely homesteaders, who would often have been overtaken by actual destitution but for their aid and familiarity with pioneer conditions; they freely risk their lives in public service when epidemics sweep the country; they carry the mail in remote regions; and, in addition to a thousand and one such necessary tasks, they carry out their primary duties in the prevention or detection of crime.

How successful their preventive influence was is reflected in such reports as that of the Commissioner in 1888. Not a single crime had been committed among the numerous Indians of Prince Albert district, and indeed the Commissioner commented upon an almost total absence of crime throughout the whole of the North-West Territories. One must use his imagination, supported by a considerable knowledge of the country and of conditions prior to the coming of the Mounted Police, to read into these bare statements their full significance. Some specific incidents may help.

Into a matter of the capture of a criminal no question of risk, cost, time, or labour are allowed to enter, and sometimes the remarkably friendly relations between the force and the aborigines has proved to be very effective. Take, for example, the Charles King murder, which occurred in September, 1904. In October of that year King rode through an Indian reservation in the vicinity of Lesser Slave Lake, northward bound. The Indians noticed that the white man's dog seemed unwilling to follow him—a circumstance that was sufficient to arouse suspicion on the part of the observant natives. Chief Moostoos heard shortly after that when the traveller had been at Swan Hill the Indians there had seen a companion with him. Moreover shooting had been heard, and King had been seen to build a campfire of most unusual proportions. Moostoos laid this in-

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formation before the police and a careful investigation was initiated. In the ashes of the campfire were found human remains. There was a marsh near by, and it was searched inch by inch by the Indians. In it was found a pair of shoes, a very peculiar gold nugget which was later identified as having belonged to King's companion, and a portion of a needle of which the other half had been found in the ashes of the fire. King was promptly placed under arrest, brought to Fort Saskatchewan, tried, found guilty and hanged. The moral effect of this incident and of the part played in it by the Indians were very important.

Of course it would be folly to suppose that in a force so large as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, scattered over so vast an area and necessarily subject to so little immediate supervision by their far-away superiors, mistakes, and episodes more discreditable than mistakes, have not sometimes occurred. The marvel is that they have been so few. Common men, by the silent influence of a noble tradition, are transformed into very uncommon men.

Indeed the success of the Mounted Police, particularly in dealing with desperadoes of all sorts, is proverbial. A hundred good and entirely authentic stories could be told by way of illustration.

For example, an interesting police report for 1906 related to the arrest at North Portal of a notorious bad man known as "Cowboy Jack." Corporal Hogg was called when a party of riotous cattlemen, under the leadership of this worthy, were proceeding to enact the customary melodrama of wild west shows. Hogg induced the ringleader to follow him into an adjoining room. When they had both entered the officer locked the door and threw the key away. These details are omitted in the officer's report, however. Indeed that document is delightfully laconic.

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On the 17th inst., I, Corporal Hogg, was called to the hotel to quiet a disturbance. I found the room full of cowboys, and one Monaghan, or Cowboy Jack, was carrying a gun, and pointed it at me, against sections 105 and 109 of the Criminal Code. We struggled. Finally I got him handcuffed behind and put him inside. His head being in bad shape, had to engage the services of a doctor, who dressed his wound and pronounced it nothing serious.

Whilst the doctor was in attendance, Monaghan remarked that had Hogg not captured his gun another death would have been recorded in Canadian history. An official memorandum also records that "during the arrest of Monaghan the following government property was damaged: door broken; screen smashed up; chair broken; field jacket belonging to Corporal Hogg spoiled by being covered with blood; and the wall plastered with blood." The *Toronto Globe*, in commenting upon this report, spoke as follows:

It is too bad about the chair and screen, and we trust that the Government will promptly see to their proper repair; and perhaps money for a new coat for Corporal Hogg can be saved out of Mr. Fielding's big surplus of last year. If the Government should in addition see fit to carry out Commissioner Perry's recommendation of a grant of twenty-five dollars to Hogg in recognition of his service, the country will not disapprove.

Some of the reports of the activities of the force are most pathetic, especially those referring to the care of the all too numerous unfortunates whom the solitude and hardships of the wilderness bereave of reason. Almost all westerners will be familiar with the story of Constable Pedley's heroic conduct on behalf of such an unfortunate, and of the fearful cost at which he did his duty. This officer was stationed at Fort Chippewyan, and in that remote region, in 1904, a Presbyterian missionary went insane. Pedley took him in charge and on December 17 set out with his demented prisoner for Fort Sas-

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katchewan, five hundred miles away. The madman was refractory in the extreme. For a time he refused nourishment and had to be fed forcibly. Sometimes he had even to be carried. At all times he had to be watched and guarded with the utmost vigilance. Pedley reached his destination on January 7, 1905. The unhappy missionary was turned over to the care of physicians and in due time he entirely recovered his reason. Meanwhile his rescuer commenced his return trip to Fort Chippewyan, but before reaching that post the hardships of the trip and his anxiety for the safety of his charge had produced their effect. At Lac la Biche he himself went violently insane. He was committed to the Brandon Asylum. It is a relief to know that kindly care and skill at length restored him to such an extent as to enable him to return to his duties. When his term of service expired he was re-engaged. The official reports record many such cases.

On October 5, 1905, a constable by the name of Conradi saw a tremendous prairie fire and learned that in the threatened country there was a homesteader with a wife and ten children, but he was warned by other settlers that it would be foolhardy to try to reach the doomed homestead. He determined to make the attempt, however. Fortunately, he arrived at the farmer's dwelling ahead of the conflagration and helped plow a fire-guard. Conradi then started a back-fire with the assistance of the homesteader and his family. This did not prove successful, and the torrents of flame rolled on. The smoke was so thick that it was impossible to see more than a few yards. The constable ran through the fire and found the women and children. Two of them he carried away and the rest he led to what proved a place of safety, though they were nearly suffocated. Conradi was badly burned himself and lost his own horse. The settler reported the affair to the authorities,

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stating that he and his family owed their lives to the constable.

Nowhere did the Police win laurels better earned than in the Yukon, where the difference between the security of life and property under their protection and the conditions prevailing east of the 141st meridian was so conspicuous that the international boundary line was almost visible. But of all the tales of service and sacrifice perhaps none so impressed the heart of Canada as that of Inspector Fitzgerald, who with three companions died of cold and starvation when on patrol duty in 1911. Nothing in the annals of Arctic exploration exceeds in pathos the record of this ill-fated expedition as contained in Fitzgerald's diary.

Ever since 1904 a police patrol carrying mail had been sent from Dawson to Fort McPherson and back; and in 1910 Inspector Fitzgerald, who had had many years' experience in the Far North and had thoroughly proved his fitness for such work, was given command of this patrol. He left Herschel Island at the end of November and on December 3 he arrived at Fort McPherson, where he spent a fortnight in making preparations for the journey to Dawson. On December 20 he left Fort McPherson with three dog-teams of five dogs each, accompanied by Constables Kinney and Taylor and Special-Constable Carter, the last being employed as guide. Carter lost his way; and, despite his own heroism and that of his three companions, the price was the lives of all the party.

And it should be remembered that equally dangerous journeys are made by members of the police force every year. In the same report in which the Commissioner tells the story of Fitzgerald's disaster, may be found the record of a journey of seven hundred miles and return made by Sergeant Fullerton, along the west coast of Hudson Bay to Rankin Inlet, to meet Sergeant Borden

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coming from Fort Churchill with mail and taking the census of the Eskimos; Sergeant Walker journeyed from Fort Churchill to York Factory and return; Sergeant Nicholls from Norway House to Fort Churchill and return; Sergeant Edgenten from Split Lake to Fort Churchill—three days without food; Sergeant Munday, from The Pas to Lac du Brochet and return—nine hundred miles in fifty-one days; Sergeant MacLeod from Fort Vermilion across the terrible mountains of Great Slave Lake. All these heroic officers were engaged in definite police duties in the performance of which tragedy is ever an immediate possibility.

During the Great War the jurisdiction of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (as it was now re-christened) was extended over the whole of Canada and the force entered upon a new era. Whatever be the future of this famous organization, it can be no more than worthy of its past. The lessons it has taught its country have been many. One is that duty, faithfully performed, can never result in real failure. Who would question the success of the life-work of the dead boy in scarlet and gold on whose body, after a terrible blizzard had swept the region of his patrol, was found the following note?

“Lost. Horse dead. Am trying to push on.
Have done my best.”

CHAPTER X

The Blackfoot Indian Treaty

THE RELATIONSHIP of the American Indians to the encroaching white settlers on either side of the forty-ninth parallel, forms one of the curious contrasts in the development of the American West. On the north side we have almost continuous peace. On the south side we have war and bloodshed, extending over twenty years.

A comparison of the situations will show that the difference in conditions was not purely accidental.

When the white man first settled on the Atlantic coast, the buffalo, in countless thousands, ranged over a large part of America. It was the Indians' chief means of subsistence, affording him a life of independence and plenty. He hunted and slaughtered it incessantly, as did the white man, with dire results to the herds. Hence, the year 1877 saw, remaining, only a few scattered buffalo.

In the United States the massacre of the animal meant the extermination of the Indian, to the apparent satisfaction of the white man. "Kill every buffalo you see," ordered an American Colonel, "for every buffalo dead is an Indian gone."

After the tribes south of the line had accepted the guardianship of their government, there were, for years, encroachments on their lands, broken treaties, and bitter warfare.

A wise administration, north of the forty-ninth parallel, saved the situation for the white and red man. Here, also, the Indian watched the buffalo disappear and marked the onward march of the paleface. Settlement

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gradually increased, until there were some ten thousand white people. The Indian began to realize that he could no longer have the forest and prairie to himself.

The Hudson's Bay Company had held the vast domain for two centuries. Around it, to a large extent, revolved the early history of Canada. Its management of the warlike Indians was one of the marvels of the



FATHER LACOMBE

Father Lacombe averts the opposition of Chief Crowfoot and the Blackfeet to the building of the C.P.R. through their reserve. "Good Heart" gave the Indians his word of honor that the government would give them other lands in compensation for the portion of the reserve required for the new railroad.

pioneer age. There was never an Indian war, save a temporary outbreak, during the Hudson's Bay regime. Trade was carried on in peace, thousands of miles from the nearest British soldiers. The motto of the company, "Pro Pelle Cutem," was the basis of fair dealing, and the Indians considered the Hudson's Bay officials their friends.

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But the day of the improvised administration was passing. The Hudson's Bay officials, who were not certain of their power among the settlers, could not satisfactorily administer to them. It was finally determined to transfer the North-West to the Canadian government. The transition stage, a period without responsible government, gave opportunity for lawlessness. The Indians were demoralized by "fire-water," discontented, and had almost lost respect for the Queen's orders. Sir William Butler was authorized to make an investigation. He advised the establishment of constituted authority with sufficient force to support it.

The North-West Mounted Police was then organized. The arrival of the red-coat patrol heralded law and order in the vast territory. The Indians, however, continued very jealous of their lands. The Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, and Sarcees claimed about fifty thousand square miles on the south-west angle of the Territories. The Stoneys were at Morley in the Foothills.

The Police, some Indians thought, were in the country to take their lands gradually for the white settlers. Ordinances for the preservation of the buffalo, framed in their interests, were misconstrued. Sitting Bull, of Custer notoriety, on Canadian soil was a disturbing element. Only the vigilance and good judgment of the Police saved the country from an Indian war.

Peace with them, and particularly with the Blackfoot tribe, was absolutely essential to the safe settlement of the land. The Indians, too, realized the importance of an understanding with the government and were impatient of delay in the matter. To pacify them, the Reverend John McDougall, missionary, was delegated to give them the assurance of early negotiations. He found some of the chiefs in bitter mood. "We want none of the Queen's presents," said Big Bear of the Sauteaux. "When we set a fox-trap we scatter pieces of

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meat all round, but when the fox gets into the trap we knock him on the head. We want no bait. Let your chiefs come like men and talk to us."

A definite date, September 17, was finally set for a consideration of the treaty. Honourable David Laird, Lieutenant-Governor of the Territories, and Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod, commander of the North-West Mounted Police, were appointed for the work and directed to meet the Indians at Fort Macleod, the Police headquarters.

Chief Crowfoot, mindful of the dignity of his people, took exception to the place of meeting. The setting for such an event, he declared, should be their own Reservation. Blackfoot Crossing, on the Bow River, was then chosen.

Extensive preparations were made for the great pow-wow. The locality of Blackfoot Crossing, a verdant and extensive river-bottom, lying in sheltered hills, had long been a favourite camping-ground. It extends about a mile back from the river and some three miles along the winding, tree-fringed stream. The crossing is known by the Indians as "the ridge under water," where they pass back and forth with ease.

To this green valley on the banks of the crystal-clear stream, like a great caravan to Mecca, came long processions of Indians: Chiefs, head-men, young braves, squaws and children, with their horses, carts, dogs, and cattle. They arrived in full battle array, the Bloods, Piegons, Sarcees, Blackfeet, and Stoneys.

Some of the tribes travelled in carts; the Blackfeet and their associates, who took pride in their horses, were on fine mounts. The squaws, in straggling train, rode their ponies, dragging travois on which were deposited the younger members of the family and the camp requirements.

The various Indians were allotted distinct parts of

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the meadow, and each, under head-men, were divided into sections. For some distance along the river, clusters of colourful tepees, with their thin columns of smoke, were hives of activity. The buffalo-hide coverings of their lodges were gaudily decorated with paintings of deer, buffalo, eagles, serpents, and grotesque figures.

As the tents gradually covered the camping ground the animation grew into uproar. The Indians, in their gay trappings and bright clothes, moved about. Children played and shouted; dogs barked and howled; there was continual and monotonous sound of the tom-tom. The making of medicine in the various lodges was an important ceremony, accompanied by the beating of drums, discharge of fire-arms, singing and dancing. Pandemonium reigned. Traders, with their goods, opened for business in canvas-covered stores. The government had on hand large quantities of supplies.

As the Lieutenant-Governor and his brother commissioner, flanked by the Red-coats of the Police, arrived, the scene was one of barbaric splendour. There were some eighty officers and men of the Force, the Police band, missionaries, government officials, and interpreters. The native chiefs, headed by Crowfoot, formally welcomed the Queen's representatives.

During the first day, most of the Indians on the ground were Blackfeet and Stoneys. In keeping with their usual dilatory habits, the Bloods, Piegans, and Sarcees were not well represented until the last days of the deliberations. The commissioners, however, had obtained from Monsieur Jean L. Heux, a French-Canadian who had spent twenty years among the Blackfeet, an elaborate list of the different chiefs and minor chiefs of the various tribes. This proved the basis of the work.

Despite the absent tribes, the commissioners adhered to their arrangement of the 17th of September. A gun

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was fired as a signal for assemblage to a council. The meeting was well attended. There was much hand-shaking by the chiefs and head-men.

The Indians ranged themselves on the ground, close to the commissioners' tents, the chiefs in front, wrapped in gay blankets, their heads decorated with feathers, fur tails, and brass ornaments. Behind were the head-men; seated in a deep semi-circle sat the rest of the tribes, young braves with long, dark masses of hair over their shoulders, the squaws with their children, decked in bright dresses.

In their concourse were such noted chiefs as Eagle Tail of the Piegans, Rainy Chief of the Bloods, Bull's Head of the Sarcees, Old Sun, Heavy Shield, Weasel Calf, and many other head-men of the Blackfeet, as well as Crowfoot, the great chief. He was a strong Indian character, cool, tactful, and a wise ruler of an unruly people. Mentally and physically he was, like Saul, head and shoulders above his people. His courage and skill were recognized and gave him an unlimited influence over the tribes. Tall, fine-looking, with high forehead, aquiline nose, and piercing grey eyes, he was a commanding presence. Counted an orator among his people, the usual conclusion to a discussion of his qualities was the remark: "Crowfoot is a wise man." In another walk of life he would have been a great statesman.

Chief Weasel Calf, long an active ruler of his people, passed away quite recently, on June 24, 1927, at the Blackfoot Reserve, Gleichen, Alberta. He was eighty-six years of age and the last of the Redskins who signed the Treaty.

Among the white people present at the negotiations were Reverend John McDougall of Morleyville and Father Scollen, Roman Catholic priest, both of whom were able to speak the various Indian languages. They were of great service to the commissioners, not only as

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interpreters but as counsellors to the Indians, who had faith in their judgment.

After early deliberations, Crowfoot said, "I am glad to see the Queen's chief and Stamixotoken (Colonel Macleod) who is a great chief and our friend. I will wait and hold a council with my children and be ready on Wednesday to hear the Great Mother's message."

Rations, provided by the government, were given out to those who applied. Crowfoot, thinking that he might, by receiving food, commit himself to the proposals, refused to accept it until he had heard the suggested terms.

The Treaty was outlined. It was much the same in content as the Indian treaties of eastern Canada: All lands were to be relinquished to the Canadian Government, save the reservations. Permission was given to hunt over the ceded territory and to fish in the waters thereof, except on individual property. A perpetual payment of five dollars per head was promised to each man, woman, and child. The reservations were set aside for homes and for agricultural purposes. They were of sufficient area to allow one square mile for each family of five persons. Her Majesty further agreed to provide for the purchase of ammunition for the tribes. There was included a promise of agricultural implements, oxen, cattle, and seed grain. Provision was made for the establishment of schools on the reserves. The sale of spirits, on their lands, was prohibited.

Long and tedious delays followed. Much explanation and discussion were required. By devious processes the chiefs gathered their thoughts, delivering their harangues in flowery language. A minor chief asked for fifty dollars a year and thirty dollars for all others, men, women, and children. He wished to be paid for the timber, taken by the police and white people, from his land. He also requested that the Crees and half-

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breeds should be sent back to their own country. These demands were promptly refused.

The Indians were assured that their reservations could not be taken from them, occupied or sold without their consent. It was impressed that there would be no interference with their liberty of hunting, provided they did not molest the settlers. The service of the Police was stressed, as well as the freedom the Queen allowed her people, provided they obeyed the laws.

Crowfoot, with an interpreter, called on the commissioners, for certain explanations. It was reported that the Indians, in their own councils, could not agree, but no word of the matter was given out. At the meeting of the day, Crowfoot, with marked dignity, expressed appreciation of the Police and signified his intention of accepting the terms. Old Sun, head chief of the Blackfeet, said: "Crowfoot spoke well." He agreed and asked for cattle, guns, ammunition, tobacco, axes, and money. The great Blood chief accepted, as did Bull's Head of the Sarcees and Rainy Chief of the North Bloods. Eagle Tail of the Piegiens remarked: "I give you my hand; we all agree with Crowfoot." Many of the minor chiefs spoke to the same effect. The commissioners set the following day for the signing of the Treaty.

Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod, in the interval, by private discussion, arranged with the Indians as to their reserves.

The concluding ceremony was picturesque and imposing. The great Indian gathering numbered 4,392 persons. All of the ten chiefs were present; forty-two minor chiefs and many councillors.

The commissioners had a guard of fifty mounted red-coats; the music of the Police band further marked the importance of the occasion. The guns fired a salute as the Queen's representatives appeared. The vast

throng, seated in irregular formation, in their bright colours, blended with the autumn-tinted hills.

Much hand-shaking marked the opening of the session. The Indians then gave the strange and weird Sun-dance. The grotesque performance struck terror to the hearts of the white women present.

The commissioners assured the Indians that the government would not interfere with their daily life, except to assist them in farming. It was pointed out that the laws were enacted for red and white men alike and that they must be obeyed by all.

"The good Indian has nothing to fear from the Queen or her officers," declared Lieutenant-Governor Laird.

The Indians then formally accepted the terms of the Treaty. The chiefs, in their addresses, appreciating the seriousness of the occasion, showed high emotion.

"I hope you look upon the Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegiens as your children now," said Crowfoot, "and that you will be indulgent and charitable to them. If the Police had not come into the country, where would we all be now? . . . The Police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts of winter. I wish them all good and trust that their hearts will increase in goodness from this time forward. I am satisfied. I will sign the Treaty."

At the actual signing of the Treaty, the commissioners put their signatures first to the document. The interpreter then inscribed the names of the chiefs, at their request, and witnessed their marks.

Crowfoot waited until the last and stated: "I will be the last to sign; I will be the last to break."

Mrs. John McDougall, Mrs. David McDougall and Mrs. James Macleod, who are residents of Calgary, Alberta, to-day, were present. The latter two ladies signed the Treaty as witnesses.

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During the ceremony a salute of thirteen guns announced the conclusion of the great Blackfoot Treaty.

Following the payment of Treaty money to the Indians, the chiefs presented an address to the commissioners. They declared their satisfaction, extended their good wishes to the Queen and her officers, and expressed their determination to adhere to the Treaty terms and abide by the laws of the Great Mother.

Thus has peace prevailed north of the forty-ninth parallel. The way was opened for a new civilization on the broad lands of Western Canada. While the white man has used the Indians' land, the relations have ever been harmonious.

CHAPTER XI

Some Saskatchewan Forts in 1885

A WILD and lonely land, uncultivated, almost unpeopled, a land of primeval forest, the vast expanse of green broken only by the lakes sleeping in unsullied beauty, a land of possibility and romance, the abode of grandeur, beauty, peace—such was the Saskatchewan valley in 1885. A few traders had ventured into the solitude, one or two forts had sprung up in the wilderness. Throughout the long winter the cold was intense, equally so the heat in summer, when mosquitoes moreover arrived in swarms and constituted a serious plague. The length and severity of winter enhanced the beauty of spring, the warm sunny days, the breaking of the frozen silence by the murmur of running water, the boom of rending ice, the hum of insects, the twitter of birds. About the middle of April the ice began to move, great blocks floating off downstream, then the river became the great highway connecting with the far away "Outside."

Owing to innumerable sandbars, only flat-bottomed boats could be navigated, but throughout the summer these stern-wheelers panted upstream with supplies, and carried away the costly furs collected during the winter. There was also a horse mail every three weeks, summer and winter, from Winnipeg, so that the forts were no longer completely isolated with the advent of frost. Food could be obtained regularly through the Hudson's Bay Company. Flour sold at ten to fifteen dollars a hundred-pound sack, tea, one dollar a pound, sugar, thirty to forty cents a pound, salt, twenty-five cents a pound.

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The chief post of the district was Edmonton, the government buildings now occupying a part of the site of the old fort. The white population was then between one and two thousand, the houses were comfortable log buildings, water for domestic purposes was obtained from the river and delivered in carts. Riding, hunting, tennis, snow-shoeing offered ample out-door sport, cards, dancing, and music beguiled the long winter evenings.

There were glee-clubs, and here and there a violin. Books were not numerous but could be obtained through the Company. The dances were held twice weekly in the restaurant, and occasionally by invitation in the R.N.W.M.P. barracks. Side by side with this dawning of white civilization was the waning Indian ceremonial—dances still took place in the town, Indians in full dress parading the streets.

Fort Pitt was an old and important post, the residence of the chief officer for the district, Mr. W. J. McLean, and his family. The fort was burnt down, but the site is still traceable. It was a fort in name only, being but a group of unprotected wooden buildings with a garrison of thirty men, then commanded by Captain Francis J. Dickens, son of the novelist. The country surrounding Fort Pitt was the favourite battle-ground of those inveterate enemies, the Crees and Blackfeet.

Thirty-five miles from Fort Pitt, and connected with it by a good trail, was the settlement of Frog Lake, six miles north of the North Saskatchewan, headquarters of Mr. James K. Simpson, who had supervision over several posts. Here were the barracks of the R.N.W.M.P. with a garrison of six men, the Roman Catholic mission church and priest's dwelling, the buildings of the Hudson's Bay Company, trading-shop, store, dwelling, and stables, and the dwellings of the Indian agent, farming instructor, and interpreter. At

the foot of Frog Lake stood a small grist mill and the residence of its owner.

The settlement was in the centre of a Wood Cree reservation, several miles in extent, chosen by them on account of its natural advantages: abundance of game, fish, and fur-bearing animals, and productive soil. The Wood Crees having acquired some practical knowledge of agriculture, had been entrusted by the government with four hundred head of cattle. Before the massacre, this was a thriving, prosperous reservation, two hundred Indian lodges being scattered over the gently rolling land within a radius of about three miles. Afterwards it fell back to solitary desolation, the cattle were shot down during the orgies of triumphant rejoicing over the extermination of the whites. On June 5, 1925, a monument was unveiled there by Mr. W. B. Cameron, to commemorate the tragedy of the massacre of which he is the sole white survivor. The government was represented by His Honour Judge Howay, of the Historic Sites Board.

Ninety miles from Pitt was Battleford, with a population of about fifty whites, including again the R.N.W.M.P. Near-by was Poundmaker's reservation, and the Indians frequently visited the fort. As in the case of Pitt, the sports and recreation of the whites existed side by side with native ceremonial and entertainment. Usually the Indians were tractable enough, but no one could foresee just when an undercurrent of discontent might break out into active and savage warfare. In time of danger, any white might be sworn in as special constable.

The *raison d'être* of all these forts was the Indian fur trade. When the white man first came into his land, the Indian welcomed him and treated him with native courtesy. Before long he came to despise him, finding him hopelessly ignorant in matters of woodcraft and

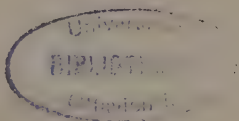
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lore of the wilds, in which every self-respecting red-skin was expert. Finally he learnt to tolerate him, as his wares were extremely useful, especially his wonderful guns and ammunition. These soon superseded the arrows and tomahawks, in the construction of which the Indians had previously shown remarkable skill.

The most successful trader was naturally the one who knew best how to appeal to the popular taste. The chief articles of barter were ammunition, blankets, knives, print, shawls, nails, handkerchiefs, tobacco, bacon, flour, tea, jam, sugar, and white man's medicines. The natives took great pleasure and pride in arraying themselves in European finery, sometimes with comical incongruity. An Indian and his money were soon parted if he found goods to his taste. He invariably accepted the trader's valuation both of the European merchandise and of his own furs, and he was not cheated. Occasionally an Indian became unruly in the store and had to be more or less forcibly ejected; usually trading was carried on peacefully.

So a mere handful of white men found themselves in the midst of these hordes of savages, who might any moment have arisen and wiped them out. And yet there was a wonderful appeal in this semi-barbaric life in a wild and lonely land—"once a trader always a trader"—the charm of the adventure far out-weighed the perils.

The various tribes spoke each an entirely distinct language. To communicate with one another they used signs, in which they were expert. To quote Mr. Cameron: The fingers of both hands intertwined represent a lodge (crossed poles at top) or a house (log). Sleep is symbolized by placing the head sidewise on the palm of the hand. Numbers are recorded by holding up fingers; opening and shutting the hands once means ten—ten times, one hundred. Closing the hand



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and opening it suddenly with the fingers extended signifies shooting—the flying shot pellets. Rubbing the palm of one hand on the palm of the other means to “wipe out” (annihilation). The index finger of each hand crooked on either side of the head in the shape of horns suggests the buffalo or cattle. An Indian comes into a trading post and asks for evaporated apples by touching his ear—it resembles a ring of the packed fruit; or a front tooth—beans. A good sign-talker can speak more fluently with his hands than many an educated white man can with his tongue. I have seen a Saskatchewan Cree and a Nez Percé from the Columbia, seated side by side on the ground, converse for an hour, telling stories of the chase, of love, and of war, without speaking a word. It was one of the most graceful, impressive, and interesting conversations I ever listened to. Also the quietest!

After the signing of the treaties, the Indians lived on their reservations, and received regular annual payments of treaty money. Their sick were cared for, they received farming supplies and instruction in farming, occasionally, when food ran short, their wants were supplied. Sometimes they worked for the whites, cutting wood or hunting. The Hudson's Bay Company always maintained the most friendly relations with them, and during the outbreak not a single Hudson's Bay Company employé was killed. It required infinite tact and thorough knowledge of Indian character, but, above all—what the Company always gave them—impartial justice. They knew they could trust a Hudson's Bay man. The Indian, in spite of all his bravado, was at heart a child, easy to handle if his confidence and affection were gained. But withal there lurked in the depths the inherent cruelty of the savage; at any moment he might show himself the

blood-drunken, infuriated brave, bent on massacre and scalps.

Like a child's, too, was his love of finery—each notable occasion demanded an adequate costume: paint and feathers for the war-path; blankets, trinkets and more feathers for the dance. Colour appealed strongly to him, different colours having special significance; yellow ochre was applied thickly as war-paint, vermilion denoted cheerfulness and was largely used in the dances, black was the death colour.

When camp was pitched, the two hundred or more lodges were arranged in a large oval. Each family had its own tepee, from the apex of which issued the smoke from the central fire. When a dance was about to be held, three or four families were honoured by having their abodes commandeered for the great dancing lodge; they were obliged to take refuge under their carts or in a neighbouring bluff. After dark, Indians might be seen prowling among the lodges, closely wrapped in their blankets, and it was against etiquette—and, moreover, dangerous—to accost them on such occasions. Children and dogs abounded, the youngsters delighting to adorn themselves in borrowed finery, or to emulate their elders in the practice of archery and mimic warfare.

When orders were given to strike camp, all was commotion. Laggards were assisted by having their lodges lifted bodily from their heads and laid flat on the ground some distance away. Gradually the long line formed up and moved forward, ponies or dogs hauling travois or creaking carts, on which were piled the family possessions, pans, papooses, puppies, poles, provisions. Old women and young squaws struggled along by the side or perched on the travois; dogs were here, there and everywhere; boys shouted and shot arrows to urge on the

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cattle; cows lowed; dogs barked—the whole scene was one of dust, confusion, and uproar.

A war cavalcade was more showy. "Only a few old men, women and children were left behind. The warriors, mounted, assembled at the lower end of the camp. They, as well as their ponies, were decked in all their finery. With their paint and feathers, their polished weapons, gaudy blankets, beaded leggings and moccasins, they made a picturesque panorama. They came riding slowly around the camp, their war-chant rising weirdly on the fresh spring air, their ponies prancing under their flashy trappings. They reached the far end again, broke into a gallop, and with wild cries and a crash from their guns, clattered away."

Strict discipline prevailed throughout the camp—any family failing to attend a dance was liable to find its lodge cut into shreds or levelled about its ears. Or a disobedient brave might find his precious costume similarly treated, considering himself lucky to escape with a whole skin.

There were various means of communicating information to scattered parties. Just as the news of the Spanish Armada was flashed all over England by means of beacon fires, so the Indians lit fires on commanding heights as a means of signalling expected news to distant friends. Mirrors were also used for the purpose, a given number of flashes representing certain definite information.

The favourite Indian recreation was gambling. They would stake not only money, but practically everything they owned, even the clothes on their backs or the family bedding. Long before they adopted the white man's cards, they had gambling devices of their own. The most common consisted of two sticks, an inch and a half long, which the player dexterously changed from hand to hand as he flung them about, or

hid them under a blanket on his knees. His opponent scored a point and obtained temporary possession of the sticks each time he guessed correctly their position—in either hand or under the blanket.

The dances were not mainly recreation, being more in the nature of religious ceremony. The Thirst Dance was a feast of sacrifice and rejoicing held in early spring. Dancing continued for three days, during which the performers tasted neither food nor drink. Then followed the ceremonies attending the making of braves. Aspirants for that honour proved their worth by undergoing torture and performing feats of endurance. Their chests were cut in slits, through which raw-hide thongs were passed, these being attached to the top of the centre-pole of the lodge. They flung themselves about in all directions until released by the bursting of the bonds. Throughout the night, a would-be brave must sit among the branches composing the roof of the lodge, chanting a melancholy dirge, while the drummers kept up a monotonous boom from their position around the fire.

Most remarkable was the War Dance, including the ceremony of Spearing the White Dog's Head. The head dancer, grotesquely painted and decked out in all his finery, swayed back and forth, weaving spells and chanting weird incantations to the sombre accompaniment of the deep drums. He then gradually approached the huge copper pot which had been brought in by the women, and in which simmered the dog strangled for the occasion. After a long and intricate ceremonial dance, he suddenly swooped and speared the head, at the same time uttering a piercing shriek, whilst the warriors applauded and drums boomed. The war chiefs were first served from the dog, after which all joined in the feasting, and in subsequent dancing imitating the gestures of war. During intervals, the warriors recounted their exploits and told their scalps.

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Oratory came naturally to these untutored savages, their chiefs excelled in noble discourse with appropriate dignity of gesture. Many of their expressions had an arrestingly poetic bent.

Before any important expedition, the braves met in council in the large dancing lodge, forming a circle within which the chief sat in state. No discussion took place until the Peace Pipe had been smoked. "Taking the stem between his lips, Big Bear applied the lighted match, handed to him by Wandering Spirit, to the bowl. He took a long pull and, tightly closing his lips so that none of the smoke should escape, turned the stem in succession to the four cardinal points of the compass, then toward the ground; finally, bowing his head, he raised it straight up before him so that the Great Spirit might be first to smoke. After this he blew the first draught of smoke from his own lips, muttered a prayer and, after taking a few draws himself, passed the pipe to the man on his left. It then travelled from mouth to mouth, each warrior in turn taking a few pulls, around the circle. The purpose of this ceremony is to propitiate the Kitse Manito and ask his guidance in the matter before the council."

His religion consisted in a simple, child-like faith in Manito, who guided his destiny and eventually led him to the Sand Hills. There must have been an irresistible charm about this unsophisticated, ingenuous child of the wilds, trustworthy when trusted, devoted when loved. It was not only the wild and romantic wilderness which ensnared the trader's fancy—he could not forget the Red-skin's farewell—"If Manito thinks, we shall meet again."

CHAPTER XII

The Frog Lake Massacre

"WANASKA!"

It was, I sensed dimly, nowhere near my getting-up time. What did the fellow mean—bursting into my room and unceremoniously rousing me? I would soon find out. I sat up. Walking Horse, a Wood Cree employed about the trading-post, his eyes ablaze with excitement, stood beside my bed.

He gave me another vigorous shake. "Wanaska!" he repeated. "Get up!"

I was suddenly very much awake. "What's wrong?"

"The government horses are gone—out of the stable!"

"Gone? Who—where—" I was unable for the moment to grasp the import of his words.

"Big Bear's men, I think. That rascal Imasees says the half-breeds, but I don't believe him."

So it had come! We, the little white community of Frog Lake, had taken in good faith the assurances of Big Bear's braves that they would stay out of the trouble started a week before by their half-breed relatives at Duck Lake—would remain quietly on the reservation, at peace with their paleface neighbours. This was April 2, 1885. Only the morning before they had visited the settlement, playing with much apparent good-humour their "Big-Lie Day" jokes upon us. Disarming jokes—dismaying jokes, as it now appeared.

I dressed quickly and went downstairs. Imasees opened the front door. He came forward, followed by twenty of the young bucks. All were in full war paint,

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with guns in their hands. The chief's son addressed me: "Have you any ammunition?" No trace of yesterday's friendliness; he looked at me unsmilingly out of his aggressive black eyes.

"Yes, a little." I did not tell him I had sent the bulk of it with the North-West Mounted Police detachment to Fort Pitt the previous morning.

"Well, we want it." He was bluntly direct.

I was not ready forthwith to surrender my authority as a post manager before an attitude plainly meant to intimidate.

"Where's your order from the Indian Agent? You can't get ammunition, you know, without that."

The young leader's lower lip stuck out; he took a step forward and leaned over until his face almost met mine.

"This is no time for idle talk!" he growled. "Give us the ammunition or in goes the shop door!"

My assumption of authority was short-lived. "Oh, that's how you put it? Well, I don't want the shop broken into, and if you're determined to have the ammunition, I can't prevent you."

They crowded in behind me. I called my friend, Yellow Bear, to my side. "Pass that keg out," I told him. "I won't put a hand on it."

They divided the three or four pounds of gunpowder among them. Miserable Man jumped over the counter, elbowed me roughly aside and gathered up the loose trade-ball on the floor. They reached across the counter and helped themselves to new butcher knives from the shelves, and files, with which they began to sharpen them.

Big Bear pushed in. "Touch nothing here without his leave," he ordered, indicating me with a wave of his hand, and left again.

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Yellow Bear elbowed his way among his insolent kinsmen. "You've got what you wanted: *Neeuk*—go!" he commanded, shouldering them toward the door.

I locked it after them. Yellow Bear picked up a muskrat spear from behind the counter. "I might want to use this," he said. "I have no gun."

I was grateful for the old man's friendship. "Take anything you wish, Osawask. And, whatever happens, stick to me."

Other Indians arrived. "Wandering Spirit wants you at the Agent's house," they said.

When I reached the Agent's—Quinn's—office, I found the nine white men of the settlement already there. Indians jammed the place. They blocked the doors and windows, completely hemming us in. I felt a distinct sense of uneasiness. The room seemed stifling, charged with a sinister, depressing atmosphere.

Wandering Spirit, the war chief, in the centre of the office, bent over, was speaking in menacing tones and shaking his hand in the Agent's face. Tom Quinn, a native Minnesotan who, by sheer ability, had worked himself up from a subordinate position to that of Indian Agent in the Canadian Government's service, seemed unperturbed. If he shared the foreboding which weighed upon the rest of us, by no token did he betray it. The talk ended with a demand for beef.

"Tell them," said Quinn to John Pritchard, the half-breed interpreter, "they may kill Old Spike. He's outlived his usefulness, anyway," he added with a laugh to us. He sent a Wood Cree boy to point the animal out.

I had begun to wonder whether we should ever leave the building alive, but they now fell back and opened a way for us to the door. I went to the Hudson's Bay Company's post, of which, though little more than a

youngster, in the absence of my superior, James K. Simpson, I was in charge, and had breakfast. A woman entered.

"Oh," she cried, consternation in her tones, "Little Bear has struck Père Fafard in the eye with the butt of his riding whip!"

I had tried to persuade myself that we were in no personal danger. We had placed ourselves voluntarily in the power of the redmen, trusting their amicable professions, when we might have gone with the police to Fort Pitt and comparative safety. They had disarmed us that morning—taken our guns while we slept—but they would surely, I had thought, stop short of doing us bodily harm. Now hope died within me. Anything might happen.

A little later, Wandering Spirit entered the shop and ordered me curtly to go to the church, "where the other whites are." I was not a Roman Catholic; but I did not dare disregard the war chief's command.

Armed Indians crowded about the open door. A few half-breeds, with the whites, made up the congregation. The priests, Fathers Fafard and Marchand, were celebrating mass. I pushed in and took a seat opposite the door.

Wandering Spirit, wearing his lynxskin war hat, topped with eagle plumes, his face thickly coated with yellow ochre, a rifle in his right hand, entered. He dropped on one knee in the centre of the church and, resting the butt of his rifle on the floor, gazed up at the altar and the white-robed priests in sacrilegious mockery. Never shall I forget the ferocity on his hideously-painted features, or that astounding, stupefying scene. Again I doubted that we should be allowed to leave the building alive. But the service ended, and for a brief space we once more gained comparative freedom.

I went back to the shop. Quinn, his hands in his

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trousers pockets, his Glengarry bonnet pushed boyishly to the back of his head, entered.

"Well, Cameron," he remarked, "if we come through this alive it will be something for us to remember for the rest of our days."

Poor Quinn! There were to be no more days for him.

He had no sooner gone than Wandering Spirit came in. "Go to the instructor's house where the other whites are," he said sharply. I closed the shop and walked over.

Yellow Bear met me before the door of the Mounted Police barracks, which the Indians were then seeking. "Will you bring a hat for me from the shop?" the old man asked.

"Wandering Spirit has just sent me here," I said. "If he saw me going back he might shoot me."

"I'll go with you, then." The distance was little more than a hundred paces. As we started, I saw the war chief running toward us, carrying his rifle at the trail. We met half-way and he halted us, a baleful gleam in the eyes he fixed on me.

"I thought I told you to stay with the other whites!" he exploded.

Yellow Bear answered for me. "He is going with me to the shop. I want a hat."

The war chief seemed to consider. "Hurry back, then!" he warned me, and ran on.

We were leaving the shop again, when Miserable Man appeared. He handed me a bit of paper. I turn to an old scrapbook and from a slip of foolscap pasted in the back copy the faded lines—the last writing of my brave friend, Quinn:

Dear Cameron:

Please give Miserable Man one blanket.

T.T.Q.

"I have no blankets."

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Miserable Man, a great hulking, pock-marked savage, who would have been a ruffian had he not been a coward—regarded me suspiciously out of his evil, rat-like eyes. Yellow Bear took a menacing step forward.

"Didn't you hear what he said?" he demanded. "What are you looking at him for?"

Miserable Man's threatening attitude left him; he became ingratiatingly pacific.

"I suppose I can get something else, then?" Yes, I told him.

April 14th
Capt. Dickens
I want you to cross
the river at once
for my young
men are terrible
hard to keep in
hand
Big Bear

BIG BEAR'S DEMAND FOR THE SUR- RENDER OF FORT PITT

I poured the tea, one of his purchases, into the shawl that was another, and he was tying it into a parcel. A shot rang out, ominously startling; so sharp, so close. An instant's pregnant hush. Another shot! And—immediately—another! Miserable Man dashed from the shop. I followed.

On the hill I had quitted five minutes before lay the form of a man. It was the lifeless body of poor Quinn, shot down in cold blood by Wandering Spirit.

And now followed a sequence of happenings so

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appalling that the whole has ever seemed to me unreal—a veritable nightmare. The other whites were walking on the ridge opposite me, having been ordered to the Indian camp. More shots, sharp piercing screams, wild dashes to and fro, war-whoops, the terrifying cadence of the Plains Cree war-song—a stunning and indescribable horror! I saw Big Bear rush toward Wandering Spirit and his red-handed satellites, shouting futilely at the top of his tremendous voice: “*Tesqua! Tesqua! Stop! Stop!*” Futile indeed! As well by word expect to halt devouring flames as these maddened fiends with their victims in their grasp.

Yellow Bear caught my wrist. His hand shook as with the palsy. “Come this way!” he muttered. “Some women are starting for the camp. Go with them—don’t leave them!” He would not accompany me. Yellow Bear feared to be seen befriending me at that terrible moment. I left, walking a little in advance of the women.

“Oh, the priest has fallen!”

I turned. Mrs. Simpson, the half-breed wife of my chief, was gazing, horrified, across the hollow separating us from the field of death. Tears streamed down her face; she shook violently. I thought she was about to fall and stepped back and caught her arm. I would not look in the direction of the carnage. She jerked away.

“*Saskatch, moonias!*” she cried, her voice trembling. “Run, white man!”

“Will they kill me, do you think?”

“*Saskatch, moonias!*” was her only answer.

I fixed my eyes on the ground before me and walked on. To hope that I should ever reach the camp—I had no hope. And since it had to come, why didn’t it—the shot? Those frightful moments—that intolerable suspense! I did not wish to see when or whence it came, but why was the shot delayed? If only I had a gun—

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could hit back—die fighting—in action! To be put out like a dog—to wait, helpless, like a man with hands tied for the end, knowing it must come! Therein lay the supreme horror.

I walked on—walked on. And no shot came. The firing ceased, the butchery was complete. Nine defenceless men had been shockingly done to death and two poor women of my own blood widowed and made prisoners.

I reached the camp. The Wood Crees held a council, called Wandering Spirit to Chief Oneepohayo's lodge and made Big Bear's band promise that no harm should come to me.

For two months I lived a captive among the hostiles, escaping when General Strange with the Alberta Field Force struck the camp at the end of May near Frenchman's Butte.

On the morning of November 27 in that same year, 1885, I stood before a scaffold in the North-West Mounted Police barrack-square at Battleford, Saskatchewan, and saw eight men drop to a retributive death below it, among them Wandering Spirit and Miserable Man. My last customer at Frog Lake had killed Charles Gouin after leaving me at the shop when the shooting began.

Again, on the 9th of June, 1925, I stood beside the graves of my nine companions of that black April morning forty years before, and almost on the spot on which they met so cruel a fate, unveiled a monument erected by the Canadian Government to their memory.

To what do I attribute my own escape? To the facts that I was a Hudson's Bay Company official, that I had treated the Indians as human beings, and they liked me, and that a man does not die until his time comes. That the Power that directs the courses of the planets also sets that time, I firmly believe.

CHAPTER XIII

PRAIRIE PLACE NAMES

I. The Naming of the Provinces

LONG ago, before the coming of the white man to Western Canada, the Indians living around a lake, now known as Lake Manitoba, heard with fear the roaring sound which came from the narrows of the lake whenever a storm arose. Since they could not explain the threatening sound, which is caused by the rattle of pebbles thrown by the waves against the limestone beach of an island, they decided that it must be the voice of a spirit, and named the place Manitoba, meaning "the strait of the spirit."

We turn far away from the red man to the Royal Family of Great Britain to find an explanation for Alberta's name. This province owes its name to H.R.H. Princess Louise Caroline Alberta, wife of the Marquis of Lorne, who served as Governor-General of Canada from 1878 to 1883.

The musical word Saskatchewan came to us from the Cree Indians. Saskatchewan is a Cree word meaning "swift current," and they applied it to the river flowing through their country.

II. Prairie Towns

When a new name was sought for old Fort Garry, in 1876, the Indian name of the lake, Winnipeg, meaning "muddy water," was chosen. The Indians believed that the muddy appearance of the lake after a storm was due to the work of a spiteful spirit, which had been captured and punished by an old woman of the tribe. This spirit eventually escaped, hiding itself in the water, and there-

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after showed its anger by stirring up the mud in the bottom of the lake.

Hundreds of moccasined feet have undoubtedly passed over the carrying-place near where Portage-la-Prairie now stands, for it was once used as a portage by the fur traders and Assiniboine Indians, on their way to trading posts at Hudson Bay. La Vérendrye, the great French-Canadian explorer, chose the south end of the portage as a site for his fort, La Reine, which he built there in 1738, and for many years it stood as one of the most important French trading posts in the West. Near old Fort La Reine now stands the city of Portage-la-Prairie.

That splendid force, the Royal North-West Mounted Police, gave Calgary its name. Two police forts, Macleod and Walsh, had been built in southern Alberta (1874-1875), but trouble with the Indians and half-breeds in the Prince Albert district led the officers to believe that a post was needed on the Bow River; so in August, 1875, a troop began the erection of a fort in the angle between the Bow and Elbow. The following year the fort received the name Calgary.

The town of Macleod was named for Colonel Macleod, commander of the Mounted Police when the fort was built in 1874.

Regina honours the memory of Victoria the Good. The name, which is Latin for Queen, was suggested by the Queen's daughter, Princess Louise, in 1882. Previous to that date the town was known as "Pile of Bones Creek." At the point where the trail from Moose Jaw to Qu'Appelle crosses the creek, half-breeds gathered to make pemmican, for thousands of buffalo passed, or were driven, along this trail. They used only the meat, and left behind huge piles of whitened bones. Captain Palliser refers to it in his journal, 1857, as "The creek where the bones lie."

Prairie Place Names

Saskatoon bears the name of the humble saskatoon or service berry. The name was given, in 1882, by John Lake of Toronto, who selected the townsite for the Temperance Colonization Society of Toronto, which had that year secured a grant of one hundred thousand acres of land for two hundred thousand dollars. In that year Mr. Lake, with two or three companions, came west as far as the train would bring them. They then crossed overland from Moose Mountain trail to Clarke's Crossing, and in August he chose the site for the colony. Mr. Lake, in a letter written later to a friend, explained why he chose the name Saskatoon.

"On the first Sunday in August I was lying in my tent (there were no buildings) when a young man came in with a handful of bright red berries. After eating some I asked where they were found. He said, 'Along the river bank.' I asked if people had a name for them, and he said they were saskatoon berries. I at once exclaimed, 'You have found the name of the town—Saskatoon'."

As the train rolls into Medicine Hat the usual question of the newcomer is: "How did this town get such a queer name?" Once again a story of Indian warfare is told in explanation. The Blackfoot name of the town is "Saamis," meaning head-dress of a medicine man.

Many Indians declare that it received this name following a battle between the Crees and Blackfoot Indians. Blackfoot warriors, they tell us, attacked the Cree camp, which stood near where Medicine Hat now stands, and, after a fierce battle, gradually drove them toward the river. The squaws and the "fearless" medicine man fled, across the river (swimming the ponies), the warriors remaining behind to cover the retreat. Near the middle of the river a gust of wind caught the medicine man's hat and carried it away. The warriors, seeing this accident, and believing it to be

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a sign of anger from their gods, lost courage and were driven from their camping-ground. The victorious Blackfeet named the spot, "the place where the medicine man lost his hat."

Another story tells of the slaughter of a party of white men, and the theft of a hat from one of the victims. There is a legend of an Indian who rescued a squaw from the river, and received the hat of the medicine man in recognition of his bravery.

We shall probably never know for certain how Moose Jaw came by its name. It is said to be derived from an Indian word meaning "the place where the white man mended the cart wheel with the jaw of the moose." Various stories name the man as Lord Dunmore, or the Earl of Mulgrave, but there are no records to prove these claims. Captain Palliser, in his Journal for 1857, tells us that when he reached the spot known as Moose Jaw Creek he found there a Cree Indian encampment.

In the year 1794 the Hudson's Bay Company established a trading post on the Assiniboine River, seventeen miles below the site of the present city of Brandon, which was called Brandon House, probably for the Duke of Brandon, whose family held a large amount of stock in the company.

When John Prudens came to Canada from Edmonton, England, he brought with him a name for the town which later became the capital of Alberta. Prudens was clerk to George Sutherland of the Hudson's Bay Company, and when a fort was built on the Saskatchewan, in 1795, it was named Fort Edmonton. Fort Edmonton and the adjoining Fort Augustus (North West Company) were abandoned about 1807, and were later destroyed by the Indians. In 1808 the companies rebuilt their forts about twenty miles up the river, near where Edmonton now stands.

Prairie Place Names

The land about Battleford and North Battleford could, undoubtedly, tell many tales, for at the "ford of battle" river the Indians met in many bloody encounters, little dreaming that years later prosperous cities would rise on their battleground.

The city of Lethbridge was named in honour of William Lethbridge, president of the North Western Coal and Navigation Company, when the city was staked in 1885.

Evidently Rev. James Nesbitt and Rev. John McKay, who established a Presbyterian mission in the Prince Albert district about 1866, were loyal British subjects, for they chose the name of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's husband, for the isolated station.

When the tracks laid down by the Canadian Pacific Railway reached the place now known as Swift Current, in 1882, the officials chose the translation of the Indian name of the nearby river, Saskatchewan, Swift Current, for the new town.

An Indian skull, found by surveyors on the Canadian Pacific Railway line, probably gave the present town of Indian Head its name.

Okotoks is a Blackfoot word meaning "lots of stones," and may refer to the rocky ford of Sheep Creek near the town.

Evidently elk and deer were at one time very numerous between Edmonton and Calgary, for Red Deer is a translation of the Cree word, "Waskasu," the name given by them to the river on which the town stands, and Ponoka is Blackfoot for elk.

The name of the village of Seven Persons, southwest of Medicine Hat, is explained by another Indian tale. The Crees know the spot as "the place where seven persons were found dead," for here seven white men were once discovered dead beside their tents. The Crees declared that they had been slain by their

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Great Spirit, who punished them for interfering with the red man.

The name of Piapot, a small town in Saskatchewan, reminds us of that crafty Assiniboine chief. Piapot, with seven hundred men, made a raid on the Bloods and Piegans near the present town of Lethbridge. He outnumbered the others by two or three hundred men, but his opponents were armed with breech loaders, while his men had muzzle loaders. They fought for several hours, and it was only when three hundred of his men lay dead or dying that Piapot fled into his own country near Maple Creek.

Early French settlers evidently appreciated the beautiful legend of the Qu'Appelle* Valley, for they gave it this very appropriate name. There is an unusual echo in this valley, and the Indians believed it to be the voice of a beautiful young woman of the tribe who vanished in a most mysterious manner. According to the Indian story, the girl's lover called to her from the hills and she started out in her canoe to meet him. Having paddled some distance a mist settled about her, and, when it lifted, she was gone and was never seen again. Frequently her canoe appeared on the lake at twilight, but always disappeared as her heart-broken lover approached it. Her spirit, however, still lingers in the valley, and when any one shouts, she asks, "Who calls?" "Qu'Appelle?"

III. Memorials to Missionaries

Many prairie place names recall the work of those splendid souls, the pioneer missionaries.

In 1818 Abbé Provencher and Père Sévère Dumoulin reached the Red River and opened a mission. The chapel was used for the first time on All Saints' Day,

*Who Calls?" (Ku-pell).

Prairie Place Names

1818, and was placed under the patronage of St. Boniface in order to draw God's blessing on the German Meurons, through the intercession of the Apostle of their nation. St. Boniface, it seems, was an English missionary who was called the apostle of Germany.

Rev. George McDougall, who spent many years among the Stoney Indians, has an impressive monument to his memory in Mt. McDougall on the Kananaskis River.

Lacombe takes its name from Père Albert Lacombe, one of the best known of the early missionaries, who came West in 1852 and spent over sixty years in mission work among the Indians and half-breeds. Père Lacombe was known to the Blackfoot as "the man with the good heart."

The village of St. Albert also honours Père Lacombe's memory. It is thought that the name was given by Bishop Taché, who chose the hill overlooking the village for a mission in 1861.

Four years later, Père Hippolyte Leduc came to Alberta, and in grateful memory of his work his name was given to the town of Leduc. Père Leduc died in Edmonton, 1918, after serving his Church in Alberta for fifty years.

Mount Rundle, between the Bow and Spray rivers, commemorates that valiant missionary and explorer, Rev. Robert Terrill Rundle, the first missionary to the North-West Territories, 1840-48. In 1841 Rev. Rundle camped for a week at the foot of Cascade Mountain, and is believed to have been the first white man to see the spot where Banff now stands.

IV. Names of Rivers

Wood for bows was a real necessity to the Indian, and he named the river along which he found good bow wood, Bow River. Because a white man noticed a

resemblance to an elbow in the bend of the river which joins it, he called it the Elbow River, and so, from two entirely different sources, we have similar names.

When the Indian said "Athabasca" he meant "the place where there are reeds." When naming the Athabasca, he probably had in mind the muddy delta of that river.

The name Assiniboine was sometimes applied to the Stoney Indians. The word means "those who cook by placing hot stones in water." Assiniboia, a derived word, was given to the territory through which the river ran.

Belly River takes its name from the Atsina Indians, a branch of the Arapaho. These Indians were scorned by other Arapaho who called them "beggars" and "spongers," and they became known as the "belly people."

The Old Man River in southern Alberta flows through an interesting piece of country called "The Old Man's Playground." Near the spot where the river issues from the mountains are three cairns, evidently very old. These cairns are wide mounds, several feet high, built of small boulders and rocks. It is thought that each Indian entering the mountains by this path added a rock for good luck. A little farther on there are the remains of two rectangles composed of larger rocks. The Indians tell us that the Old Man, a mythical character, dug the channel of the river and lingered a long time in his playground before venturing down to the open plains.

Peter Erasmus, who accompanied Dr. Hector through Bow Pass, in 1858, says that the Indians knew Ghost River as "the river of the ghost." They believed that they saw a ghost visiting the many Indian graves along the river, picking up skulls of warriors killed by the Crees.

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Peace River is so called because, at a point known as Peace Point, the Beaver, Knisteneaux, and a tribe known as "Slaves," met and made peace. Apparently the "Slaves" were held in contempt, but the despised ones have left their mark in history, for Slave River and Slave Lake bear the name.

The shores of Battle River often served as a battleground for Crees and Blackfeet, and so it was called the "river of battles."

V. Mountain Passes and Hill Tops

Because a yellow-haired fur-trader, François Decoigne, in charge of Jasper House, Brûlé Lake, about 1814, carried the nickname, Tête Jaune ("Yellow Head"), the pass in which he cached his furs became known as the Yellowhead Pass.

A kick from a vicious horse seriously injured Dr. Hector, geologist with the Palliser Expedition, and the party named the spot where the accident happened, Kicking Horse Pass.

Once, long ago, war parties of Crees and Blackfeet, each bent on a surprise attack upon the other, camped one night with only a hill between them. During the evening both tribes sent out a scout, unarmed, and the two met at the top of the hill. A silent, but desperate battle ensued, and at length both sat down to regain strength. The Blackfoot had lost his pipe in the struggle, and, either intentionally or in a moment of forgetfulness, the Cree passed him his pipe to smoke. Other warriors, arriving at the moment, believed that they had smoked the pipe of peace, declared peace and named the spot, Wetaskiwin, meaning "hills of peace."

Deadman Hill, which rises between the Bow and Ghost rivers, is said to have been the scene of a fearful Indian battle, and to have received its name because the slain were buried on its summit.

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Some authorities contend that the name Crow's Nest, which is carried by two beautiful western lakes, a mountain and pass, is simply the translation of an Indian word meaning "nest of the crow," but Cross Chief, Crowfoot, chief of the Blackfeet, and Red Crow, chief of the Bloods, are authorities for the statement that the name commemorates the slaughter of Crow Indians by the Blackfeet.

The Bloods, Blackfeet and Piegans were camped along the shores of St. Mary's River in Southern Alberta. Crow Indians from the United States began making inroads on their camp, stealing large numbers of horses. Finally they crossed, and made camp close to the mountain now known as Crow's Nest Mountain. Here the Blackfeet and others came upon them and slaughtered every Crow warrior. Thereafter they referred to the spot as the Crow's Nest.

VI. Lakes and Creeks

Names of lakes and creeks in the prairie provinces offer an interesting study, for in many cases they have grown up around some local story, more or less highly coloured.

Cree Indians declare that long ago a number of their women were murdered by Blackfoot warriors and their bodies thrown into a lake. When the crime was discovered there was great grief among the Crees. It was not forgotten, and often before a battle they met at this Saskatchewan lake, which is now known as KILLSQUAW Lake.

Peter Pond Lake, at the headwaters of the Churchill River, Saskatchewan, carries the name of Peter Pond, one of the early explorers and map-makers, and the first white man to visit this body of water. Pond is said to have wintered on the Athabasca River, 1778-84.

Deadman Lake, Alberta, is known to the Indians

Prairie Place Names

as "hahpeukaketachtch," meaning "man who got stabbed." They say that here a Cree was stabbed in a quarrel.

Vain young Crees probably came to Lake Wabamum to admire their reflections in the water, for Wabamum in Cree means "mirror."

The name of Cuthead Creek, on the Cascade River, tells a story which shows that even the stolid Indian sometimes had thrilling romances. It is said that a Cree warrior, who eloped with a Stoney squaw, was here captured and beheaded.

We see Indian fancy again in the name of Tongue Creek, Highwood River. According to Steele an old man killed a large number of elk and hung their tongues on poles to dry. Then came the crafty wolf and challenged him to a race. While the two ran, wolves carried away the meat, and mice ran up the poles and stole the tongues.

Happy Lake, which drains into Lake Manigotagan, was named after a prospector, White, who carried the nickname of "Happy."

Jumpingpound Creek is on the Bow River, not far from Calgary. Here, long ago, Indians would round up enough buffalo for a big "kill," and stampede them at a gallop over a high cliff which overhangs the creek. Animals, not killed by the fall, were shot by the hunters. When the hunt was over the squaws joined the men and celebrated with a great feast, the buffalo being roasted over great fires. The soil at the base of this cliff is composed almost entirely of powdered buffalo bones, while many arrow-heads have been found which also bear evidence to the truth of the story.

Manigotagan, Lake and River, flowing into Lake Winnipeg, are sometimes called Bad Throat Lake and River, this being the translation of the Indian name, Manigotagan.

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Jumping Lake, Saskatchewan, is a descriptive name, for it is said that the waters of the lake are never still.

Pincher Creek, the name of a town and stream in Southern Alberta, tells a story of conflict between Indians and pioneer prospectors. In 1868 several prospectors left the foot-hills and were never seen again. Search parties found their horses in an Indian camp, and a pair of pinchers, which belonged to one of the missing men, were found in the stream.

Blackfoot Hill, Reserve and Crossing carry the name of the famous tribe. One story concerning the origin of the name "Blackfoot" is highly interesting. Three sons were born to a mighty chief. One he called "Kainah," the Blood; the second "Peaginour," the Wealth; the third was nameless. This lad, scorned by all because of his lack of skill in the chase, came in grief to his father asking help. The old chief's heart was touched. Taking from the fire a charred stick, he blackened his son's feet, saying: "My son, you have suffered long; to-day I will make you a mighty hunter." And lo! Sastquia, the Blackfoot, became a successful huntsman and a mighty leader, his descendants forming the Blackfoot Tribe.

A Sarcee chief, Cutknife, is supposed to have been killed in battle with Crees on a hill south of the Battle River, Saskatchewan, and to-day Cutknife creek, hill and post office bear his name.

While the details of the stories told by these and many other prairie place names are very incomplete, they are full enough to give us an occasional glimpse of the great pageant which was staged through the years on the plains of Western Canada.

CHAPTER XIV

Historic Landmarks

SOME places become famous unexpectedly. For example, Duck Lake has never been any more than a sleepy village by the shores of a small lake, and Batoche has always been a scattered settlement looking lazily down on the lordly Saskatchewan; but both these places suddenly became landmarks in our history just because a series of happenings brought about the final clash between "the whites" and the half-breeds at these two spots.

When the Canadians from Ontario began to flock into the Red River Settlement the French half-breeds, who made their living partly by hunting buffalo and partly by freighting goods in Red River carts, were glad to sell their lands, for the buffalo were growing scarce near them. They now settled at St. Laurent, Batoche, and Duck Lake, near the Forks of the Saskatchewan where the two branches of the great river unite. Here buffalo were still plentiful and they could go on living their happy life of hunting and at times could earn a little by freighting goods from Winnipeg perhaps as far as Edmonton. But in ten years' time the buffalo had been killed off and had vanished from the face of the great plains. Soon, too, great Canadian Pacific trains were carrying the freight across the prairies and there was little freighting for half-breeds to do. With the happiness of the buffalo hunt gone and no more buffalo meat in their homes and no money to be earned by freighting, the half-breeds found themselves in want and suffered much. At last they broke out into rebellion. First they plundered the stores at Batoche; then they

fought the North-West Mounted Police, who marched from Fort Carleton towards Duck Lake to save the provisions there. The final decisive battle was fought at Batoche when the Canadian soldiers under General Middleton scattered the half-breed forces. This fight decided for all time that the prairie country, instead of being a land of half-breeds with great reserves for hunting, was to be a land of farms and ranches, of railways and cities. In this way Duck Lake and Batoche, the quietest settlements in the world, became familiar names to millions of Canadians. By a chapter of circumstances they became landmarks in the history of Canada.

Much in the same unexpected way Battleford and Fort Pitt are remembered in connection with this same rebellion because they were plundered by Indians. Frog Lake, lost in the brushwood some twelve miles north of the North Saskatchewan, was given a sudden fame by the massacre of nine men at the hands of the wilder spirits of Big Bear's band of Indians. There is no great city here, no throng of people. All is silent about the two rows of graves with little crosses at their head save for the rustle of the wind in the bushes. Yet Frog Lake is a landmark in the history of our land.

We have very few spots on the prairies made famous by such clash of peoples or of arms. Most of our prairie landmarks are points which offered special advantages to the trader or to the settler. Yet these places, too, tell us a great deal about our history and are truly "historic landmarks."

The first people to put places of this kind on the map were fur-traders. Like every one else in the story of the West, they had to overcome the difficulties of travelling through forests and over hills to reach the North-West and to move across it and make business pay. It was the French who first showed the way. They adapted the Indians' canoe to commerce and

travelled swiftly by water through forests, past swamps, and across heights of land, singing *voyageurs'* songs as they paddled along. When they came to rapids or falls they carried their light canoes and their goods, neatly packed in packages of about ninety pounds, and launched out at the other end. At the places which were convenient as bases they raised their forts. It was the French who first made the mouth of the river Kaministiquia, where Fort William now stands, the point of departure from Lake Superior for the North-West. The French fort farthest west was built by Chevalier St. Luc à la Corne on the Saskatchewan, probably near the present Nippawin, Saskatchewan.

After the conquest of Canada, the English, organized as the North West Company, solved the problem of feeding the crews of large brigades of canoes so that they could travel express from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains or to the Mackenzie River. Their plan was to gather provisions, especially pemmican, at vantage points along the route for the passing brigades. The great meeting-place was at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, where the "wintering partners," partners from the "upper country," met the agents from Montreal to exchange furs for goods, to check up accounts and to have a fortnight's enjoyment of civilized foods and wines before returning into the wilderness which gave them such wealth of fur. This happy meeting-place was given the name of Fort William, after the agent of the Company, William McGillivray, it is supposed. The next stopping-place was at Fort Alexandria, at the mouth of the Winnipeg River. Here the pemmican from the Red River was stored and from it well-provisioned brigades separated for the Red River and the Assiniboine, for Lake Dauphin and Swan River, for the Saskatchewan, the Churchill and the Athabasca regions. The pemmican got at the forts on the Saskatchewan

was stored at Cumberland House on Pine Island by the lower Saskatchewan, whence the waterways led to the Churchill. It took the Saskatchewan and Churchill brigades to their wintering grounds and fed the Athabasca canoes as far as Isle a la Crosse, whence more pemmican brought them on to Fort Chippewyan on Lake Athabasca. Here the last brigades found provisions for the extreme ends of the lines, Peace River and Mackenzie River. All these places may be compared to the great divisional points of a modern railway.

When the North West Company united with the Hudson's Bay Company, Norway House, near the northern end of Lake Winnipeg, became the grand meeting-place in the interior, and Fort Pelly was the divisional point on the Assiniboine. Forts Edmonton, Pitt, and Carlton were the great places for gathering pemmican on the Saskatchewan. Of all these places Norway House, Cumberland House, Isle a la Crosse, Fort Chippewyan and Edmonton are with us yet; they are the landmarks of the fur-trading days of old. About the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria a great change came over people's way of travelling—all through a number of inventions. First the powers of steam were discovered; then steam was applied to means of locomotion—to trains and ships. Now the advantage of a train drawn by an engine is that you can pass on it at a rapid rate through forests, over rivers and through mountain ranges, carrying with you heavy car-loads of goods. This transformed people's way of doing business. Old routes were forgotten; old landmarks in the way of towns disappeared and new ones arose.

The first signs of this change in the North-West came when steamships on the Mississippi and, later, railways reached the American town of St. Paul, Minnesota. Norway House was no longer the meeting-place for the brigades of boats, for the Hudson's Bay Company

stopped bringing in their goods through the Bay, but brought them to St. Paul and by Red River carts to Fort Garry. From that point they sent them in brigades of carts to Fort Pelly on the Assiniboine, or by the Touchwood Hills and Batoche to Fort Carlton and Edmonton on the Saskatchewan. These were the happy days for Fort Qu'Appelle, for the pemmican for the brigades of carts was gathered there, close to the buffalo herds. One herd wintered in the Grand Coteau de Missouri and grazed northward in the spring. Another from the brush country between the two Saskatchewanes grazed southward. Both passed within sight of the present Regina. The Indians camped here by a creek which gave a steady supply of water and slaughtered many buffalo, stripping the bones to make pemmican. The "Pile of Bones" by the creek gave it its name—Wascana. The pemmican was taken to Fort Qu'Appelle. Goods sent to Fort Carlton went north to Isle a la Crosse and Athabasca, which made Fort Carlton the chief centre inland in those days. At this time the name Moose Jaw first appears on the map.

Still greater changes came when, three years after the formation of the Dominion of Canada with its four provinces, Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Rupertsland and the North-West were admitted into the "Union." The North-West Mounted Police, formed to keep law and order in the changing West, put new names on the map, Fort Macleod, and Calgary, for example. Fort Carlton ceased to be a fur-trader's post and became a post of the Police.

Under the shelter of the police came Canadian immigrants, especially into Manitoba. The Red River half-breeds had for some time been moving westward and forming settlements. At Qu'Appelle Lakes they could live by the buffalo hunt and by fishing. At Duck

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Lake and Batoche they could hunt and do some freighting. So, too, at Bresaylor, near Battleford, and St. Albert, on the Saskatchewan. A settlement of English half-breeds was made about Prince Albert. Missionaries followed to bring to them and the Indians the chastening influences of religion. Catholic missions were started at the Qu'Appelle Lakes, at St. Laurent, Duck Lake, and Batoche and at St. Albert; Presbyterian and Anglican missions at Prince Albert. In most of these settlements the first farms and flour mills of the present Saskatchewan and Alberta were started, and thus they are landmarks in the history of our prairie provinces.

But the greatest change of all came when the Canadian Pacific Railway stretched its rails across the prairies, and brought in settlers by the trainload. A family would bring in three horses, three or four cows, a lumber wagon, a plough, a few household goods and alight at the station where they expected to get good land and begin a new settlement. In this way scores of places were put on our map, but only a limited number have grown so large as to become landmarks. These are the big cities which grew up where there were special advantages like fertile lands, with settlers going on them, or railways which enabled them to distribute goods over a wide area. The rich lands in their neighbourhood and the Canadian Pacific Railway built up Regina, Moose Jaw, and Calgary. Then, about 1890, railways were extended from Regina to Prince Albert and from Calgary to Edmonton, which aided in building up these four places.

In the first ten years of this century new lines went through the north, doing for it what the Canadian Pacific had done for the south. Saskatoon and Edmonton became points on three lines, the Canadian Northern, the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Pacific and, this built up these cities into great distributing centres.

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So, too, with Prince Albert. Smaller towns like Yorkton, Kamsack, and Melfort grew rapidly.

Regina was fortunate in beginning as the Capital of the North West Territories. Later it became the capital of Saskatchewan, and Edmonton of Alberta, and thus the two grew prosperous. Saskatoon and Edmonton became the seats of two great universities, Calgary and Regina of large colleges, and these four cities became conspicuous centres of education.

In this way our large cities are landmarks of the most important movement in the history of the North-West, namely, the settling of a civilized population on the prairies and the building up of the institutions of civilization where the buffalo roamed.

All of these places, the fur-traders' posts, the half-breed settlements with their missions, and the big modern cities remind us of outstanding movements of the past and thus are landmarks in our history.

CHAPTER XV

Father Lacombe

BRAVER than a lion—brave as the lioness with her cubs to feed and guard—that farm boy, Albert Lacombe, takes high rank among the heroes of Canada.

Imagine that man, alone and unarmed, when an army of infuriated Indians threatened the little band of fur traders at Edmonton with destruction, and bullets were already whistling in—see him marching out of the fort into the night and simply commanding the enemy to stop!

What gave that man of peace his extraordinary power over the most warlike savages?

Not courage only. It was chiefly his love for them all. Pure, unselfish love, backed by indomitable courage, with a sympathetic understanding of the Indian's mind and tactful skill in dealing with it.

A strain of Indian blood in his own veins, little as it was, may have helped him quickly to learn the ways of the Indian mind. An incident far back in the private history of his family, tragic enough as it seemed at the time, may have been one of the seeds which bore fruit in the enormous good he was able to accomplish in the history of his country.

One day in the year 1695, a pioneer farmer on the St. Lawrence, about twenty-five miles below Montreal, went out with his wife to work in the field. While they were gone, a party of Algonquin Indians arrived, plundered the house, and carried off the eldest daughter, who had been left in charge of the younger children.

After five years of fruitless search, an uncle made

Father Lacombe

the long journey up to Sault Ste. Marie with a party of traders. Among the Indians at the Sault, he asked if any of them could act as interpreter. Yes, it appeared, there was a woman who knew French.



FATHER LACOMBE IN THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE
CREES AND THE BLACKFEET

"My children, you Crees, your Father, the man of prayer, is here with the Blackfeet. Fire no more! Stop this bloodshed."

She was his own stolen niece!

They gave no sign of recognition, but when the trading was done, she stole away by night to the white men's canoes with her two babies—for an Indian had

compelled her to be his wife—and, paddling swiftly away in the darkness, they escaped pursuit.

The long-lost daughter was welcomed home, as one restored from the grave. One of these two children rescued from savagery became the ancestor of the great Christian missionary—who was born in 1827 on the same farm at St. Sulpice from which his ancestress had been carried off in 1695.

Albert Lacombe was the son of a poor farmer, and very young he learned to swing the axe and guide the plough. In his fourteenth year he was his father's "right-hand man"; but already he had the ambition to be a missionary to the Indians. The parish priest, who always called the boy affectionately "my little Indian," offered to pay the cost of his schooling. That over, he completed his studies at the Bishop's house in Montreal and was ordained for the ministry of his church. Then he set off post haste for the "pays d'en haut," the "country up above," where for the rest of the century he was to lead a life of adventure beyond his wildest dreams.

Arriving at Pembina, a frontier settlement of Métis and Indians, the young missionary passed two years of quiet apprenticeship. Then the Far West called, and he went on, to reinforce a little mission at Edmonton. The future capital of Alberta was already a busy trading centre, where furs were collected from an enormous territory. Its population was only one hundred and fifty, the Company's servants; but here and there in the neighbourhood lived groups of Métis, descended from traders who had married Indian wives; while many thousands of Indians roamed over the Territory, and hundreds of these came every year to camp outside the fort and barter their winter's catch for the white man's goods.

Though the Company's officers feared the effect

civilization might have on the future of their fur trade, they treated the civilizing missionaries with hospitality and helped them in many ways. At Edmonton they gave the newcomer a building within the stockade as a chapel and residence. He found a congregation ready to hand, as most of the Company's boatmen and other servants, French-Canadians or Métis, belonged to his church. The first school in the West beyond Manitoba was started for their benefit. Before long, however, Lacombe went out to live at Lac Ste. Anne, fifty miles north-west, a Cree and Métis settlement, where a mission had been started some years before.

The little house, shared with another young missionary when neither of them happened to be out on the trail, he fitted up as neatly as he could, both for his own peace of mind and as an example to the rough uncultured folk around him. He was no savage, in spite of his love for savages.

One of the very rare white travellers who came that way, Lord Southesk, says he found the two missionaries "polished, highly-educated gentlemen." "Everything there," he goes on to say, "is wonderfully neat and flourishing."

Having learnt their tongue, Father Lacombe went about teaching the neighbouring Crees his religion—and with much success, although many of the older men struggled hard to keep their people from deserting pagan ways. He not only made them feel him their devoted friend, but established a wonderful authority over them. They gave him an Indian name meaning "Noble Soul."

To convert the proud Blackfeet was evidently going to be a harder task. The Blackfeet, with their kin, the Bloods and Sarcees, living far away in the south, only came to trade at intervals. They came in strong bands, armed to the teeth, suspicious of the Crees and the

Crees' white friends—and hurried away when their furs were sold. They were reckoned so dangerous that the liquor, which all Indians demanded before they would trade, was diluted with special caution—seven parts to one of rum. The Crees got theirs twice as strong. In either case the results were bad enough, and before long the Company forbade all liquor to Indians.

The fame of "Noble Soul" had already reached the Blackfeet when, in February of 1857, a scarlet-fever epidemic broke out among them. Their Medicine Men conjured in vain. The tribe sent an envoy begging the "divine man" of Edmonton to come down, and he hurried through a blinding snow-storm to their aid. They crowded around him, half naked and crazed with fear and fever, clutching at his hands and his clothes. Was he not a great white medicine man? Let him heal them then. The children were dying like flies.

From tent to tent, from camp to camp, the missionary went, day after day, and week after week, nursing, caring, comforting, till all his little stock of medicine was gone. Then he himself was struck down by the disease. His faithful Métis servant and friend, Alexis, nursed him back to health, but by that time the epidemic had burnt itself out.

The grateful Blackfeet gave him a new name "The Man with the Good Heart." From that day on, though Blackfoot and Cree still fought when the hot spirit moved them, both claimed "Good Heart" as their hero and their friend.

Like a volcanic eruption, suddenly the war broke out afresh after a lull, with a furious night attack—and "Good Heart" awoke to find himself in the thick of it!

The winter of 1865 had set in when the missionary arrived at a Blackfoot camp on Battle River. There he was received as a welcome guest in Chief Natous' own tent.

On the night of December 3, the tribesmen gathered around the missionary, as usual, listening to his wonderful words of prayer. They had dispersed to their tents, and he had just fallen asleep, when roused by a yelling close at hand.

Natous leapt up, gun in hand, and shouted to his braves. They rushed out, yelling, to meet the foe. An army of allied Crees, Assiniboines and Saulteaux, stealing through the dark, had burst on the unguarded camp. The air was torn with explosions of gun-fire and throat-fire.

The chief's tent was singled out for special attack. It was pierced with many bullets, stormed and sacked, torn down and set on fire. If the Crees had suspected the missionary's presence, they would never have attacked. As it was, all his little belongings were stolen like the rest. An Assiniboine snatched up even his prayer-book, but was promptly shot down and scalped by a Blackfoot, who afterwards proudly restored the book to its owner.

Already Lacombe was out on his Master's business. After vainly shouting to the raiders, his voice being drowned in the din of battle, he went about heartening the defenders, tending the wounded and dying, soothing the old men, women, and children, who seized his hands and robe, beseeching him to save them.

Day dawned at last—and the missionary, holding aloft his red-cross flag, advanced towards the enemy, shouting at the top of his voice—

“My children, you Crees, your Father, the man of prayer, is here with the Blackfeet. Fire no more! Stop this bloodshed!”

The war cries and gun-fire of the enemy still drowned his voice, and they could not see him for the mist and smoke.

Then a bullet struck him. It was only a glancing

wound, on the forehead, but the blood flowed down over his face, and Crowfoot saw it. In grief and rage the chief shouted with all the force of his lungs—

“You dogs, you have shot ‘Good Heart’—you have killed your friend, the man of prayer!”

They heard at last. Horror-struck, they shouted back—“We never knew he was there! We will fight no longer!” They fled in shame and panic through the woods.

Not the constant risk of such attacks, nor deadly infectious disease, nor the disgusting plague of dirt, dogs, fleas, and suffocating smoke in the tepees, nor wretched and often insufficient food, had the slightest effect on the missionary’s ardent spirit.

For a long time, however, the Blackfeet would have none of his religion, charmed though they were by his self-denying religious love.

At last a little incident of war threw an opportunity in his way, and with the insight of genius he saw how splendidly it might be used.

Two years after the battle when he had been wounded, he met a Cree band returning victorious from a bloody raid. One of the braves had captured a Sarcee girl—and the Sarcees belonged to the Blackfoot confederacy. The missionary at once offered to ransom her. The Cree refused. He wanted a wife and could not afford to buy one. The missionary bid higher—a horse, a new coat, shirt and leggings; tea and tobacco besides. The Cree could not resist such a price and the girl was handed over to Sisters of Charity at St. Albert. She was carefully instructed and, becoming a Christian, was named Marguerite.

Next summer a caravan was formed, the missionary at its head and a Blackfoot woman in charge of Marguerite, and travelled south to the Sarcee camp. Telling the girl to stay hidden in the woman’s tent, Lacombe

went forward to meet her sorrowing family. Her brothers, they said, had sought her, but the Crees had carried her too far off. "We shall never see her again!"

"Never again?" said the missionary. "Marguerite, come here!"

Then out she ran, and fell in her rejoicing mother's arms. The delighted Indians escorted "Good Heart" to their camp in triumphal procession. From that time, Blackfoot opposition to Christianity ebbed away.

Starvation might stare him in the face—he only tightened his belt and went on—in prayer and faith. Once in mid-winter he set out on a tour of the Indian camps, with Alexis, a team of horses drawing the new mission tent he had made of fifty tanned buffalo hides. Game was scarce, and the first Indians he met were starving; they had already eaten their ponies and their dogs. There were eighteen in the party. He cheerfully gave them what he had, a little pemmican and tea, and five frozen fish, and all pressed on together towards a Cree camp where they hoped to find supplies. They came to the site of the camp—it was deserted! Hunger drove them on. One day they caught only a rabbit and a partridge, which were divided among the children. They were reduced to making soup of old moccasins, scraps of buffalo hide, and, worse still, the foul remains of a buffalo, dead of disease.

The missionary's own horses, though used to rustling for dry grass under the snow, were growing weak. He resolved to sacrifice them, one after the other, for meat. The first would be killed next day. Meanwhile, all went supperless to sleep. Before morning, a party of friendly Crees discovered them, and led them, safe though exhausted, to a camp where food was plentiful.

Another plague now swept from the South—the plague of drink, demoralizing and threatening total

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destruction to the Indians. Gangs of whiskey-smuggling scoundrels from the United States had already committed fearful ravages, robbing and murdering the red men whom they intoxicated, when the Canadian Government organized the Mounted Police and stamped them out.

Much as Lacombe loved the Indians, he loved their cousins, the Métis, no less, and spent much of his time and labour among them. He got the Lac Ste. Anne settlement moved to better land at St. Albert, within ten miles of Edmonton. There a church, a school, and a hospital were erected. For the crossing of Sturgeon River, he made up his mind to build a bridge, and called on the people to work. No one too lazy to help make the bridge, he said, would be allowed to cross it without charge. Not one man hung back and the bridge went up like magic. It was the first ever built in the North-West Territory.

Then one day the astounding news arrived that the Canadian Government had resolved to build a railway across the Dominion. It was a signal of danger, as well as of hope. The old barbaric times were about to end. With the railway throwing open the West to settlement, civilization would flow in, a resistless tide. How could the primitive inhabitants of the country be prepared for such a transformation, such a revolution? Schools must be started for them at once, teachers quickly got, and the missionaries reinforced. How the brave man hated the task of going about making speeches and begging for money! But he obeyed and with all his heart pled before his white fellow-citizens the cause of his beloved children, the original but disinherited Canadians. . . . Then, instead of being allowed to go back to them, he was sent on across the sea, as a delegate to a great assembly of the Oblate missionary order to which he belonged.

It cannot be said he enjoyed the cities, the fashions,

Father Lacombe

the feverish amusements and excitements, all the unnatural extravagances that men had come to think of as "civilization."

At long last he was free, and followed his heart to the Blackfoot camps on the far western plains. It was high time, for the railway builders were close on his heels, and his power for peace was more needed than they knew. When they started construction on the reserve which had been allotted to the Blackfeet by solemn treaty, angry braves pulled up the track, unaware that the Government meant to give them more land in exchange for the right-of-way. It was Father Lacombe who calmed their fear, securing peaceful passage for the track-layers by giving his simple word; the Indians knew that his word was always a "word of honour."

When the first train reached Calgary, in August, 1883, and the directors got him into their car to lunch, the president gave up his chair to the missionary, who for that great day was elected head of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Many a large gift for his work of benevolence came after that from railway leaders and others who were impressed either by the man's remarkable personality or by a sense of his high value to the country.

To make peace and maintain it was a great achievement, and enough to earn the gratitude of his fellow countrymen; but justice and mercy are of more value even than peace, and to the Indians we owe a peculiarly heavy debt of honour, for fairness and generosity. White Canadians were fortunate indeed to be represented among the Indians by a man so devoted to their interests, so generous, so true.

When the Riel Rebellion broke out in 1885, it was largely the devotion of the Blackfeet to Father Lacombe, and their trust in his advice, that kept them off the warpath. When the heat of the conflict had died away,

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he went down to Ottawa with a plea for mercy, and won pardon for the Cree Chiefs Poundmaker and Big Bear, who were suffering imprisonment chiefly for the deeds of their ignorant tribesmen. When a Blood Indian was tried by a white man's law at Winnipeg for a murder, for which he had atoned according to red man's law, it was "Good Heart" who stood up in court and won a verdict of acquittal. When three Indians were arrested for executing a wild man who had run amuck and threatened to kill and eat his fellow men, it was "Good Heart" again who secured their release.

No wonder the Government, when the gold rush to the Klondike started, and there was no saying what might happen along the trail, begged Father Lacombe to go north with their officials and persuade the Indians of Athabasca to make treaty. He was seventy-two, and protested; but he went, and enjoyed the long trip by trail and river like a young man.

The next year, in fact, he took a third voyage over-sea, to get help for spiritual work among the thousands of Ruthenian settlers then flocking into Western Canada from the Austrian Empire. At Vienna Archbishop Langevin and Father Lacombe were granted a brief interview with the Emperor. Eager only for the success of his errand, when he thought the Archbishop had wasted enough precious moments in polite conversation without coming to the point, the old missionary flung etiquette to the winds, and broke in. "But the time is short," he pleaded, "and, Monsieur the Emperor, what we want is money for those Ruthenian missions in our country!" The Emperor turned to him, smiling, and promised him a gift, which duly arrived next day.

Royalty might smile upon him, noblemen entertain him in their castles, society might lionize him and crowds hang breathless on his words—but he would

Father Lacombe

travel in uncomfortable third-class cars and dine on a crust to save money for the unselfish cause he had at heart. Begging often and hard for others, receiving great gifts for their welfare, he was quite content with poverty himself.

In his evergreen old age, he devoted his enthusiasm, with his usual success, to the creation of a home for the aged poor and orphans at Midnapore, south of Calgary; and in the calm of that retreat, at the age of eighty-nine, he closed the heroic adventure of his noble life.

CHAPTER XVI

McDougall of Alberta

EDMONTON and Alberta will remain forever associated with the name McDougall. The history of the province of Alberta is full of romance, but of all the pathfinders of the plains there is none more worthy of remembrance than John McDougall.

John McDougall's forefathers were Highlanders, warriors bold and men of strong piety. His father, George McDougall, was a remarkable man, and also a missionary. Born in the backwoods of Ontario, accustomed to hardship, with a passion for service, George McDougall soon found himself undertaking a mission to the Indians of Norway House and the plains, which was to lead him to the Rocky Mountains and ultimately to death in a blizzard near Calgary. John McDougall was seven years old when his father left for the North-West.

His early years were spent at mission schools. Born among the Indians, he grew up with them, knew their language better than his own, learned their games, hunted and fished with them, and was loved by young and old. He received from his playmates the Indian name "Pa-ke-noh-ka," meaning "The Winner," while his sister was called "Humming Bird" because she cried so much! John's inseparable companion was his brother, David. The mission was surrounded by dense woods, and, fearing his younger brother might get lost, he would call out to him, "David! Come on!" The Indian boys heard this call so often that they gave him the nickname, "Dape-tic-o-mon," which was as near as they could come to the English of it.

McDougall of Alberta

Even as a boy, John was the companion of his father, on his mission trips to the Indian settlements, guiding the boat up treacherous rivers, or sailing along the shores of Lake Superior. In the winter he took his place in the woods with the choppers, or hauled logs and cordwood. His first earnings were fifty cents a day and his board. Part of his savings he spent on a shawl



McDOUGALL OF ALBERTA

John McDougall, pathfinder of empire and prophet of the plains, pays a visit to an Indian camp. The chief and his braves welcome him as guest and friend.

for his mother, and the rest was given to the missionary fund. When fourteen years of age John was sent to Victoria College, at Cobourg, Ontario, to complete his schooling. He was a strapping big lad and his school-mates called him "The Indian Fellow." However, his prowess won respect for him, for woe betide the boy who might incur his wrath. At the end of the first year at Victoria his father was appointed to Norway House,

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and John's college days were over. In July, 1860, the McDougalls began their long journey to the West.

When eighteen years old McDougall was appointed schoolmaster, without salary. He esteemed the honour great enough without remuneration. As he was at home in the language of the natives, he not only became very successful in his work, but also bound himself to the Indians by fast ties of friendship. He had eighty pupils who came by canoe and trail in summer, and by dog train in winter.

On holidays McDougall went to the woods with the men to cut logs and firewood, or fished and hunted. In those days homes had literally to be hewn from trees. Even a small garden plot cost an enormous amount of work in clearing the land. And as for food, it had to be found in forest and stream.

In 1862 John McDougall's father decided to pay an official visit to the scattered missions of the great District of which he was Chairman. It included all the West from the Red River to the Mountains. John accompanied him, and from that day until his last he rode the lonely trails of the plains.

It is difficult for any one to-day to imagine what the prairies, covered with their rapidly growing towns, were like in those far-off times. The grey plains stretched for endless miles in every direction, the sod unbroken since time began. Deeply worn buffalo trails wound meanderingly from one water hole to another. Along the trails around the drinking places and the salt licks were scattered the bleaching bones of the buffalo. Here and there were the heads of bull buffalo still locked as on that day when they fell in mortal combat. At strategic spots the "forts" of the Hudson's Bay Company were erected to protect the Company's interests and to serve as trading depots. Here and there were grouped the tepees of the many Indian tribes. These lodges were made of buffalo

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skins, gaily painted, while scalplocks hung outside, a badge of the fighting prowess of the owner. Dogs, hundreds of them, fought and howled all day, and at night slept with the families. Into this great and lonely waste came John McDougall. He chose to make Edmonton his headquarters. The winter was severe and food became scarce. He volunteered to go alone with a dog train for dried meat and medicines, although it was necessary to travel over one hundred and fifty miles, mostly through blizzards. On the way he met the mail packet, and, as it could not be opened on the trail, and being certain that it contained news from home, he turned about and raced back to the mission, making one hundred miles in one day! In the spring the Hudson's Bay Company notified the missionaries that, in the future, they would have to purchase their supplies at Fort Garry. It meant a journey of one thousand miles by prairie cart, and required a whole summer. The only doctor in the North-West resided at Fort Garry and there was no nearer dentist than Ontario.

Scarcely had McDougall got settled in his work when the terrifying news was carried to the missions that the Indians were threatening to take to the war path. Nothing could be done but to build a stout palisade about the missions—and wait.

The rival tribes were growing discontented. The buffalo were becoming scarce, and, as we have seen, these were food, clothes and shelter to the Indians. Famine stalked the plains; the tribes were suspicious and envious, ready at a moment's notice to scalp and plunder. Then came the worst. Smallpox broke out among the whites, and when their discarded clothes were taken by the Indians, the plague swept through the camps, spread over the plains, and turned the starving villages into charnel-houses. These two plagues—starvation and smallpox—were the hereditary enemies of the Red Man

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and wave after wave of desolation, as long as we have any record of these western tribes, carried away multitudes, even wiping out whole tribes.

John McDougall went everywhere ministering to the stricken minds and bodies of the savages. At last he, too, fell ill, but the prompt use of simple but drastic remedies soon pulled him through, and while his body still trembled with weakness, he was on the trail again. His father set out to join him from Fort Garry, covering the distance in nineteen days. Everywhere along the trail he saw fleeing bands of Indians, terror-stricken, escaping, if possible, from the dread destruction.

It was necessary to hunt the buffalo, and northward went a party with John McDougall. While there, a messenger arrived with haste to tell him that the disease had entered his own home. Without a word, he wheeled his horse about and dashed off, arriving after dark. His daughter, Flora, was dead; others of the mission were dying; unaided, they buried their loved ones in the garden.

The Blackfeet and Crees now became savage beyond all control. They murdered wantonly and carried off food and horses. In a fit of insane vengeance, they hurled germ-laden garments of the dead into the dwellings of the whites. Only those camps and missions that had scattered at the first hint of the plague, seeking safety in the foothills, or far off on the plains, escaped the calamity.

In other chapters you will learn the story of the North-West Rebellion, how Louis Riel led the suspicious forces of the plains against what was thought to be a rank injustice. You will also learn that the day was saved by the loyalty of many of the tribes. Now this open friendship of some of the tribes, or the frank neutrality of others, was largely the work of such men as Bishop Taché, of Fort Garry, Father Lacombe and

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Rev. John McDougall of Alberta. They understood the Indians, spoke their language, calmed their fears, and promised them that all would come out right in the end.

John McDougall stood before the tribe whose chieftain was Sweet Grass. About the chief in a semi-circle squatted the braves of the tribe; beyond stood the women and children. In picturesque language he told them how he had been sent by the Church and the Great Company, to say that their sorrows were shared by the whites, that they would be protected by the Great Queen's soldiers and that justice and peace would come among them, and then health and plenty. He closed thus: "I will gladly carry your message to those forts and settlements on the Saskatchewan, and when we are through my men will distribute the gifts we have brought as the evidence of the good will and wishes of your old friends. . . ."

When McDougall had finished his speech, a profound silence fell upon the picturesque group. Sweet Grass called out, as he faced his tribesmen, every inch of him a chief: "Shall I voice the multitude?" For reply came a thundering, "Yes!" Thus he spoke: "We are thankful to our friends in the north who have not forgotten us. In sorrow and hunger, with many hardships, we have gathered here, where we have grass and timber, and since we came, buffalo in the distance, few, though still sufficient to keep us alive. Your coming has done us good; it has stayed evil and turned our thoughts to better things. We feel to-day that we are not alone; man is numerous and God is great. We are thankful for the gifts you have brought with you. We will smoke and forget, and if there be wrong, will forgive."

This incident is typical of many more. John McDougall had established himself in the affections of the Indians. They trusted him, when they would only too

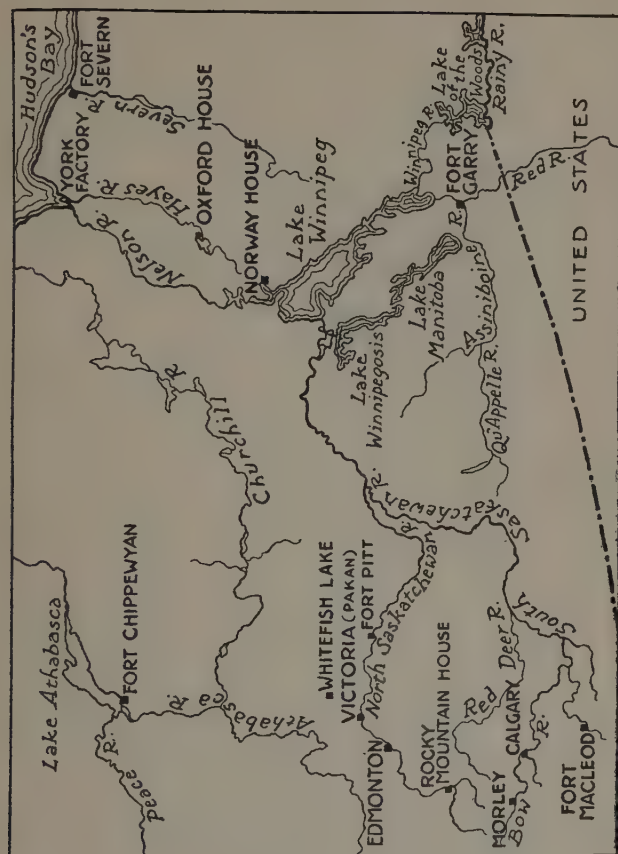
Builders of the West

willingly have wiped out every trace of the whites. He spent himself in the service of God, laying siege to the hearts and minds of the natives of the plains. He was also untiring in his efforts as a maker of empire. Over and over again he would prophesy that the vast expanse of the prairies would become the homeland of teeming multitudes, living in comfort and security. From tribe to tribe he went, proclaiming his Lord, and also heralding the new era of settled government, peace, and good will. The Dominion Government had no more faithful emissary on the plains, and his achievements are written into the very structure of the organized governments of the prairie provinces.

The year after McDougall began his mission in the Bow River Valley at Morley, so named for the great pulpit orator, Dr. William Morley Punshon, the North-West Mounted Police arrived at Fort Macleod, Alberta. The date is important—October 19, 1874. At this time unrest was increasing everywhere, lawlessness could not be curbed, and whiskey running was debauching Indians and white men alike. In fact, the whole West was a huge powder magazine ready to blow up. Then came the Mounted Police. They had the moral support of the missionaries and of the Indian Chiefs. Such noble men as Crowfoot, Chief of the Blackfeet, Sweet Grass of the Crees, and others petitioned the government to aid them against the whiskey runner, but until now no help had come.

McDougall was charged with the important duty of commissioner. He went everywhere among the tribes to tell them of the new force. At last he came to the lodge of Crowfoot, one of the greatest braves who ever ruled a tribe. McDougall addressed the Blackfeet.

"I told them of the coming of the Mounted force across the plains, and the purpose of their coming. Tribal war was to be suppressed, and whiskey trading



THE MISSION FIELD OF WESTERN CANADA, SHOWING THE CHIEF TRADING POSTS, WHICH WERE ALSO THE MISSION STATIONS

and horse stealing, and all crimes were to be done away with. I exalted British justice, and made much of the equality of men in the eyes of the law. When I had done, Crowfoot took my hand and placed it on his heart and said:

“My brother, your words make me glad. I listened to them, not only with my ears, but with my heart also. In the coming of the Big Knives with their firewater and quick shooting guns, we are weak, and our people have been woefully slain and impoverished. You said that this will be stopped. We are glad to have it stopped. We want peace. What you tell us about this strong power, which will govern with good laws, and treat the Indians the same as the white men, makes us glad to hear. My brother, I believe you, and am thankful!”

When another treaty was to be made with the Indians, the Government profited by their past experiences and asked McDougall to act as their agent and prepare the way. You will recall that most of the trouble before had been due to the fact that the Hudson's Bay Company had disposed of its land to the Dominion of Canada and that surveyors were sent in to map out the territory without consulting the Indians or settlers. The agents of the Government were arrogant, and soon aroused a murderous enmity in the minds of those who, not understanding what it was all about, feared that they would shortly be dispossessed of their lands. When the new treaty was to be made, however, McDougall visited the camps of the Indians, carefully explaining the nature and purpose of the whole business, and giving them the guarantee of his word of honour that they would be treated with justice.

As the years passed, the prairies became a land of peace and settlers flocked in. The railroad went through, cities sprang up as if by magic, and the days of the greatest suffering were gone for ever. And then

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with bewildering suddenness came the second rebellion. McDougall immediately offered his services, and was as quickly accepted. To his duties as chaplain were added those of Government Agent. He went with the troops, giving splendid advice to them regarding the country and the natives. He was General Strange's confidant, interpreter, and friend. Then, when the rebellion was over, he visited Ontario with three of his Indian friends, Paken, Samson, and Jonas Bigstoney. If ever missions were justified, they were in the eloquent speeches of these men in the cities of Ontario. And if ever a missionary was justified by his works, John McDougall was in his tried and true friends, these chieftains of the once savage Cree and Stoney tribes.

John McDougall was a born pioneer. His sturdy, thick-set body was made for heavy tasks. His spirit, hungry for the conquest of the minds and souls of men, drove him through difficulties and dangers enough to break the bodies and spirits of all but heroes. "My family lives at Morley," he used to say, "but I live everywhere."

On December 13, 1916, John McDougall's old friend, Father Lacombe, famous Roman Catholic missionary to the Blackfoot Indians, the Black Robed Voyageur, passed to his reward. On January 15, 1917, John McDougall, Prophet of the Plains, also joined the great company. One of his sons was in the trenches, and he insisted on going to the station to bid farewell to two more. There he caught a chill, and in a few days was no more. His body lay in state, like that of a great statesman. His funeral was the symbol of a nation's mourning. When his body passed through the city on its last journey, the streets were thronged with a multitude of sorrowing people. The North-West Mounted Police formed the guard of honour. Of those who spoke at the funeral service none was more impressive than Jonas

Builders of the West

Bigstoney, Chief of the Stoney Indians, when he bid farewell to his friend, John McDougall, the Great Heart of the Plains:

“As far as I can remember I am going to tell you, and speak a little. While our land was free, and the country was free, our friend here met our father on the plains. They followed him as a friend and brother, and had faith in him, and in his teaching. As he found us, all our families were pagans. All these teachings dropped, and we are now following in his steps. As far as I can remember, day and night, storm and shine, we always found our friend here to do his duty. Just as we remember him to-day, and all our lives, we will strive to follow him. All the tribes, the Stonies, Crees, and Blackfeet, all have the same feeling of loneliness, just as you have all here to-day. There may be difference as to the colour of the skin, but we have one aim as brethren.”

PART THREE
BRITISH COLUMBIA

CHAPTER XVII

Spain on the Coast

*"I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!"*

—*Bret Harte.*

FROM the days of Balboa, Spain regarded the vast Pacific Ocean as her property—"A Spanish Lake"—in which no other nation had, or could have, any possessions and on which, therefore, no other nation had any right to show its flag. For over two hundred years the Spaniards, relying upon those views (which, however, had been challenged by Queen Elizabeth), remained inert as regards the exploration of the North-West Coast of America. But the pressure exerted by the movements of the Russians in Alaska, and the consequent danger that unless a barrier were raised the Czar might extend his settlements far down the coast, caused the Spanish authorities, in 1774, to despatch an expedition to take possession at about 65° North Latitude and thus, as it were, set up a boundary post. This pioneer voyage had such poor results that in the following year another expedition was sent out for the same purpose—to mark a point beyond which Russia should not pass.

This voyage of 1775 affords us the first glimpse of the man who is the outstanding figure in the Spanish *régime* in British Columbia—Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra. The expedition consisted of two vessels—*Santiago* and *Sonora*. On the latter, the smaller, Quadra, then merely a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, was in command. Owing to the loss of some of the crew, delays from contrary winds, the sickness of the sailors,

and the unsuitability of the *Sonora* for such a lengthy voyage, many of the officers of the expedition were in favour of ordering her return to San Blas. But Quadra insisted that the weather would probably be no worse and almost begged to be allowed to continue the voyage. His strong will and indomitable purpose bore down opposition; the *Sonora* was permitted to pursue her course to the northward. About a week later, the officers of the *Santiago* again wished to abandon the undertaking on account of sickness, the stormy weather, and the lateness of the season. Again Quadra opposed any such move and the two vessels still sailed northward. An opportune gale separated them and Quadra was left free to proceed in an endeavour to carry out his master's instructions. And we can see him in his little schooner, which was only thirty-six feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet deep, with his crew of about twenty men, setting his face towards the mysterious north, resolved to battle with the howling gales of the Pacific and with the fogs and hidden dangers of the shore. These two forces he met and overthrew. Unfortunately, there was one, the dread of all ocean navigators until the days of Captain Cook, which was too strong to be completely overcome; and while, thanks to Quadra's bravery and determination, it did not wreck the undertaking, it nevertheless deprived it of many laurels which otherwise would, doubtless, have been won. But how could human ingenuity ward off *the scurvy* from the crew of a tiny vessel, continually drenched as the seas poured over her, whose clothing, beds, and quarters were wet and dripping, and whose food, under such conditions, was salt meat and sodden bread? Many a brave man would have abandoned the effort; and no one could have blamed him.

We can see Quadra, when having taken possession in pursuance of his instructions, he turns the prow of the

little *Sonora* southward towards San Blas. The scurvy increases day by day; fastings, bleedings, prayers, avail not. The journal is almost a Book of Lamentations as it speaks of taking care not to approach too closely to the shore lest with so few hands it might be difficult to work the vessel. To add to their troubles, a sea swept over the schooner and broke in and damaged most of the stores. So great are the ravages of the disease that there is only one seaman who can take his trick at the wheel while Quadra himself goes aloft to manage the sails. In these dark days Quadra is everywhere; but he finds time to cheer the sick and finally persuades two of them who are convalescing, to assist in navigating the vessel. And so the *Sonora* slowly edges homeward over the loneliest sea, carrying but little sail, lest, a gale arising suddenly, the skeleton crew might not be able to act quickly. Through it all Quadra continues to cheer up his men, even though he himself is at last caught by the disease. The afflicted *Sonora* is unable to reach San Blas, but arriving in the harbour of Monterey, her sails are furled, her anchor dropped and the journalist writes: "We landed our sick and among the rest the captain (Quadra) and myself, who had suffered more from the scurvy than any of them. Not one of the whole crew indeed was free from this complaint."

Seventeen years elapse before we see Quadra again. In that interval he has risen from a mere lieutenant to the position of captain of a man-of-war, having the rank of colonel, commanding the marine establishment of San Blas. He has been made a Knight of the Order of Santiago; and, as the culmination of his career, he has just been appointed Governor of Nootka.

In that interval, too, many things have happened. Captain Cook has been at Nootka Sound; his vessels on their return have spread the good news: "Sea-otters plentiful at Nootka Sound!" "Fortunes to be made in

furs on the North-West Coast!" British traders from China, India, and various European ports have arrived to garner the rich harvest. All this has roused Spain to action in support of her claim of sovereignty of the Pacific Coast of America and of her ownership of the Pacific Ocean itself. As an actual and visible manifestation of her authority, a Spanish village is established at Friendly Cove, Nootka, and British ships arriving there to trade are seized and with their crews sent as prisoners to San Blas. Matters assume a very warlike appearance. Britain prepares for war; Spain likewise prepares. Britain calls upon her allies for assistance; Spain similarly calls upon hers. Britain's allies come energetically to her support; Spain's ally, France, owing to internal troubles, is unable to do so, and advises a diplomatic settlement. This settlement—the Nootka Convention, 1790—provided that commissioners representing Great Britain and Spain should meet at Nootka Sound to determine the lands to be restored by Spain.

Captain Vancouver is sent out to represent Great Britain, while to Quadra are entrusted the interests of Spain. So we see him at the village of Friendly Cove, the representative of Spanish pride, and pomp, and power. Instead of one miserable thirty-six-foot schooner drenched and reeking, he now commands all of Spain's men-of-war at San Blas and Nootka. From the mast-head of the *Activa*, lying quietly at anchor in the cove, flutters the broad pennant of Señor Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, commandant of the marine establishment of St. Blas and California. In the background, on the curving beach with its white and sloping sand and pebbles, on which in days long past the Indian potentate, Maquinna, had his summer village, there stands a new and totally different arrangement of huts and buildings. It is the first home of civilized man on the Pacific Coast of Canada, the Spanish village at

Spain on the Coast

Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, a village which was a bit of old Spain in the wild west, where the manners and customs of Castile held imperious sway; a village unique in the annals of the North-West Coast, existing only by and because of official instructions; a village unique also in the fact that it contained no women. Almost in the centre of the horse-shoe stood the most imposing house, the residence of Quadra. There he entertained lavishly (so far as the conditions would permit), welcoming with equal courtesy the captains of the royal navies of Britain and Spain, the "Boston Pedlars," and even treacherous old Maquinna, the head chief of the locality.

When Vancouver arrived, his ships saluted the Spanish flag flying on the ramparts of Fort San Miguel and the fort returned the compliment. Vancouver visited Quadra in the village; and Quadra visited Vancouver in the *Discovery*. They agreed perfectly upon everything relating to their personal associations; in their representative capacities they could agree on nothing. The two representatives decided to pay Maquinna a visit in state at his principal village, Tashees, some fifteen miles from Friendly Cove. Maquinna's cooks were busily employed, after the arrival of the visitors, in boiling oil of various kinds, preparing stews and fricassees of porpoise, whale, seal, and other delicious viands. But their labours were in vain. Quadra very diplomatically informed the old chief that he had taken upon himself to be the purveyor of the expedition. Not only so but he had brought his plate and his cooking utensils. The vessels used for that dinner in the savage's home were the same and as many as Quadra used in his own. With true Castilian kindness, Maquinna and his daughter, "the Princess," were invited to dine with them. At the head of the table, which was merely one of the broad planks forming the roof of Maquinna's

royal residence, was seated the Princess, who conducted herself with becoming propriety and decorum.

Quadra's kindness and example were felt throughout the whole of that little settlement. Even the native chiefs showed the result of their contact with Spanish civilization. Visiting the Governor's home frequently, Maquinna, quick to learn, soon abandoned his natural and uncouth way of eating; he became quite proficient in the use of his knife and fork; he learned, too, the courteous forms of greeting, and could say "Welcome, Señor," and bow and scrape in the most approved Castilian style.

Vancouver and Quadra, having disagreed regarding the land to be restored, they referred the question to their respective governments and departed from Nootka: Quadra for Mexico, Vancouver for the Sandwich Islands. On his way thither the British representative visited Monterey. There he found Quadra as kind and as thoughtful as he had found him at Nootka. Though Spain was very "touchy" about strangers in her American possessions, Quadra allowed Vancouver's ships to enter and anchor, and not only supplied all their needs, granting the sailors full liberty to roam the region at leisure, but also permitted Lieutenant Broughton to pass through Spanish territory on his way to England with Vancouver's dispatches. These may seem small matters, but they were great concessions in those days, in the eyes of the Spaniard; when Vancouver returned to Mexico a year later, a new Governor was in office, who imposed such drastic restrictions that the British commander left Mexico with curses on his lips against the narrowness of the Spaniard.

The last picture we have of Quadra, the genial gentleman who knew how to maintain his country's honour while himself fulfilling all the duties of hospitality, is when he dines with Vancouver on the *Discovery*, in January, 1795, just before they separated for

Mexico and the Sandwich Islands respectively. 'Twas a lovely, calm night, and it must have been an enjoyable dinner, for it was prolonged until nearly midnight. Yet there was a minor tone in the evening's jollity: each felt that they had reached the parting of the ways. Quadra could, however, wish no better testimonial than that which Vancouver has given him. He was, says Vancouver, "the main spring of a society that had produced so much happiness, who had rendered us so many essential benefits, and whose benevolence and disinterested conduct had impressed our minds with the highest esteem and veneration." Vancouver and Quadra never met again. Quadra died in March, 1794.

CHAPTER XVIII

The British on the Coast

*"Beyond all outer charting
He sailed where none had sailed,
And saw the land lights burning
On islands none had hailed."
—Kipling.*

1. CAPTAIN JAMES COOK

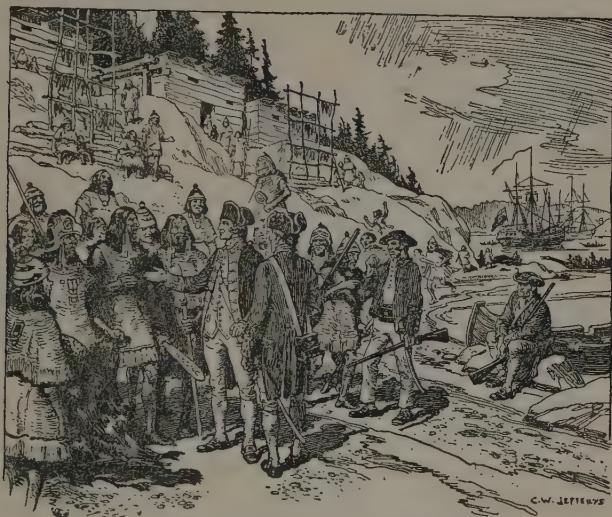
"A GREAT many canoes filled with the natives were about the ships all day; and a trade commenced betwixt us and them, which was carried on with the strictest honesty on both sides. The articles which they offered for sale were skins of various animals, such as bears, wolves, foxes, deer, raccoons, polecats, martens; and, in particular, of the sea otters." (Nootka, March 30, 1778.)

So began the maritime fur trade of North-West America, accidentally and as a by-product, as it were, of Captain Cook's third voyage, the main object of which was to ascertain definitely the existence or non-existence of a navigable waterway from the Pacific to the Atlantic Oceans. When the voyage was first mooted, Cook was about to enjoy the rest he had so amply deserved, having been appointed Captain of Greenwich Hospital as a reward for his earlier achievements.

Born at Morton, Yorkshire, October 27, 1728, and spending his boyhood and youth among the moors and cliffs of the east coast, he early acquired that love of the sea which ruled his life. Entering the mercantile marine at the age of eighteen, and afterwards the Royal Navy at a time when experienced seamen were much needed,

The British on the Coast

he gained rapid promotion. Having proved his ability as astronomer and surveyor in the dangerous shoals of the St. Lawrence before the fall of Quebec, and later on the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, he was in 1768 placed in command of a scientific expedition to the Southern Pacific to observe the transit of Venus. From



CAPTAIN COOK AT NOOTKA SOUND

The houses, built of roughly-hewn planks, with roofs of movable boards, are ranged along the crest of the rocky cliffs that rise from the beach. No totem poles are shown in the picture. Before intercourse with the white man gave the Indian possession of steel tools, the production of such large and highly finished carvings was impossible. In the distance are seen Cook's two ships, one rigging up a new foremast.

this time on practically his whole life was spent in the solitude of unknown seas.

He sailed twice round the world, explored the coasts of New Zealand and Australia, discovered the Society Islands and numberless other isles of the Pacific and Antarctic Oceans, and cruised back and forth through the uncharted seas of the sub-Arctic regions, thereby

disproving the pet theory of the geographers of his time concerning the existence of a great southern continent. He studied and recorded ocean currents and prevailing winds, as well as the plant and animal life of the countries he visited, introduced European seeds and domestic animals wherever there seemed a chance of their surviving and proving useful, and formed bonds of friendship and trade with the natives, whom he invariably treated with scrupulous honesty and consideration. But more important than all was the triumphant warfare he waged against that scourge of seamen—the scurvy. During his second voyage (1772-1774), which lasted three years and eighteen days, he lost only four of the crew and not one of these from scurvy: a truly marvellous record compared with those of other ships of his time. His essay on the prevention of this dread disease won him the coveted gold medal of the Royal Society for the best paper presented during the year.

Having been invited to dinner by the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, to give advice concerning details of the proposed voyage of 1776 (including the all-important question of leadership), the lure of unknown seas proved too strong for him, and, springing up, he declared that he would go himself. His two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* (Captain Clerke), were fitted out with the greatest care and under the personal supervision of the Earl of Sandwich and others of the Board of Admiralty, who came on board to dine with Cook before he sailed, to see that “everything was compleated to their desire and to the satisfaction of all that were to embark in the voyage.”

Having passed the Cape of Good Hope and explored and traded among the Pacific islands, he arrived at Nootka Sound on Sunday, March 29, 1778, and two days later anchored in Resolution Cove. “At length, at nine o’clock in the morning of the 29th, we again

The British on the Coast

saw the land. The appearance of the country differed much from that of the parts which we had before seen, being full of high mountains, whose summits were covered with snow. But the valleys between them, and the grounds on the sea-coast, high as well as low, were covered to a considerable breadth with high, straight trees, that formed a beautiful prospect, as of one vast forest." So British Columbia appeared to the first visitor to its shores from Great Britain.

He first named the inlet King George's Sound but changed it to Nootka, believing that to be the Indian name. He remained four weeks in the Sound in order to refresh his crew and repair his ships, particularly the rigging, which had suffered considerably in the storms which he had encountered since his arrival on the coast. Trees for the purpose were felled in the woods, the first recorded instance of the use by Europeans of British Columbia timber.

The forge and the observatory were set up on shore, the crew were busy obtaining wood, water, grass, for the cattle, and spruce boughs for the brewing of beer, spruce-beer having been proved by Cook throughout his travels to be a valuable anti-scorbutic. "Here I must observe," he remarks, "that I have nowhere, in my several voyages, met with any uncivilized nation or tribe, who had such strict notions of their having a right to the exclusive property of everything that their country produces, as the inhabitants of this Sound. At first they wanted our people to pay for the wood and water . . . there did not seem to be a single blade of grass that had not a separate owner." Here as elsewhere Cook was rigidly observant of the rights of the natives, supposed or real, and the relations between them were extremely cordial. Their chief demand was for brass, and to satisfy them "whole suits of clothes were stripped of every button, bureaus of their

furniture, and copper kettles, tin canisters, candlesticks, and the like all went to wreck."

Finally, repairs being completed, Cook put to sea, and continued his explorations as far north as seventy-one degrees, charting and naming innumerable islands, inlets, and promontories. Further progress was impossible on account of the fields of ice, and, after repeated attempts on both the American and the Asiatic shores of Bering's Strait, he turned south to spend the winter in the Sandwich Isles, which he had already discovered and which he now more fully explored. On account of their situation and productions, he considered their discovery "the most important that had hitherto been made by Europeans, throughout the extent of the Pacific Ocean." Thus ends his Journal, for it was here in the Sandwich Islands, at Karakakooa (Kealakekua) Bay, on February 14, 1779, that he was slain by the savages, who until the commencement of the sudden fray had shown him remarkable friendship and esteem. Captain Clerke committed to the deep, with military honours, what he could recover of his remains.

Such in brief was the achievement of this intrepid explorer. But one must turn to his Journal for a real knowledge of the man. There one sees him day after day, surrounded by dangers ever new and unforeseeable, calm, alert, untiring, undaunted, a born leader. His chief concern was for the welfare of his men. On sighting new land his first thought was always to secure good drinking water, even if he was not in immediate need of it. Then the country must be searched for possible supplies of meat, fish, and useful herbs. If the natives offered to trade, his first demand was for fresh food, other wares, however tempting, must await their turn. To encourage the eating of salutary foodstuffs, he resorted to stratagem: "to have some of it dressed every day for the Cabin Table, and permitted all the officers to

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make use of it, and left it to the option of the men either to take as much as they pleased or none at all, but this practice was not continued above a week before I found necessary to put every one on board to an allowance, for such are the tempers and disposition of seamen in general, that whatever you give them out of the common way, although it be ever so much for their good, it will not go down, but the moment they see their superiors set a value upon it, it becomes the finest stuff in the world."

Everything possible was done to ensure the cleanliness and ventilation of the whole ship, and to encourage personal hygiene among the men: "Care was taken to expose them as little to wet weather as possible. Proper methods were used to keep their persons, hammocks, bedding, clothes, etc., constantly clean and dry. Equal care was taken to keep the ship clean and dry between decks. Once or twice a week she was cured with fires. I have used frequently a fire, made in an iron pot at the bottom of the well, which was of great use in purifying the air in the lower parts of the ship. . . . Proper attention was paid to the ship's coppers, so that they were kept constantly clean."

Cook himself appears to have considered his triumph over scurvy as his greatest achievement. "It is with real satisfaction, and without claiming any merit but that of attention to my duty, that I can conclude this account with an observation which facts enable me to make, that our having discovered the possibility of preserving health amongst a numerous ship's company, for such a length of time, in such varieties of climate and amidst such continued hardships and fatigues, will make this voyage remarkable in the opinion of every benevolent person, when the disputes about a Southern Continent shall have ceased to engage the attention and to divide the judgment of philosophers."

Similar proof of his humanity was furnished by his methods of dealing with the natives, whom he treated and ordered his men to treat "with every imaginable humanity, even under strong provocation." At thieving he commonly found them "prodigious expert," and here he was inflexible—trade was stopped at once, perhaps chiefs held as hostages, or even a charge of small shot fired, friendly intercourse being resumed only when the stolen goods were returned. But punishment was the least desired part of his programme and usually tact won the day. He rejoices when, in spite of an armed attack, he was able to leave the natives "as ignorant as we found them" (of the use of fire-arms) "for they neither heard nor saw a musket fired unless at birds." He discouraged intimacy between them and his crew, but tried in every way to respect their rights and to oblige his men to do so—we read of three men receiving twelve lashes each for stealing potatoes from a native garden. Whenever he took food or curios from a deserted camp, he was scrupulously honest in leaving goods in exchange.

The care with which he records their ceremonies, religious or social, the patience and courtesy with which he entered into them and maintained the part allotted to him, as well as his pertinacity and ingenuity in observing all their rites, prove what a passion this study of mankind was to him. This habit of careful scrutiny makes his description of the first British Columbia Indians whom he met of special interest. During his enforced stay at Nootka, canoes were constantly about the ship and in this way he met most of the inhabitants. He also visited a large near-by village. He was certainly not struck by their beauty or grace, and found them phlegmatic and stolid, though capable of sudden gusts of violent passion. "Light-fingered" they were, too, as much so as in any other part he had visited; and not

too scrupulously honest, for bladders of oil bought from them frequently contained a mixing of water," and, once or twice, they had the address to carry their imposition so far as to fill their bladders with mere water, without a single drop of oil." The filth of their houses and of their persons was most repulsive. Their chief occupations seem to have been catching and smoking fish, and making cloth. He was agreeably surprised and impressed by their music and he records: "One sung a very agreeable air with a degree of softness and melody we could not have expected," and again "they are certainly not unsusceptible of the tender passions; if we may judge from their being so fond of music, which is mostly of the grave or serious, but truly pathetic sort."

So the great Captain Cook, bold, unwearying and undaunted, is found on closer scrutiny to be intensely human, keenly sympathetic, and altogether lovable. To quote Lieutenant King: "Thus fell our great and excellent Commander! After a life of so much distinguished and successful enterprise, his death, as far as regards himself, cannot be reckoned premature; since he lived to finish the great work for which he seems to have been designed; and was rather removed from the enjoyment than cut off from the acquisition of glory. How sincerely his loss was felt and lamented, by those who had so long found their general security in his skill and conduct, and every consolation under hardships in his tenderness and humanity, it is neither necessary nor possible for me to describe, much less shall I attempt to paint the horror with which we were struck, and the universal dejection and dismay, which followed so dreadful and unexpected a calamity."

2. JOHN MEARES

After the death of Cook, another summer was spent by the expedition vainly endeavouring to pierce the

icy northern wastes, so that it was not until December 1, 1779, that the vessels reached Macao homeward-bound. At Nootka and along the American coast, many skins had been obtained in trade from the natives, which were used by the sailors as bedding or clothing; in their ignorance they even cut up the costly sea otter skins to patch their garments. What was, then, their surprise to find the rich Chinese merchants eager to purchase the remnants at (to them) fabulous prices, and ready to pay as much as one hundred and twenty dollars for prime skins. "The rage with which our seamen were possessed to return to Cook's river," says Lieutenant King, "was not far short of mutiny," so eager were they to resume this lucrative trade. On their return to England, and particularly after the publication of the official account of Cook's last voyage, public enthusiasm was aroused; and private enterprise, lured by the rich prospects, rushed vessel after vessel to the North Pacific, thereby throwing fresh light on the geography of this hitherto little-known region, and incidentally creating serious international problems.

Among the adventurers who thus found their way to the coast was John Meares. His first expedition in 1785-6 met with tragic failure. Of his two vessels, the *Sea Otter* was lost at sea with all hands, whilst he himself, in command of the *Nootka*, spent a terrible winter in Prince William's Sound, "locked in as it were from the cheerful light of day and the vivifying warmth of the sun's rays." The men, one by one, fell victims to a virulent form of scurvy, the death of the surgeon deprived them of medical aid, and when in the spring they were found by Captains Portlock and Dixon, they had not enough men left to man the ship, without help from their rescuers, twenty-three having died from exposure and scurvy.

In spite of these disasters, Meares had no sooner

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returned to China than he planned another expedition, and early in 1788 set out in command of the *Felice*, accompanied by the *Iphigenia* (Captain Douglas), bringing with him as an experiment fifty Chinese carpenters and sailors. On May 13, he anchored in Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, and immediately set about installing himself on shore, for the purpose of constructing a schooner to be used in the coastal trade. He claimed that he bargained with Chiefs Maquinna and Callicum for a "spot of ground whereon a house might be built," and for their good will and protection for the shipbuilders. Leaving them there, he cruised down the coast, exploring and trading, and on his return found the work so far advanced that on September 20, with appropriate ceremony, the schooner was launched. She was named the *North-West America*, being the first vessel of European construction built on the coast. "It was a moment of much expectation. . . . But our suspense was not of long duration—on the firing of a gun the vessel started from the ways like a shot. Indeed she went off with so much velocity, that she nearly made her way out of the harbour; for the fact was, that not being very much accustomed to this business, we had forgotten to place an anchor and cable on board; the boats, however, soon towed her to her intended station, and in a short time the *North-West America* was anchored close to the *Iphigenia* and the *Felice*."

Leaving Captain Douglas in charge at Nootka, Meares sailed for China, little dreaming what international tangles were to result from his little venture. The riches of the fur-trade attracted not only English merchants, but also those of Russia, Spain, and America, each of which nation in turn wished to claim the sovereignty of the newly exploited coast. During the absence of Meares, the *Iphigenia* was seized by Martinez,

the commander of the Spanish expedition to Nootka Sound, but was later restored to Captain Douglas. The *North-West America*, on her arrival from the North, was likewise seized, renamed the *Gertrudis*, manned by a Spanish crew, and despatched on a trading voyage. Martinez then formally and with much pomp and ceremony took possession of the port in the name of "His Most Mighty, Illustrious, and Catholic Majesty, Carlos the Third, King of Castile, etc.," and proceeded to build a dwelling-house, bakery, barracks, workshop, and fort. The fact that Captain Cook had received from the natives two spoons of Spanish workmanship was adduced as proof of the priority of Spanish discovery. (It is doubtful whether the house built by Meares still existed at the time of the arrival of Martinez.) Two more English ships, the *Princess Royal* and the *Argonaut*, in both of which Meares was interested, were on their arrival seized and sent to Mexico as prizes.

Rumours of these events filtered through to the European capitals, and notes passed between the ministers of England and Spain, Floridablanca demanding the punishment of the English traders for infringing Spanish rights, Pitt indignantly replying "satisfaction previous to discussion": the English traders must first be indemnified before any question of rights could be debated.

Then on April 30, 1790, came Meares' Memorial to the King, with a biased and exaggerated account of all that he had suffered, and demand for compensation. Popular indignation was aroused, the two countries were on the brink of war. The British Parliament voted one hundred thousand pounds "to enable His Majesty to act as the exigency of affairs might require," and the "Spanish Armament" was fitted out and ready to sail at a moment's notice. Both countries called on their allies for help, but whereas England obtained from Holland the support of ten ships of the line, and from

Prussia a promise of reinforcements on the outbreak of war, Spain found herself unable to rely on any succour from France, that country being in the throes of the Revolution. Through all the summer of 1790 the war clouds hung dark over Europe. The affair was settled by the Nootka Sound Convention, October 28, 1790, by which Spain engaged to restore the buildings and land and to indemnify Meares for his losses. The historian can take little interest in Meares and his excessive claims of damages, but the international aspects of the case were important and widespread—here for the first time Spain stepped down from her pedestal and abandoned her age-old claim to the exclusive navigation of the Pacific Ocean and to the sovereignty of the lands washed by it, which, on the strength of prior discovery and donation by Papal Bull, she had hitherto so unflinchingly upheld.

3. CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER

Pending the settlement of the Nootka affair, exploration of the coast had naturally remained in abeyance, but no sooner was the Convention signed than the British Government took active steps to complete the work so admirably begun by Cook. The new expedition was placed under the command of George Vancouver, who had sailed with Cook on his second and third voyages as a midshipman.

Vancouver's ship, the *Discovery*, and her consort, the *Chatham* (Lieutenant William Robert Broughton), were fitted out by the Admiralty with the meticulous care which had characterized the provisioning of Cook's vessels. On March 31, 1791, they embarked on their long voyage, the main objects of which were: (1) To explore minutely the North-West coast of America, particularly with reference to any considerable inlet or river which might facilitate intercourse with Eastern

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Canada, at the same time taking note of any foreign settlement and the date of its inception; (2) To meet the Spanish representative and receive from him the "buildings and parcels of land which were to be restored according to the terms of the Convention."

After visiting Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands, Vancouver sighted the shores of New Albion, April 17, 1792, and continued to sail northward till he reached lat. 48°, in which vicinity the



famous Straits of Juan de Fuca, communicating with Hudson Bay, were said to exist. "At four o'clock (a.m., Sunday, April 29), a sail was discovered to the westward, standing inshore. This was a very great novelty, not having seen any vessel but our consort during the last eight months. She proved to be the ship *Columbia*, commanded by Mr. Robert Gray. It was not a little remarkable that, on our approach to the entrance of this inland sea, we should fall in with the identical person who, it had been stated, had sailed

through it." No one, however, was more astonished than Mr. Gray on hearing of this voyage which he was supposed to have taken, and he assured the officers on the contrary that he "had only penetrated fifty miles into the Straits" and "returned into the ocean by the same way he had entered it." At noon on April 29, Vancouver's two vessels entered the Straits and he began his minute and accurate survey of the great inland sea, "which interior sea I have honoured with the name of The Gulf of Georgia, in honour of His present Majesty." The maps of to-day bear in almost every instance the names bestowed by him. Here, as throughout his survey, his method was to anchor the ships and use the boats to prosecute his researches along the shore.

"On due consideration of all the circumstances that had fallen under my own observation, and the intelligence now imparted by Mr. Broughton, I became thoroughly convinced that our boats alone could enable us to acquire any correct or satisfactory information respecting this broken country; and although the execution of such a service in open boats would necessarily be extremely laborious, and expose those so employed to numberless dangers and unpleasant situations, that might occasionally produce great fatigue, and protract their return to the ships; yet that mode was undoubtedly the most accurate, the most ready, and indeed the only one in our power to pursue for ascertaining the continental boundary." The result of this conscientious survey was Vancouver's great chart of the coast, an undying monument to his memory. It is extraordinary that with all this care he should have failed to locate the Fraser, as he had also missed the Columbia.

Of Burrard Inlet (on the shores of which now stands the city which bears his name) he says: "We landed for the night (June 13-14, 1792) about half a

league from the head of the inlet. The shores in this situation were formed by steep rocky cliffs, that afforded no convenient space for pitching our tent, which compelled us to sleep in the boats. Some of our young gentlemen, however, preferring the stony beach for their couch, without duly considering the line of high-water mark, found themselves incommoded by the flood tide, of which they were not apprized till they were nearly afloat."

Great was his mortification when he met in the vicinity of Point Grey two little Spanish vessels, the *Sutil* and the *Mexicana* (Captains Galiano and Valdez), and found that the Spaniards had forestalled him in charting these waters. "I cannot avoid acknowledging that, on this occasion, I experienced no small degree of mortification in finding the external shores of the gulf had been visited, and already examined a few miles beyond where my researches during the excursion had extended; making the land I had been in doubt about an island." However, "Their conduct was replete with that politeness and friendship which characterizes the Spanish nation; every kind of useful information they cheerfully communicated, and obligingly expressed much desire that circumstances might so concur as to admit of our respective labours being carried on together." After an interchange of courtesies, Vancouver, "having partaken with them a very hearty breakfast, bade them farewell, not less pleased with their hospitality and attention than astonished at the vessels in which they were employed to execute a service of such a nature."

He rejoined them very soon and they remained in company for about a month, comparing charts and affording each other mutual help in the survey of this extraordinarily indented coast-line. Before parting company, the two commanders exchanged charts, and "after an exchange of good wishes, we bade each other

farewell, having experienced much satisfaction, and mutually received every kindness and attention our peculiar situation could afford our little society."

Vancouver waxes eloquent concerning the beauty of the country: "To describe the beauties of this region will, on some future occasion, be a very grateful task to the pen of a skilful panegyrist. The serenity of the climate, the innumerable pleasing landscapes, and the abundant fertility which unassisted nature puts forth, require only to be enriched by the industry of man with villages, mansions, cottages, and other buildings to render it the most lovely country that can be imagined; whilst the labour of the inhabitants would be amply rewarded in the bounties which nature seems ready to bestow on cultivation." Then, as now, however, the "serenity of the climate" could not always be depended upon—"the rain and fog with which the atmosphere was now loaded, precluded our seeing much of this part of the coast." As they sailed northward, "This country presented a very different aspect. . . . The shores now before us were composed of steep rugged rocks, whose surface varied exceedingly in respect to height, and exhibited little more than the barren rock." Fortunately, there was no dearth of timber for necessary repairs to the ships, "having only to make our choice from amongst thousands of the finest spars the world produces." In this hitherto unexplored country, any moment might see them face to face with new and unimagined peril; this thought seems to have invested the common daily occurrences with weird fascination. Thus Vancouver records: "The region we had lately passed seemed nearly destitute of human beings. The brute creation also had deserted the shores, the tracks of deer were no longer to be seen; nor was there an aquatic bird on the whole extent of the canal; animated nature seemed nearly exhausted; and her awful silence

was only now and then interrupted by the croaking of a raven, the breathing of a seal, or the scream of an eagle. Even these solitary sounds were so seldom heard that the rustling of the breeze along the shore, assisted by the solemn stillness that prevailed, gave rise to ridiculous suspicions in our seamen of hearing rattlesnakes, and other hideous monsters, in the wilderness."

Finally Mr. (afterwards Lieutenant) Johnstone, in one of the *Discovery's* boats, reached "an island conspicuously situated, from whence their expectations were gratified by a clear though distant view of the expansive ocean." They had, by regaining the Pacific, established the insularity of the land on which Nootka was situated and incontestably disproved the existence of any connection with Hudson Bay.

Having learned that Sen. Bodega y Quadra awaited him at Nootka, Vancouver sailed southward and anchored in Friendly Cove, August 28. The occasion was one of great historic significance and the two men not unworthy of their task. They soon discovered that their views differed considerably as to the amount of land concerned in the transfer, Vancouver claiming the whole port, and Quadra willing to restore only a small portion of the beach, where the house built by Meares had stood. Vancouver refused to accept restitution of this limited territory, preferring to salute Nootka as a Spanish port until more explicit instructions should be received from the home governments. In spite of their utter divergence of opinion, their personal relations were most cordial. In compliance with Quadra's expressed wish and to perpetuate the memory of their mutual esteem, Vancouver named the large island which he had circumnavigated Quadra's and Vancouver's Island.

Great was Vancouver's disappointment at his unfortunate failure to reach an understanding with Quadra; still greater was it when in 1794 he left the

coast without having brought the matter to a successful issue. The intervening years were spent in further explorations. During the winter months he made more accurate surveys of the Sandwich Islands, cementing his friendship with the various chiefs, who, on February 25, 1794, voluntarily ceded to him, as representative of King George, the island of Owhyhee (Hawaii). As soon as weather conditions permitted, he was back on the American coast, of the whole of which from New Georgia northward he took possession in the name of His Britannic Majesty. It is interesting to note that in June, 1793, he was in the very locality which MacKenzie reached by land the following month.

In September, 1794, he was back at Nootka, where he spent six weeks in repairing his vessels, and took a final farewell of the port October 16, 1794. At Monterey, on his way south, he had the satisfaction of learning that "the documents transmitted by the late Sen. Quadra and myself had enabled our respective courts to adjust that matter in an amicable way, and nearly on the terms which I had so repeatedly offered to Sen. Quadra in September, 1792."

He then sailed for home via Cape Horn and Saint Helena, arriving in the *Shannon*, September 13, 1795, and proceeding thence direct to London, where the *Discovery* arrived October 20. During the voyage of nearly five years, thanks to the researches of Captain Cook, he had lost only five men and not one of these from scurvy.

The remainder of his life was passed in England, preparing his *Journal* for publication. The proof-reading was almost completed when he died at the early age of forty years. He was buried at St. Peter's, Petersham, Surrey, where the Hudson's Bay Company erected a tablet to his memory.

CHAPTER XIX

The Opening of the Land Fur Trade

1. SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, FROM CANADA, BY LAND, THE TWENTY-SECOND OF JULY, ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY THREE."

SUCH was the brief memorial inscribed by Mackenzie in vermilion mixed with melted grease on the face of the rock where he reached the western shore. But what a tale of heroic resolve and dauntless perseverance lies behind those simple words! For this intrepid Scot was the first European to pierce the Rockies, to see and navigate the Fraser, and to cross the great continent from East to West.

He had already, in 1789, traced the Mackenzie to the Arctic Ocean. The following year he went to England to study longitude and astronomical observations, lack of which knowledge had hampered his previous calculations—for from the moment of his first sighting the mighty Rockies, his explorer's heart had yearned to pierce their fastnesses and discover what lay beyond. This fascination of the unknown had been luring adventurous traders ever Westward since the days when the Vérendryes had reached the foothills and caught a glimpse of the "Mountains of Bright Stones." So one more trader risked health, life, all, in search of fortune and glory.

On May 9, 1793, he at last embarked on his great enterprise. The party consisted of ten men: MacKenzie himself, Alexander Mackay, six French-Canadian

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voyageurs, and two Indians; their equipment, all told, amounted to three thousand pounds, the whole carried in a light canoe.

Their way lay through country never yet visited by civilized man. Through the upper reaches of the Peace and the canyons of the Fraser they could have no warning of the treacherous rapids, cascades, rocks, and



precipices, which would suddenly confront them and threaten them with instant destruction.

Mackenzie's energy and determination were inexhaustible. "At three a.m. we were on the river" is a frequent entry in his journal, and he constantly refers to the haze which in those early hours obscured the landscape. This, together with the fact that both the Peace and the Fraser were in flood at the time, rendered his voyage all the more dangerous and his achievement all the more remarkable.

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Again and again the men were on the verge of rebellion, and it needed all his tact and firmness to continue on his quest.

By the help of the natives they found their way from the head waters of the Parsnip, by three small lakes and intervening portages, to the Bad River, justly so named. "We drove against a rock which shattered the stern of the canoe in such a manner that it held only by the gunwales, so that the steersman could no longer keep his place. The violence of this stroke drove us to the opposite side of the river, which is but narrow, when the bow met with the same fate as the stern. . . . In a few moments, we came across a cascade which broke several large holes in the bottom of the canoe, and started all the bars, except one. . . . The wreck becoming flat on the water, we all jumped out; all held fast to the wreck. . . . In this condition we were forced several hundred yards, and every yard on the verge of destruction; but, at length, we most fortunately arrived in shallow water and a small eddy, where we were enabled to make a stand, from the weight of the canoe resting on the stones, rather than from any exertions of our 'exhausted strength.'"

Thus from danger to danger they passed, till on the evening of Monday, June 17, they reached the "Great River," the North Fork of the Fraser. "At length we enjoyed, after all our toil and anxiety, the inexpressible satisfaction of finding ourselves on the bank of a navigable river, on the west side of the first great range of mountains."

As they advanced, their difficulties increased: the canoe from being so light that a couple of men could carry it three or four miles without resting, became so heavy from constant repairs that the crew would incur any danger in the rapids rather than carry it over a precipitous portage. Finally it was necessary to con-

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struct a new one, materials for the purpose being gathered in the woods.

Their way, moreover, lay through the haunts of Indians whose superior numbers could at any moment have overwhelmed the little band; and Mackenzie owed much of his success to the tactful combination of kindness and firmness which he displayed in dealing with them. They believed him superhuman, and he was at no pains to undeceive them, realizing what a safeguard such superstitious awe of him might prove to his party.

At his first meeting with them on the Fraser, in spite of their threats and volleys of arrows, he calmly left his canoe and advanced alone towards them, displaying looking-glasses, beads, and other irresistible trinkets. Their fears were thus overcome, and the way opened for friendly intercourse and peaceful introduction to the neighbouring tribes. From them he obtained valuable information concerning his route: in accordance with their advice he retraced his course to the confluence of the Blackwater, and by the help of their guides he followed the native trails thence overland to Bella Coola, abandoning his original intention of tracing the "Great River" to its mouth. They unanimously discouraged his hope of reaching the sea, declaring that even should the party survive the perils of the long way, they were sure to fall a sacrifice to the barbarity of the savages below.

These warnings finally and effectually disheartened the crew, exhausted and unnerved as they were after their many miraculous escapes from shipwreck, drowning, and total destruction. In such times of crisis, with the outlook apparently hopeless and his men on the verge of mutiny, Mackenzie showed his mettle. He tactfully reasoned with and encouraged them, but never left them in any doubt as to his own fixed resolve: "At all events,

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I declared, in the most solemn manner, that I would not abandon my design of reaching the sea, if I made the attempt alone."

And reach the sea he did, not alone, but with his entire party. He had touched salt water; he had achieved his aim; he had crossed the continent from East to West—the first white man to do so, north of Mexico. He would fain have gone farther and viewed the main ocean, but the active hostility of the Indians, and consequent panic amongst his men, obliged him to turn homewards; before doing so he inscribed on the rock the brief memorial with which this sketch opens. That rock has now been identified and a suitable monument will perpetuate the name of Mackenzie.

His return course retraced that of his outward journey. He returned triumphant, having achieved his aim, to reap the honours and rewards he had so amply merited.

He amassed a comfortable fortune, became a member of the Legislature of Canada, published his Journal in 1801, was subsequently knighted, retired to Scotland in 1806, bought an estate, married, and lived there in peace and prosperity until his death in 1820.

2. SIMON FRASER

"A boy's will is the wind's will

And the thoughts of youth are long long, thoughts."

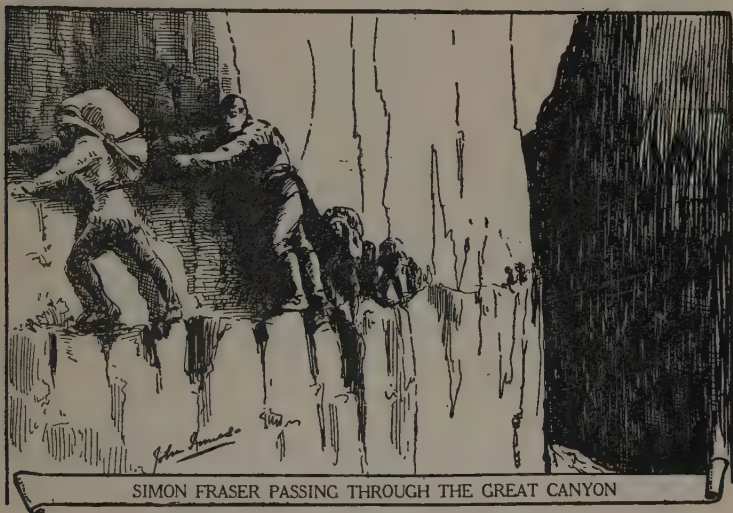
—Longfellow.

Long and far-reaching indeed were the thoughts of a young boy, as he stood on the banks of the Ottawa River and watched the canoes of the Nor'-Westers sweeping by, gay brigades of birch-bark canoes, manned by the stalwart picturesque voyageurs, whose existence seemed to be one of courage, adventure, and song. He, too, would ply the great rivers, live the life of the wilds,

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pierce further and further into the great unknown Beyond. And so this enthralling passion for the North-West came to be part of his being, nor was it in any way diminished when, as a schoolboy in Montreal, he listened in silent and wondering awe to the oft-told tale of the luxury and magnificence of the great traders.

So he painted his future in the hues of adventure and success; and these boyish dreams were destined to



be realized, for this was Simon Fraser, who has set his mark indelibly on the map of Western Canada.

He was of Scotch parentage, born at Bennington, Vermont, in 1776. His father, fighting in the Loyalist army, was taken prisoner at the battle of Bennington, and died soon after. His mother then came with her nine young children to Canada, and settled at St. Andrew's, near the Ottawa River. Of educational advantages Simon could boast few, but at the age of

sixteen he got his foot on the first rung of the ladder of his dreams by becoming articled clerk to the North-West Company at Montreal.

By 1802 he had achieved the coveted reward of the successful trader—he became a *bourgeois* or partner in the company. In 1805 the company decided to extend their work into the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, and, if possible, to devise means of transport between that region and the coast, thereby decreasing the cost of forwarding supplies, and incidentally forestalling the Americans in their projected development of the Pacific slope. Fraser was chosen for the responsible and arduous task of organizing this important exploration.

In August, 1805, he left Fort William and set out for the unknown West. Travelling along MacKenzie's route up the Peace River, he established the Rocky Mountain House, to serve as his headquarters. Leaving there in the autumn of the same year, he continued in MacKenzie's track up the Peace and the Parsnip, until he reached the Pack River, apparently not seen by MacKenzie. A short way up the Pack he came to Trout (later McLeod) Lake, where he founded Fort McLeod. This is noteworthy, as it was the first post established west of the Rockies. Leaving La Malice in charge, he returned to spend the winter at Rocky Mountain House, in company with his friend and able helper, John Stuart. It is fascinating to read the journals of these men, with their simple account of petty every-day events. Surrounded by unknown dangers and difficulties, they were entirely dependent for their existence and security on their own ingenuity and resource.

Stuart records in his journal: December 20, 1805. "Mr. Fraser . . . left me orders to get a Chimney built in his Bed Room, likewise to get wood sawed for a

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Table and Cupboard. After Mr. Fraser's Departure set four men to work, that is to say bringing stone to begin at the Chimney the morning following, sent Mayou & La Gard for wood to make Sledges & Snowshoes."

Everything depended on their success in obtaining furs and meat from the Indians; infinite tact and patience were required in dealing with these undisciplined savages.

Nor were the Indians the only source of trouble. An ever present enemy during the long winter was the awful cold.

However, the long trying winter merged at last into spring, and Fraser was able to take the road once more. He revisited and reprovisioned Fort McLeod, then descending the Pack, he followed MacKenzie's route up the Parsnip to the Height of Land, and thence by the chain of lakes also traversed by MacKenzie to the Bad River, which name he found fully justified by the rapid, winding, choked-up stream.

On July 10, 1806, he had at last the satisfaction of launching his canoes on the "Great River," which was subsequently to bear his name. "At ten a.m. we arrived at the Large River opposite an Island without encountering any other difficulty than cutting several trees that laid across the channel and we were most happy at having excepted the long and bad carrying place and seeing ourselves once more on the banks of a fine and navigable river."

He had crossed the Rockies and was now sailing with the current toward his goal—the ocean—but between him and it there still lay countless and almost insuperable difficulties. He was hampered throughout by constantly recurring sickness amongst his men. Thus on Saturday, June 28, he records: "We are really ill off in regard to the men, Saucier is sick, Gagnon complains of his side, Blais of having a pain and a lump upon his

stomach, Gervais is not well and La Londe is not able to steer his canoe." And again on the following 1st of July: "La Malice walked over both the portages though we offered to carry him; he is very troublesome in his sickness and called Mr. Stuart to his tent to 'tell him his mind.' He enquired if either of us owed him a grudge. This he asked, he said, because while at the Portage we disregarded him and now considered him no more than a dog.—This assertion of his (La Malice) is entirely false; we have been attentive and kind to him."

On discovering Nechaco River, he ascended it and Stuart River to Stuart Lake, so named by him after his friend, John Stuart. James McDougall had already visited it, and presented Troeyen, a young Indian, with a piece of red cloth. On Fraser's arrival, Troeyen fearlessly went forth to meet the palefaces, wearing his badge, to the dismay of his friends, who expected to see his instant destruction, and who were preparing to offer armed resistance to the strangers. Troeyen, however, was welcomed by Fraser into his canoe, he assured his fellows of the peaceful intentions of the white men, and thus secured for them a kind reception. Fraser allowed them, as was his adroit custom, to satisfy their curiosity by a thorough examination of himself and his followers, and made them presents of tobacco and soap. What was their surprise when these delicious looking cakes of fat turned to foam in their mouths! The tobacco they also tried to eat, but quickly threw it away in disgust. Great was their admiration when they came to understand the real use of each article.

Here Fraser founded Fort Saint James, which was destined to play so important a part in the history of British Columbia. From diaries and letters he would seem to have spent the winter, sometimes here, sometimes at Fort Fraser, the new post on Fraser Lake. These letters, according to the writer, "exceeding ill-

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wrote, worse worded, and not well spelt," reflect vividly the anxieties, dangers, tedium, and loneliness of those early days. One can imagine the eagerness with which they looked forward to spring and the arrival of mail and supplies from outside, the hunger for news, the joy or disappointment as the bales were opened and examined. "I received my order (the coat and Trousers are amazing large), my Equipt. also, which is extremely bad and the Trousers so small that I cannot put them on much less make use of them, and tho' you were pleased to send me your Capot instead of mine it is also too small for me—Upon the note you mention a pair of Corduroy Trousers which I did not receive & received a handkf. there is no mention of—I also received the small axes and 10 pounds sugar & some tea, with which I will content myself at present."

The remoteness of the new forts in as yet unorganized territory rendered the provisioning of them extremely difficult and uncertain. Anxious as Fraser was to undertake his great venture, his dash for the sea, he was obliged to wait and wait and wait again, deferring his departure until adequate supplies should have arrived. The intervening months were not wasted: he established forts, gathered furs, made friends with the Indians, obtained from them much valuable geographical information, secured for his Company firm footing in the land.

In the autumn of 1807 he founded yet another post, Fort George, at the confluence of the Fraser and Nechaco rivers, and this served as base for the great expedition which established his fame. Curiously enough, we are not sure of the exact day of his start, but it was at the end of May, 1808. "Having made every preparation for a long voyage, we embarked at 5 o'clock a.m. in four canoes at Fraser's River. Our crew consisted of

nineteen men, two Indians, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Quesnel, and myself, in all twenty-four."

Fortunately for them, as they glided swiftly with the current, dangers came so suddenly that they were for the most part over before they were realized. Each critical rapid or canyon demanded their utmost immediate attention and effort, they had no time to think of fear; but at the same time each new thrill increased the tension of their already over-wrought nerves. And day after day their little canoes were swept down the mighty waters into more and more forbidding regions, into scenes of more and more impressive grandeur, more and more terrifying peril.

They did their best to obtain information from the Indians as to the river ahead and the tribes whom they would meet there, and frequently put up with several precious hours' delay for the sake of obtaining friendly introductions from one band of natives to the next.

From no one did they get any encouragement as to their route: "According to their accounts of the River it is little better than a succession of falls and rapids many of which are impassable and others very dangerous, but all of them said that none of them had been at or even near the sea and it was their decided opinion that we ought to return back and take the same route Sir A. M. K. did, which however was far from our intentions and being told that whatever obstacles might impede us were determined to proceed, they informed us that at the first rapid there was a great Chief who had a slave that had been often there and perhaps might be prevailed on to accompany us particularly if we promised to come and pass the ensuing winter with them, all of them had heard of fire-arms, but few of them had ever heard the report of a gun and expressed a desire that we should fire ours to which we complied and fired several guns and pistols which astonished them so much and on

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hearing the report they fell flat to the ground and informed us that all the Indians along this River were quiet and peaceable inclined and would come to us without an arm in their hands, however we ought to be prudent and endeavour not to surprise any of them as in that case they might be tempted to fire through fear."

They found their way beset with ever new difficulties: "It blew amazing hard all from the southward which rendered our progress not only tedious but dangerous for when the wind caught hold of the Canoes in the many whirlpools we passed there was no such thing as managing them, so that every moment we were in danger of going to the bottom."

They safely negotiated Fort George Canyon but almost came to grief at the treacherous Cottonwood Canyon.

On more than one occasion the men prepared to make a good impression on the Indians by decking themselves in all their finery, and a voyageur fully accoutred was a picturesque and colourful sight! Was it only to impress the Indians, one wonders, or did Fraser purposely take advantage of the psychological effect of "best clothes" to enhance the courage of these impressionable men!

Fraser expended every ounce of energy in arriving—he was not so much concerned about the return. Not the least important asset of this amazing man was his knowledge of human nature. But in spite of his understanding of others, and his readiness to ask and accept advice, he knew when to rely on his own judgment.

He and his men always took advantage of the long summer days: the first hint of sunrise found them afloat. As they proceeded their troubles increased, they were in very truth "between Scylla and Charybdis." When, driven to desperation by the perils of the water, they took to the land, the overwhelming difficulties of the land path drove them back to the water: June 6:

"Indeed the number of hills and precipices render it not only difficult but almost impossible to walk even in the Plains upon the top of the hills there are so many thistles that all hands have the sole of their feet full of them and being almost continually when on shore upon rocks and stones a pair of shoes does not last a whole day to some of us without piercing."

One day he is almost convinced of the impossibility of continuing by water, the next finds him staking his all upon it as the lesser of two evils; portaging is not to be thought of amongst the perpendicular precipices which form the banks.

In the midst of all his anxieties, Fraser found time to see and admire the magnificence of the country, "far surpassing anything that ever entered the idea of mortal man." He continues: June 8: "Consider the superiority of God's works over those formed by the hands of man, but to describe what I have often felt in these romantic and wild regions where nature appears in all its forms is far above my slender abilities."

Each day the river had been growing more dangerous and the accounts of the Indians as to the course ahead more discouraging. Each day Fraser had doggedly continued, determined at all costs to follow the river to the ocean. Finally on June 10 he was persuaded that there was no hope whatever of continuing by water, so a platform was erected near Pavilion Creek on which the canoes were placed, covered with branches to protect them from the sun. They cached what food they could spare, taking the precaution of making a secret cache in addition to the one seen by the Indians.

They were fortunate in securing natives to guide them from ledge to ledge, from one precarious foothold to another over the forbidding precipices by which the river was hemmed in. These guides were also of inestimable value in assuring strange tribes of their peaceful

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intentions. But all alike dreaded those living near the mouth of the river, particularly the fierce Cowichans, who kept all the others in a state of terror.

On June 15 they passed Lillooet, headquarters of the Askettih tribe, from whom Fraser, after long haggling, obtained a canoe in exchange for a file and kettle. Here they noticed European goods which had evidently made their way inland by successive barter from the maritime traders. Soon after leaving Lillooet he came to the country of the Hacamaughs (Thompson Indians). He found them intelligent, handsome, sturdy, clean, well dressed and well fed. On June 19 he visited their great village, Camchin (now Lytton), at the junction of the Thompson and Fraser. He and his men were hospitably entertained, they received salmon, berries, roots, oil, and (what the voyageurs loved) six dogs! Thinking that David Thompson must be at work on the upper reaches of this great tributary, he named it the Thompson, in his honour. As a matter of fact, Thompson was far away, and never saw the river which bears his name.

While Fraser always made a point of cultivating the friendship of the natives, he never permitted himself or his men to be familiar with them, realizing what security they gained from the Indians' awe-struck admiration of their god-like superiority.

Meanwhile the new canoes were bearing them rapidly onwards. By flood and crag they struggled on, men grumbling, Indians expostulating, Fraser determined.

At last, on Wednesday, June 28, they reached the vicinity of Yale. The river now assumed an entirely different aspect, the horrors of the canyons were left behind, the voyageurs easily navigated the magnificent stream rolling placidly between imposing forests and peaceful meadows. Seeing seals, they knew that there would be no further obstructions.

July 2 brought them to the beautiful stretch of water where New Westminster now stands. Reaching Lulu Island, they chose the North Arm, and they soon had the satisfaction of reaching salt water, the first white men to trace the Fraser to the sea.

Theirs was a magnificent achievement, yet Fraser's own account of it in his journal records a double disappointment. He had confidently hoped that this great river would prove to be the Columbia: his observations for latitude showed that it could not be so. Moreover, he had set his heart on seeing the main ocean, he had touched only the Straits of Georgia, and a vast inland sea, studded with islands, still lay between him and his wished-for goal.

But prudence compelled him to retreat at this point. For some time the natives had appeared unfriendly, even pugnacious; their hostility now increased. All the tribes of the lower reaches, even those who had been neutral or friendly, became violently hostile, and it took all Fraser's courage and strategy to bring his men safely through. On July 6 they could stand the strain no longer: they mutinied, refused to remain on the river, determined to seek shelter in the woods. This would, of course, have meant annihilation of the whole band.

The outcome is best told in Fraser's own words. "Considering this scheme as a desperate undertaking, I debarked and endeavoured to persuade the delinquents of their infatuation; but two of them declared in their own names and in the names of the others that their plan was fixed, and that they saw no other way by which they could save themselves from immediate destruction than by flying out of the way of danger; for, said they, continuing by water, surrounded by hostile natives, who watched every opportunity to attack and torment them, created in their mind a state

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of suspicion worse than death. I remonstrated and threatened by turns, the other gentlemen joined me in my endeavours to expose the folly of their undertaking, and the advantages that would accrue to us all by remaining, as we had hitherto done, in perfect union for our common safety. After much debate on both sides, they yielded and we all shook hands, resolved not to separate during the voyage, which resolution was immediately confirmed by the following oath taken on the spot by each of the party: 'I solemnly swear before Almighty God that I shall sooner perish than forsake in distress any of our crew during the present voyage.'"

Now all the horrors of canyon, current, and cliff had to be faced once more, but this time they were homeward bound, and that thought sustained them.

On August 6 they achieved Fort George, and Fraser could rest on his laurels with the inward satisfaction of having attempted the almost impossible, of having encountered every conceivable danger, and come forth conqueror.

His reward was not rest but opportunity for further service. He was placed in charge of a district in Athabasca. In 1811 we find him at Red River, in 1813 on the Mackenzie. In 1816 he was implicated in the unfortunate struggle between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company, and was present at Seven Oaks when Governor Semple lost his life. When Lord Selkirk took Fort William in retaliation, Fraser was one of the partners arrested and sent to Montreal.

He refused the offer of knighthood owing to the insufficiency of his means. But his name lives for ever in that of the great river on whose swirling waters he won everlasting fame.

Simon Fraser died April 19, 1862, at St. Andrew's, on the banks of the Ottawa, where we first found him dreaming his long dreams!

3. DAVID THOMPSON

In 1784 a fourteen-year-old boy from The Grey Coat School, London, entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. His sole assets consisted of some rude astronomical instruments and some slight knowledge of mathematics and surveying. But what was of infinitely more importance, he was possessed of a consuming passion for scientific investigation and accurate calculation. So the charity-school boy achieved fame as an explorer and surveyor, and remains the greatest cartographer Canada has ever known.

After thirteen years with the Hudson's Bay Company, finding their restrictions irksome, he enlisted with the North West Company, who gave him freer scope for prosecuting his researches.

A man of firm religious principles and fixed determination, he is an outstanding figure among the explorers and traders of the West.

Characteristic of him is his attitude toward the liquor question. He strongly deprecated the then prevalent use of spirituous liquors in trade with the Indians. The agents of the Company insisted on sending them, so he packed them on vicious horses which soon had the kegs in fragments and the liquor spilt. He then advised the agents of what he had done, promising to repeat the experiment, should they forward any more.

Doing thus rigidly what he considered right, he brooked no interference of any kind: "As soon as the mountains were passable I sent off the Clerk and men with the furs collected, among which were one hundred of the Mountain Goat Skins with their long silky hair, of a foot in length of a white colour tinged at the lower end with a very light shade of yellow. Some of the ignorant self-sufficient partners of the Company ridiculed

such an article for the London Market; there they went and sold at first sight for a guinea a skin, and half as much more for another lot, but there were no more. These same partners then wrote to me to procure as many as possible, I returned for answer, the hunting of the goat was both dangerous and laborious, and for their ignorant ridicule I would send no more, and I kept my word."

This same spirit of determination and strength of will was at the root of his successful dealings with the Indians, who could not but be influenced by his superior force of character. At the same time he took pains to understand their methods and made use of them wherever he found them particularly suited to the exigencies of the country.

His instruments inspired them with the greatest awe: they attributed to supernatural power what was really the result of scientific research coupled with his extraordinary faculty for observation and deduction, and his wonderful knowledge of woodcraft, nature-craft and the laws of the wilds.

Nothing escaped him; he records in his journal the social and religious customs of the natives, their language, handicrafts, and methods in peace and war, full details of animal, bird, and plant life, geological and topographical structure, in addition to all that pertained to his particular profession as cartographer—his discoveries, explorations, geographical and astronomical observations and calculations. In view of these amazing contributions to science, one almost loses sight of the fact that he was a partner of the North West Company and as such his time was chiefly employed in the establishment, organization, and management of the Company's fur-trading posts in a new and particularly difficult and dangerous region.

His treatment of the Indians was characteristically bold and shrewd. Knowing that a large band of

Piegans were ready to attack the post, he sent them presents—ornamented pipes and “six feet of tobacco to the Chief—eighteen inches to each of the three Chiefs and a small piece to each of them.” The Chiefs laid the presents on the ground and wistfully eyed the tobacco of which they had none. Going to war meant refusing the presents—they did not go to war. “Thus by the mercy of good Providence I averted this danger.”

His first ten years with the North West Company were occupied in surveying the vast expanse of little-known territory, with its intricate network of rivers and lakes, lying between Lake Superior and the Rockies, from the Missouri to the Peace. He visited the Mandan villages in mid-winter, discovered the source of the Mississippi, explored the headwaters of the Saskatchewan, travelled thence to Rainy River and Lake Athabasca, advancing everywhere with amazing celerity in spite of phenomenal hardships.

In 1807 he crossed the Rockies and built Kootenay House. This was the first post to be erected on the Columbia, the great river which is inseparably connected with his memory, and which he traced to its mouth in 1811. He made the dangerous trip through a country much of which was unknown and hitherto unexplored, partly by water and partly by land from the Big Bend of the Columbia to Kettle Falls. He arrived at Astoria with only seven *voyageurs* and in a birch-bark canoe of his own construction.

It is difficult to realize to-day the perils and problems attending this first exploration of the country by the whites. We shall perhaps get the most vivid picture of his adventures by taking a glance here and there into his journal. “On the twentieth we came to a large brook, so deep and rapid, the light horses could not cross it. We had to cut down a large cedar tree on its banks, which fell across it; and became a bridge

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over which we carried everything. We had to take each horse separate, and with a strong cord of hide, haul him across. We went up the bank and camped; our guide went a hunting; in the evening he came to us without success, and we went fasting to sleep, for we were tired." The guide now deserted. "This left us in a sad situation in these Mountains without provisions, or a guide, the melting of the Snow had made every brook a torrent, and did not allow the usual paths to be taken; we prayed the Almighty to relieve us." No guide could be found. "The dangers of the Mountains at this season were too great, and too well known to them, and I was not aware of this until it was too late." Finally the Chief himself came as guide and "I thanked God, for the anxiety of my situation was great, and was now entirely relieved, for I knew the manly character of the Lake Indian Chief, and justly placed confidence in him."

Of one wintry day in the mountains he records: "The view now before us was an extent of deep snow . . . it was to me a most exhilarating sight, but to my uneducated men a dreadful sight. They had no scientific object in view. . . . My men were the most hardy that could be picked out of a hundred brave hardy men, but the scene of desolation before us was dreadful, and I knew it; a heavy gale of wind, much more a mountain storm would have buried us beneath it." They found only enough wood "to make a small fire, which soon burnt out, and in this exposed situation we passed the rest of a long night without fire, and part of my men had strong feelings of personal insecurity. . . . Yet when night came, they admired the brilliancy of the stars, and as one of them said, he thought he could almost touch them with his hand. . . . As usual, when the fire was made I set off to examine the country before us. . . . I

returned and found part of my men with a pole of twenty feet in length boring the snow to find the bottom; I told them while we had good snowshoes it was no matter to us whether the snow was ten or one hundred feet deep."

We got interesting glimpses of his bartering with the natives: "In a short distance we came to a heavy Rapid, the high waves of which obliged us to put ashore, and carry everything full two miles; while we were doing this a Chief with about sixty men, their women and children came too and helped us over the Carrying Place. This being done, the Chief for himself and his people made a present of five horses, five good Salmon well roasted, a bushel of arrow wood berries which are sweet, wholesome and nourishing, about two bushels of various roots, some of which I had not seen before, and the dried meat of four small, very fat animals which I took to be marmots; the two latter with the five horses I requested the Chief to take in charge until we returned; for what we kept I paid three feet of tobacco, fourteen plain and stone rings, eighteen hawks' bells, six feet of a string of blue beads, nine feet of gartering, four papers of vermilion, four awls and six buttons, which they thankfully accepted."

The years 1807-12 were spent by him making history in British Columbia: to him we owe all the early knowledge of the south-eastern portion of the province. He explored the upper reaches of the Columbia and its tributaries, built posts, ascertaining their exact geographical position, and travelled to and fro among the defiles of the Rockies on fur-trading expeditions with marvellous speed and success.

He was thus employed when Simon Fraser named in his honour the great tributary of the Fraser, still known as the Thompson. "From an idea that our friends of the Fort des Prairies department are established

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upon the source of it among the mountains we gave it the name of Thompson River."

Being relieved of his arduous service among the mountains, he spent the year 1813-1814 in preparing his great map, and was chosen to act from 1816 to 1826 on the survey of the boundary between Canada and the United States. Then from position and affluence came a gradual decline to misery and want. Financial losses and loss of his eyesight overwhelmed him. We catch sad little glimpses of him selling his instruments, pawning his coat, borrowing a small sum and "thanking God for this relief." He died in poverty at Longueuil, February 10, 1857. It is only within recent years that Thompson has come into his own and received the appreciation he deserved. In 1922 a memorial fort was opened at Windermere Lake on the site which he had first selected for his Kootenay House.

CHAPTER XX

Fur-Trading Days

1. DANIEL WILLIAMS HARMON

AFTER the discoverer and the fort-builder come the men who are to carry on the daily round of trade. For them fame blows no trumpet. It is only now and again that one of them stands out plainly from the mass of the rank and file. Yet their life was the story of British Columbia for fifty years.

In 1810 John Stuart, who had accompanied Fraser in his exploration of the river, was in charge of New Caledonia, that vague region west of the Rocky Mountains, embracing more than one-half of the present Province of British Columbia. Now just at that time there was at Dunvegan, on Peace River, a Connecticut Yankee, shrewd and pious, Daniel Williams Harmon, then thirty-two years of age. He had been with the North West Company for ten years and had gained such a reputation that his partners selected him to go to New Caledonia to assist Stuart.

Harmon kept a diary from his entrance into the fur trade in 1800 until he quitted it in 1819, and from that book we obtain a good view of the daily life of a Nor'-West trader. In his day only two forts were continuously operated in that region: McLeod and St. James. Fort Fraser, which lay fifty miles west of the latter, was merely opened for a few months each winter. All the trading goods were brought over the long route from Montreal with its innumerable portages and *décharges*. It needs no vivid imagination to realize that luxuries could find no place in the traders' menu. No one even thought of carrying food over that immense distance;

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the forts must live, as Napoleon said an army should, off the occupied country.

So, Harmon's diet was salmon—and salmon continually. Occasionally it was varied with sturgeon, or white fish, or a little game; and the wild plants and roots made a desirable addition. In the spring after his arrival (1811) he planted potatoes and other vegetables, "the first that we ever sowed on this west side of the mountains."

The fur trader's work only occupied one-fifth of his time; the other four-fifths were at his own disposal. Some played chess, checkers, backgammon, or cards; many spent their time writing diaries and letters, producing those intimate accounts which enable us of a later generation to understand the life; a few whiled away the leisure with cornet, or fiddle, or flute; and others, of course, merely wasted it. Taken as a whole, however, the traders seem to have been inveterate readers; each of the forts had a fair number of good books and how well read and well thumbed they were! Harmon, deeply religious, meditated much on the great questions of life, death, and eternity.

The trader did more than merely exchange his commodities with the Indians: he often guided their conduct. One day a band of five savages, who were setting out to take a scalp or two from another tribe, called at Fort St. James. In answer to his enquiries Harmon found that the intended victims had done them no injury. "But," said their war-chief, "We have lost a relative and we must try to even up his death by the death of some one." This gave Harmon his opportunity. "Why do you think," cried he, "I have come so far to bring you guns, and powder, and ball? Is it to help you to kill Indians or to help you to kill beaver? You know that if you returned with a hundred scalps I would not give you a pint of rum nor a pipeful of

tobacco for them; but if you bring back beaver skins you can get anything you want." After a little reflection the war-chief said that they would accept the advice, abandon their scalp-hunting expedition, return to their own grounds, and hunt the beaver.

And so for nine years Harmon carried on the fur trade, principally at Fort St. James. We see him in mid-winter journeying to Fort McLeod, and hundreds of miles farther to Rocky Mountain Portage and Dunvegan; we see him guiding and directing the conduct of the natives; employing simple remedies to cure them of their illnesses; chastising some braggadocio fellow for his loud-mouthed vaunting; explaining to the Indians the mystery of an eclipse of the sun; like Pepys making good resolutions, but, unlike him, keeping them; composing, like Doctor Johnson, prayers for special occasions; looking forward anxiously, counting over the twelve months until the brigade shall arrive, bringing letters from the outside world, and then weeping over the news that it brings of the death of some relative in Connecticut; and striving at all times to make plain to his dusky helpmate and their dusky offspring the eternal truths of the Christian religion.

Finally in 1819 Harmon passes off the stage of British Columbian history. In that year, accompanied by his half-breed spouse and his family, he leaves New Caledonia to take up his residence and enjoy a well-earned repose amongst his own people in Connecticut.

2. PETER WARREN DEASE

This man first comes into view west of the Rocky Mountains when he is in charge of the small establishment of Fort McLeod. At that time the trade route to New Caledonia ran along the Peace River, and Fort McLeod, being the point where land and water met, was, though a solitary place, one of considerable importance.

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In 1823 Dease handed over the command of this post to John Tod and the next time we see him he is prominent in the expedition of Sir John Franklin, 1825-27. In the latter year he returned to the west of the Rocky Mountains and was in charge of the Flathead post. In 1828 we catch a glimpse of his stalwart figure, as he travels with the brigade from Fort Colville to Okanagan with a crate containing three pigs for New Caledonia.

In 1830 he became Superintendent of New Caledonia. The chief interest in him in that capacity is that he improved the conditions of life in the interior forts by the introduction of cattle. This was to the fur trader as great a service as the discovery of a remedy for scurvy was to the seaman. The staff of life in New Caledonia was salmon. In Harmon's day, as already mentioned, a little garden truck had been added, but the ground soon ceased to yield.

Immediately upon his appointment Dease imported cattle and placed them at every post that could grow enough food to maintain them. Thus a wondrous change was effected in the fort life in New Caledonia, and it was brought nearer the standard prevailing in the more favoured posts. The letters from New Caledonia rhapsodize over the fact that the different forts now began "to set a table," and the traders to enjoy the luxury of milk and butter, potatoes and cabbage. McLean says: "To Mr. Dease, however, the praise is due of having introduced this new order of things; he it was who first introduced cattle from Fort Vancouver; it was he who first introduced farming and recommended it to others."

Dease's reign was only of four years' duration, 1830-34, but these improvements won for him both respect and affection. After leaving New Caledonia, he succumbed again to the lure of the Far North and in 1837-39 was engaged in tracing the Arctic coast from the Mac-

kenzie River to Point Barrow, and in exploring the country between the Great Slave Lake and the Coppermine River. On his return from this successful expedition, which, according to Sir George Simpson, had achieved more than all his modern predecessors put together, he was offered a knighthood, but refused it. He retired from active service in 1842 when, Malcolm McLeod tells us, the British Government tendered him a pension of a hundred pounds sterling and he settled in the vicinity of Montreal.

3. JOHN TOD

John Tod, a really unique character in the fur trade, was born in Leven, Scotland, about 1791. He seems to have emigrated to the Hudson's Bay Territories with Lord Selkirk's colonists. Later he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and was stationed at several of the eastern posts. Bancroft tells the following story: In 1823, after a quarrel with one of Governor Simpson's servants, Tod received a message requiring his presence before the Governor.

"Sit down, Mr. Tod," smilingly said he, "I have to inform you, my dear sir, of a new appointment by the governor-in-council."

"Ah, indeed!" returned Tod, "Where to, may I ask?"

"New Caledonia," was the laconic response.

"The very place of all in the world that I should like to go to," Tod answered, his beaming countenance showing not the least sign of disappointment in being sent to the place that was regarded as the Botany Bay of the Company.

He reached Fort McLeod in 1823. There Tod had leisure to indulge his fondness for music and for letter-writing. His faithful flute—albeit a trifle discordant—could be heard at almost any hour of the

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day. If, in his spare time, he was not playing he was writing long epistles in which he sometimes sees himself meeting his friends over a social pipe or bowl in convivial and unrestrained conversation, or dreams of the time when he will be able to retire and settle down as a farmer near other retired traders, or in a different mood growls at the country because of its lonesomeness, or at the company for its long delay in granting him a commission as Chief Trader. And then when the brigade does arrive to give a moment's life to the lonely spot, he complains of the "landing of the noisy brigade of canoes; men, women, and children clamouring for potatoes and fish."

About 1826 the route of travel was changed from the Peace River to the North Saskatchewan. This left Fort McLeod off the line of the brigade and its lonesomeness increased tenfold.

In September, 1828, Governor Simpson reached Fort McLeod on his celebrated canoe voyage. His arrival was quite unexpected, and Tod quite unprepared. Nevertheless, the genial Scot smiled the guests a Highland welcome, though the fort contained nothing to eat, for the fish had failed him. More interesting than the arrival of the Governor or the question of food were the letters which the party brought. Tod says: "I locked myself up and became not only invisible but to some degree insensible to the unusual concourse which had just assembled at my solitary habitation, and, though the reiterated cries of 'Mr. Tod!' 'Mr. Tod!' resounded from various parts of the fort I lent a deaf ear to the whole."

A visit in the spring of 1829 to Fort Vancouver was followed in 1832 by his departure from New Caledonia for England, though on the way he remained some time at York Factory. Returning in 1838 in company with the first Catholic missionaries—and we

can well believe that Tod seized the opportunity to discuss religious questions with them on the route—he lived for a short time at Fort Vancouver, where the “Grand Old Man of Oregon,” Dr. McLoughlin, held undisputed sway. In 1839 and 1840 he was at the company’s farm at Cowlitz Prairie, in the present State of Washington, gaining, as he says, “considerable practical knowledge of farming which I trust to make good use of hereafter.”

But the company sent him on to his “stepmother, New Caledonia.” He was only settled at Fort Alexandria when, in March, 1841, he learned of the murder of Samuel Black, the Chief Factor at Kamloops. Being himself now a Chief Trader, Tod, without waiting for orders, set off at once to take temporary charge at that post. There he spent some months directing the pursuit of the murderer, who, hunted from place to place like a wild animal, was finally run to earth and killed on the banks of the Fraser.

In 1844 Tod was sent to take charge at Kamloops. This part of his life is filled with adventure and many are the stories of his bravery and resourcefulness in handling difficult situations. He combined good executive ability with a thorough understanding of the Indian character.

Tod remained at Kamloops until about 1850, when he retired from the service and settled near Victoria. He was one of the council appointed by Governor Blanshard on the eve of his departure in 1851. He spent his remaining years near Victoria, where he died on 31st August, 1882. John Tod was tall, spare, and wiry—a commanding figure, though in a different way from either McLoughlin or Douglas. His curly, usually dishevelled hair, his glittering grey eyes flashing fun and intelligence, his strong, if irregular features, his

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nervous, eccentric actions in conversation combined to make a striking, if not an imposing, picture.

4. RODERICK FINLAYSON

Roderick Finlayson was connected with Victoria from its earliest days. Born in Ross-shire, Scotland, in 1818, he entered the Hudson's Bay Company's service in 1837. Two years later he was sent out to the Columbia District. In 1840 he accompanied the party which took over the "pan-handle" strip of Alaska, that had just been leased to the company. He remained for three years in the forts of that region; but in 1843, after Douglas had selected the site of Fort Victoria and commenced the work, Finlayson was brought down to aid in its construction. When it was completed he became the second in command. In the spring of 1844 his superior officer died and he was placed in sole charge.

The importance of Victoria increased as the time drew near for it to assume its intended position as the principal post of the company. In 1845 Captains Warre and Vavasour visited the fort, which they say is "under the superintendence of a civil but hard Scot named Finlaison."

In 1849 the headquarters of the company were removed from Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River to Fort Victoria. The presence of his superior officer naturally reduced the burden of responsibility. When Douglas was appointed Governor of the Colony of Vancouver Island in 1851, Finlayson became one of the Council, while at the same time occupying the position of Treasurer of the company. With the advent of the gold-seekers in 1858 came a great change. Victoria was transformed, almost in a night, from a fur-trading post into a bustling business centre. At that time, there being no banks in the colony, the miners left their money

and gold dust with Finlayson for safe-keeping. In later years he referred with justifiable pride to the fact that no difficulties had arisen in any of these transactions. This speaks volumes for the reputation for fair dealing that he had acquired. After the retirement of Douglas in 1858, the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs were in the hands of a board of management, of which Finlayson was a member. In 1872 he retired from the company's service and spent the remaining twenty years of his life in dignified and respected leisure.

CHAPTER XXI

Colonial Days

1. RICHARD BLANSHARD

THE FUR TRADER had blazed the way through the wildernesses of New Caledonia, and had founded forts on Vancouver Island and along the Pacific coast. It was now time for the colonist to finish what the fur trader had begun. If Britain wished to hold her territory north of forty-nine and keep all Vancouver Island, it was thought necessary for her to plant a colony on the Pacific coast.

There was one obstacle in the way, the trading rights of the Hudson's Bay Company. If a colony was formed it would interfere with those rights, since the trader in furs and the settler who tills the soil can never live long together. Agriculture always kills the fur trade. But after consideration, the British Government accepted a suggestion, offered by the heads of the Hudson's Bay Company, that the company undertake to colonize Vancouver Island. One of the terms was that a royal governor be sent out to the new colony. The governor chosen was Richard Blanshard.

Blanshard was a very fine English gentleman, by profession a barrister, and he probably expected to be kept very busy governing Vancouver Island. He was doomed to disappointment. When he arrived at Fort Victoria on March 10, 1850, on board H.M.S. *Driver*, he found that he was a governor without a colony. Everything was controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company.

The real ruler of Vancouver Island was chief factor James Douglas, who was in charge of the fur trade west of the Rocky Mountains. On one occasion

Blanshard attempted, at Douglas' expense, to vindicate his authority as governor. The chief factor had given a clearance to the Hudson's Bay ship *Cadboro*, a privilege which, Blanshard claimed, belonged to the governor alone. So he summoned Douglas and the master of the *Cadboro* to his presence, pointed out the illegality of Douglas' action, and bound both "in their own personal security to appear if called upon again, and then discharged them." Blanshard could do nothing else. He had neither constable nor gaol. All he could do was to apply to the officer commanding the fort, James Douglas, for leave to imprison chief factor James Douglas and the ship's master in the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, and to appoint one of the servants to guard them. So ended Blanshard's attempt to enforce his authority.

When Blanshard accepted the appointment to Vancouver Island he was promised by the Hudson's Bay Company, as he claimed, one thousand acres of land in the colony. He had also agreed to serve without salary from either the British Government or the Hudson's Bay Company. Before he left the colony he attempted to secure one hundred acres from the company, but was unable to do so. Living expenses were very high, all prices being regulated by those charged in California. Blanshard later stated that it cost him about \$5,500 a year to live in Vancouver Island.

He resigned and left the colony in 1851, leaving behind him a council of three, headed by James Douglas. The royal governor had been a "fifth wheel to the coach," and the Hudson's Bay Company's officials breathed more freely after he had gone.

2. SIR JAMES DOUGLAS

Sir James Douglas has been called "the Father of British Columbia," and certainly he holds a unique

place in the story of the province. When, at the age of twenty-two, he arrived in New Caledonia, the whole country west of the Rocky Mountains was a vast game preserve controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company. When he died in 1877 at Victoria, B.C., the Province of British Columbia had for six years been a part of the Dominion of Canada. During the half century that Douglas lived on the Pacific slope, he witnessed great changes. The American settlers came into Oregon and the Oregon Treaty of 1846 fixed the boundary between the United States and the British Possessions. The two colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia were created by the British Government and he ruled over them; first over Vancouver Island and then, after the formation of British Columbia in 1858, over both colonies until 1864. After Douglas retired, separate governors were appointed, but the two colonies were united in 1866 and the united colony joined the Canadian federation in 1871. Before Douglas' death negotiations were in progress for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway which was to unite Canada from sea to sea.

Born in Scotland in 1803, James Douglas entered the service of the North West Company in 1819. He spent nearly a year at Fort William, the depot of the company situated at the head of Lake Superior. Then in 1820 he was sent hundreds of miles inland to Fort Isle à la Crosse, in what is now northern Saskatchewan. After five years at that post he was transferred to New Caledonia. The North West Company united with the Hudson's Bay Company in the year 1821, and young Douglas entered the employ of the great fur trading company. He was only a clerk at this time with a salary of less than one hundred pounds a year, but he worked hard and finally rose to the exalted rank of chief factor.

While in New Caledonia, where he remained from 1825 to 1830, Douglas married Amelia Connolly, a daughter of chief factor William Connolly, who, then in charge of the district, was residing at Fort St. James. Douglas found that it was a great advantage to have a chief factor for his father-in-law. In 1830 he was transferred to the depot of the Columbia Department, Fort Vancouver, now Vancouver, Washington. There Douglas served under that remarkable man, Dr. John McLoughlin, who from 1824 to 1846 was in charge of all the trade of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains. Douglas became accountant at Fort Vancouver and several times took the annual "express" across the mountains to York Factory on Hudson Bay. The "express" carried the reports of the Columbia Department to headquarters, and brought back official documents and private letters from York Factory to Fort Vancouver. Most of the supplies for the Columbia Department, including New Caledonia, the "outfits" as they were called, were brought by ship direct from England, around Cape Horn, to Fort Vancouver.

When Dr. McLoughlin retired from the service of the company in 1846, James Douglas became one of the Committee of management for the Columbia Department. In 1849 the depot was transferred from Fort Vancouver to Fort Victoria, a post which Douglas had founded in 1843. In the same year, 1849, the colony of Vancouver Island was formed and Richard Blanshard was sent out as governor. In 1851 Douglas became governor of the colony as well as chief factor in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's fur trade west of the Rockies. He had had no previous experience in the administration of public affairs, but he soon proved himself to be a very conscientious and able governor.

In 1858 the great gold rush to the Fraser River occurred and the new colony of British Columbia

came into being. Douglas became governor of this colony also, at the same time severing all connections with the Hudson's Bay Company. From 1858 to 1864 he ruled both colonies, very successfully on the whole, although he did not lack critics, especially on the mainland. During these years the famous gold fields of Cariboo were discovered and opened up, and the Cariboo wagon road was built. Much good work was done by Colonel Moody and the Royal Engineers, who were sent out from England in 1858 by the Colonial Secretary, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the well-known novelist. Other roads and trails were also constructed. In fact, Douglas has been called "a King of Roads."

A Legislative Assembly was set up in Vancouver Island in 1856, the first popular assembly to be constituted in British North America, west of the Great Lakes. Of this assembly the Honourable Dr. John Sebastian Helmcken, who died in 1920, was the Speaker. A Legislative Council was established in British Columbia in 1864, just before Douglas retired from the Governorship.

Douglas' official career came to an end in 1864. He might have been reappointed, but he was tired of office and wished to spend his old age quietly in Victoria. He then made a journey to Europe, visiting England, Scotland, France, Italy, and Spain, but he found no part of the world so attractive as Vancouver Island. Returning in 1865, he lived quietly in Victoria, looking after his estates—for he now was a rich man—interested in his gardens, his fruit trees, his flocks and his herds, surrounded by his family and his friends, universally respected and beloved, until his sudden death in 1877. The people of British Columbia erected a monument to his memory, which stands in front of the Legislative Buildings at Victoria, B.C., looking toward the site of old Fort Victoria.

CHAPTER XXII

Mining, Roads and Development

1. JOHN A. CAMERON: "CARIBOO CAMERON"

FROM the time the Californian miners arrived in British Columbia in 1858 they followed, relentlessly, the trail of gold ever northward and eastward until it led them to Andvari's Hoard, hidden in the jumbled region called Cariboo. Of all the gold-bearing creeks of Cariboo the most famous, as well as the richest, is Williams Creek; and of all the miners who there burrowed in the ground for the "yellow root of evil," the best known is John A. Cameron, otherwise "Cariboo Cameron." His life is, in some respects, typical of the Cariboo miner's life.

Cameron, who was a native of Glengarry, Ontario, had mined in California in the early fifties and about 1859 had revisited his home, married, and returned to California, where he continued to mine until 1862, when the yellow magnet drew him Cariboo-ward. He did not tramp to Cariboo with a pack on his back. He had made a little money in California, and, buying two horses, he and his wife (who was one of the first white women to reside in Cariboo) rode all the way from Yale to Williams Creek. At the same time, with an eye to resale, Cameron bought a considerable quantity of goods and forwarded them to the mines.

When he reached Williams Creek all the mining was in the shallow diggings above the canyon. Claims had been staked below the canyon, but no one had "struck" anything in that part. In August, 1862, he with six others located seven hundred feet of abandoned ground lying between the Raby and the Moffit claims.

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This was afterwards the celebrated Cameron claim, situated about a mile below the canyon. A fortnight after the claim had been staked, Cameron and his friends were much enheartened by the news that "Billy Barker" had struck the lead below the canyon at a depth of fifty-two feet, obtaining five dollars to the pan. Still it required money to sink a shaft fifty or sixty feet in those days, when ordinary labourers were receiving



GOLD ESCORT GUARDING A SHIPMENT FROM THE CARIBOO

ten to sixteen dollars a day, and other expenses on the same high scale. One by one the others dropped out until Cameron became the principal owner. In October Mrs. Cameron died of mountain fever, as typhoid was called there. Her body was temporarily buried by being placed in a cabin—the temperature hovering around thirty below zero. All through the winter the work on the claim underground went on, though under many difficulties because of the low temperature. Fortune smiled on the persevering man and on December

2, 1862, the Cameron claim "bottomed," that is, reached the bedrock, and struck it rich, thirty-five pans giving \$155. In January, 1863, Cameron with his trusty friend, Robert Stevenson, brought his wife's body out from Cariboo over the snow, dragging it on a toboggan as far as Beaver Lake—seventy-two miles—in eleven days, with the thermometer ranging around forty below zero. There a horse was purchased to draw the toboggan and in this way the body was brought to Douglas and on to Victoria, where it was embalmed and buried. Cameron returned with his friend and partner, Stevenson, to continue the work on the claim.

Williams Creek was then a busy hive. For a distance of about two and a half miles it was dotted with claims, covered with shacks and shaft-houses, criss-crossed with flumes and sluice boxes, and filled with "tailings" and debris of all kinds. The shafts were sunk usually about fifty or sixty feet to the slate bedrock upon which the paystreak lay. That streak was a stratum of blue clay, from three to five feet thick. In many places as one crawled or stooped moving along the low dripping chambers of the mine, one could, in the very rich claims, see the glistening yellow peppering the sides of the drift, but usually it was imperceptible. The pay dirt, brought up in buckets raised by a windlass, was emptied into the dump-box. A stream of water carried in a flume was discharged into that box and ran off in a long series of sluice boxes. The gold thus separated from the accompanying clay was caught by some arresting device in the bottom of the box, usually transverse bars called "riffles." The mines were kept free of water by pumps driven by great overshot water-wheels, which creaked and groaned through all the twenty-four hours. The dump-boxes in which the gold had been caught were regularly emptied each day at noon. The record of the Cameron claim showed that

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the yield varied from forty to one hundred and twelve ounces per shaft per day; as there were three shafts, that would make the weekly output range from ten thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars. But, as eighty men were employed, the weekly expenses were heavy, averaging about seven thousand dollars. Yet even at that there would appear to be a good profit left for the fortunate owner.

During the summer of 1863 the claim continued to produce on the same lavish scale. Cameron personally superintended its working. In October, 1863, hoping to spend his remaining days in affluence, he resolved to return to Glengarry with his wife's body and the fortune that in less than a year's operations he had accumulated. He retained, however, an interest in the mine, which was still producing about twenty-five thousand dollars per week. On leaving Camerontown, Williams Creek, he was escorted by a procession of two hundred persons as far as Berkerville, about one hundred of whom accompanied him four or five miles further, when they returned after giving three hearty cheers for the fortunate miner. It is not known how much money Cameron had sent out before he left the creek; but it is known how much he took with him on leaving. Milton and Cheadle, on their way to Cariboo, met in the vicinity of Lac la Hache "a small bullock-wagon, escorted by about twenty armed miners on foot. This proved," they say, "to contain 630 pounds weight of gold, the profits of Mr. Cameron, the principal shareholder in the noted Cameron claim." The value of this gold, as shown by the mint's assay, was about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Reaching Victoria he exhumed his wife's body and, taking it with him and accompanied by his friend, Robert Stevenson, he commenced the long journey homeward by way of San Francisco and the Isthmus of

Panama. Arriving at last at Cornwall, Ontario, his wife's old home, he buried her for the third time. Cameron was then forty-three years of age, with this (then) enormous fortune and his interest in the mine. He gave generously; spent lavishly; and invested somewhat recklessly. All this, in combination with his business losses and losses by fire, so depleted his capital that by 1888 his vast fortune had completely vanished. He returned to British Columbia to make another, but the field had been reaped and gleaned; there was nothing for him. He arrived at Barkerville, Williams Creek, in September, 1888, and died there about a month later—November 7, 1888. And his body lies to-day in the quiet little cemetery at Williams Creek, almost overlooking, as it were, the scene of his unparalleled success.

2. WALTER MOBERLY

In the account of the exploration of British Columbia just a little lower than the names of those giants in the work, Mackenzie, Fraser, and Thompson, stands the name of Walter Moberly. "He was a born explorer," observed Mr. Henry J. Cambie, himself Canada's greatest surviving pioneer railway builder and explorer, upon one occasion when discussing the history of exploration in the province.

A nephew of Bishop Moberly of Salisbury and son of a retired post-captain in the British Navy, Walter Moberly was brought to Canada as a child three years of age. After some strenuous exploratory and engineering experiences in Eastern Canada and a period as one of the assistants of that distinguished engineer, Sir Sandford Fleming, Moberly, who had heard of the discovery of rich gold deposits in the bars of the Fraser River, came out to the infant colony of British Columbia. He brought a letter of introduction from Sir George

Simpson, the head of the Hudson's Bay Company, to Sir James Douglas, the Governor of the colony.

His medium height and build and his intellectual cast of countenance hardly suggested the iron physique and tremendous powers of resistance to hardship which subsequently enabled him to accomplish more in the matter of continuous exploration than any other man who has engaged in this work in British Columbia. When seventy years of age he was still an expert axeman. Sometimes at government expense, and often at his own, this intrepid explorer would disappear into the sea of uncharted mountains and valleys, accompanied by a few Indians or white men, to emerge six or eight months later with information and plans actually prepared with meticulous care during the exploration. His field books contain many examples of the manner in which he worked out his notes on the ground.

Walter Moberly in most of his explorations had one end in view: the discovery of a suitable route for a railway through this sea of mountains. Long before railway connection was spoken of, he had dreamed of a solution of the North-West Passage by connecting the East and the West with bands of steel. Ever he sought a pass through which that railway should come. Ultimately his efforts were rewarded and he placed the crown upon his explorations. This was in June, 1865, when, after having sat for a session in the legislative council as the representative of Cariboo West, he left New Westminster with Mr. Albert ("Mountaineer") Perry and two Indians. One of them was Victor, an interior Indian who had been his companion upon many expeditions and of whom he always spoke very highly. This was his first exploration of British Columbia east of Kamloops and it occupied many months. He crossed the Gold Range to the Columbia River, about two miles below the Dalles des Morts ("Death Rapids"), where he

Builders of the West

built a canoe and descended the river for some distance before he determined to make his way back again over the Gold Range, seeking The Pass. He climbed a high mountain and from its summit had a magnificent view of Eagle River and Shuswap Lake. From the top of that mountain, which he named Mount Moody, after his friend Colonel Moody, commander of the Royal Engineers in British Columbia, he first saw The Pass. "It was the eagles that gave me the idea that there was a pass there," he explained when describing the exploration. "I watched them as they flew up the Columbia River and I saw them make a big bend off. I knew that eagles always follow a stream or make for an opening in the mountains, and I just followed the direction they took and found and I think very appropriately named the 'Eagle Pass.'" There he blazed a tree and, with prophetic vision, wrote upon it with red chalk: "This is the route for the Overland Railway." At the Big Eddy in the Columbia Valley he posted a notice that all land in that immediate vicinity had been reserved by the Crown.

Much of his exploration was carried on in spruce bark canoes. The Indians were expert in the manufacture of this kind of canoe, which was very light, not weighing, when empty, more than one hundred pounds, and easily portaged by one man. So lightly was it constructed that it was necessary to reinforce the interior with cedar bark to prevent the canoeist's foot from accidentally going through. Holes were naturally of frequent occurrence but these were quickly repaired. The canoeist always carried gum, collected from a tree, and as this was brittle, mixed some bacon grease with it. This, and some rags to paste over the hole, constituted a simple mending outfit.

But Walter Moberly was not only an explorer. He was a builder of roads also. He had, in association

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with Mr. Edgar Dewdney, built the "Dewdney trail" from Hope eastward. He had, moreover, played a prominent part in the conception and construction of that remarkable pioneer highway through the wilds of the colony, known as the Cariboo Road, the greatest piece of pioneer road-building that this Dominion has witnessed. It is not easy for those who do not know the rugged country through which a large part of that road passed to realize the stupendous nature of the task that the builders set themselves. It cost about one million dollars and was four hundred miles in length, reaching from Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser, to Barkerville, the centre of the gold-mining region: the population of the colony at that time was less than thirty-five thousand. Few made money out of its construction, and at least one man, Moberly himself, finished "broke."

Gold had been discovered in Cariboo, and the only way that the miners could reach the mines at the outset was by pack trail. This meant much hardship, delay, and inconvenience; it meant, besides, inordinate prices. Moberly advocated the building of this road by way of the Fraser and the Thompson. Again and again he urged its construction upon Governor Douglas, pointing out the great relief it would afford to the one industry of the mainland. The Governor, having gone over the ground with him, was eventually persuaded. The story of the building of the road and the various forms of early traffic upon it is one of the most picturesque and vivid stories of early British Columbia. Governor Douglas could get no assistance from the Home Land and, in consequence, had to resort to many different arrangements to secure its completion; sometimes a section would be paid for in cash, at other times an arrangement would be made whereby the contractor obtained the right for a certain time to collect specified

tolls to recoup himself. The Royal Engineers built two pieces; Sir Joseph W. Trutch, later the first, esteemed and able Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, built the suspension bridge and at least two portions; and Moberly, himself a practical engineer, undertook to build a part; but Gustavus Blinn Wright, a remarkable pioneer contractor, trail-blazer, and store-keeper, built by far the greater part of it.

Some idea of the cost of transportation in the early sixties may be gained when it is mentioned that it cost as high as fifty-five cents a pound to convey supplies from Yale to Lytton, a distance of about fifty miles, for the use of the builders of the road. Large numbers of Indians regularly packed supplies over the trails before the advent of the road and while it was under construction. This road was the first public work in which the Chinese were employed; it was almost impossible to secure white labour owing to the Cariboo gold excitement.

Moberly—after whom Moberly Lake and River in the eastern part of the province, and Moberly School in Vancouver are named—had a varied career outside of British Columbia. His adventures in Utah, where he met the famous Mormon leader, Brigham Young, his mining experiences at Mountain City in Nevada, and other episodes of this part of his life constitute a picturesque and intensely interesting story. He was one of the first two men to commence clearing the site of the city of New Westminster. He claimed to have been the first white man, after Captain Vancouver, to enter Burrard Inlet when the site of the future city of Vancouver was giant forest. He laid the first sewer system in Winnipeg and was the architect of some of its chief pioneer buildings.

For many years in his old age he was completely forgotten by the powers that were, and, like David

Thompson, lived almost in poverty until the last two years of his life, when his services and his ability were finally recognized.

3. HENRY J. CAMBIE

After the builder of roads comes the builder of railways, Mr. Henry J. Cambie, one of Canada's grand old men of railway construction, and an explorer, is still living in Vancouver, hale, fresh-complexioned, white-haired and blue-eyed, at the advanced age of eighty-eight years, when this history goes to press. An Irish youth raised in an old, battlemented residence, Henry Cambie accompanied his parents to Canada when in his teens. He seems to have been a born builder of railways, for we find him in early manhood in charge of the construction of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway (subsequently taken over by the Canadian Pacific Railway) in the beautiful valley in Nova Scotia, rendered famous by Longfellow's "Evangeline." Subsequently he was in charge of an important part of the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. During the interval he spent some years in exploring in the wilds of Ontario.

In 1874 he entered upon his real life work when he was sent out as one of those to "spy out the land" and its possibilities for a transcontinental railway, which should have its terminus on one of the numerous inlets that ramify from the Pacific. Upon arriving at what is now the city of Vancouver, he was informed by that bluff old sea-dog, Captain Raymur, then manager of the Hastings Mill—which is still in operation—that no one but the veriest fool would think of making Burrard Inlet the terminus of such a railway. Cambie thought otherwise and so reported to his superior officer. It was the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie, then Premier

of Canada and Minister of Railways, who sent Mr. Cambie the telegram which gave him authority to survey the Fraser River route. He still has that worn and yellowed telegram among his most prized possessions. That survey was to extend from the Yellowhead Pass to Port Moody at the head of Burrard Inlet, now Vancouver Harbour. The work was completed in the following year. All the fine staff of engineers, except Mr. Cambie, have passed on; and yet he was the oldest of them all.

The information obtained by that survey was embodied in a lengthy report by Mr. Cambie and published by the Canadian Government. It practically settled the location of the railway through the canyons of the Fraser. But many people still believed that the route should be by way of Bute Inlet. Mr. Cambie was, therefore, sent to gain further information concerning the country between the Rockies and the coast and especially to explore a line by way of the Skeena valley and the Peace and Pine rivers. The experiences of this intrepid explorer upon this and other explorations would fill an interesting volume. Once at Fort McLeod he and his companions patched up an old boat which had been abandoned by the Hudson's Bay Company and drifted in it down the Parsnip and the Peace to the Rocky Mountain Canyon, a distance of over two hundred miles. There they met a family of Indians hunting, who helped them to portage the ten miles around the canyon to the Hudson's Bay post known as Hudson's Hope (one of the many "Rocky Mountain Houses"), where they made a raft and drifted another one hundred and fifty miles to Fort Dunvegan. "The last part of the trip was in August," Mr. Cambie recalls, "and, as the berries on the southern slopes of the hills were beginning

to ripen, the number of bears—grizzlies and others—('berry-pickers') surpassed anything I have ever known or heard of. Often we would see on the banks of the river three or four bears together."

Then followed the great construction period when the dream of years slowly changed to an actuality. Mr. Cambie is a very modest man. "Please make it clear that, although I explored and surveyed and planned the course of the Canadian Pacific Railway through a large portion of this province, the only part that was built under my direct supervision was that running through the canyons of the Fraser," he insisted upon one occasion. Those who know the awe-inspiring canyons of the Fraser, with their towering rampart-like rock-masses, through which and cut into which the parallel rails wind their sinuous course, alternately far above or close beside the turbulent Fraser as it rushes to the Pacific, will realize that this part of the work was the *pièce de résistance* when the line was driven through the province.

Those were great days. Many of the scenes of vivid life which had marked that picturesque period in the history of the province referred to in the story of Walter Moberly, were re-enacted along part of the same route—though with pronounced differences. Nearly every nationality in the world was represented, and for the first time in the prosecution of a public work in the province Chinese were *imported* and employed in large numbers to assist. "It will never be known how many violent deaths took place during that dangerous construction period," Mr. Cambie freely admits.

In order to lay out the work, Cambie and a few of his assistant engineers, steadying themselves by ropes which had been strung by two sailors from rock to rock

and from tree to tree, went along in their bare feet with, first, a precipice, and then Kamloops Lake, of unknown depth, immediately below them. One engineer was killed. No such mountain work had ever been attempted in Canada before, and the engineers were confronted with new problems every day.

"One of our great troubles," says Mr. Cambie, "was the old Cariboo wagon road, which ran for miles alongside the railway, above and below it, crossing and recrossing, and which had to be kept open as it was the only means of access to the upper country or, indeed, beyond the 'end of steel.' The difficulty of accomplishing this may be realized by people who have seen 'Prairie Schooners,' which usually consisted of two wagons coupled together and drawn by nine yoke of oxen or teams of mules or horses—the whole over one hundred feet long. It will be gathered what this meant when a crossing was on a curve."

"I remember upon one occasion, near the Alexandra Suspension Bridge, in the vicinity of Spuzzum," Mr. Cambie recalls, "when a fine old fellow named Dave McBeth, who was well known in British Columbia, had got the slide partly cleaned away when a coach came along the road, driven by that notable whip, Steve Tingley. Among the loose stuff a rock, of which Dave was unaware, had been left, and the coach, in which was Judge McCreight, upset. The judge was very irritated and told Dave, much to the amusement of the passengers, that if he was ever brought before him he would have no compunction in having him hanged for his carelessness in allowing such an accident to happen."

It is not difficult to imagine the overwhelming sense of responsibility that Mr. Cambie must have experienced until this great work was brought to a successful termination and the last spike was driven by

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Sir Donald A. Smith, later Lord Strathcona, in 1885, at Craigellachie. Before, during, and after construction this railway builder was more or less intimate with Sir William Van Horne and Lord Shaughnessy, the first and second presidents of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and with Sir John A. Macdonald, and he therefore knows, as does no other living man, the inside, as well as the constructional, history of that stupendous work which resulted in binding Atlantic and Pacific together with twin bands of steel.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Struggle for Responsible Government

1. JOHN ROBSON

BORN in Perth, Ontario, in 1824, and smitten with the gold fever in his early manhood, John Robson came to British Columbia in 1859. We first find him mining for gold on Hill's Bar, about a mile below Yale, the richest, longest-worked, and best-paying of all the bars of Fraser River. We see him next, stalwart and striking, wielding axe and froe in making cedar stakes, or clearing lots, or building roads in and about the forest site of the future city of New Westminster. This is a part of his career upon which he always looked back with pride.

Our next glimpse of him is when, in 1861, he takes charge as proprietor and founder of the *British Columbian* newspaper, of which he is both business and editorial head. In his hands it was a fearless newspaper, fighting at all times the battle of the people; and to-day it is still a power in the community.

He carried on his newspaper with success until, after the union of the two colonies (Vancouver Island and British Columbia) in 1866, and the removal of the capital to Victoria in 1868, he determines to take the *Columbian* with him to Victoria. This was a period of marked depression and Mr. Robson, finding the change a losing venture, ceased publication and became one of the editors of the *Victoria Colonist*.

From 1866 to 1870 he was a member of the Legislative Council of British Columbia and from 1872 to 1875 a member of the Provincial Legislature. During the stirring days of the struggle for Confederation John Robson was one of the foremost supporters of that move-

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ment. In season and out of season he preached union with the new Dominion. The columns of the *Columbian* are filled with arguments in favour of that step. From 1875 to 1879 Mr. Robson occupied the office of paymaster in connection with the surveys for the Canadian Pacific Railway. When that position was abolished he returned from Victoria to New Westminster and obtained control of a newspaper, the name of which he soon changed to the *British Columbian*.

For four years he published his paper, always writing its informed editorials in terse English and making it a power in the affairs of the province. In the election of 1882 the Beaven Government was defeated and John Robson, now well known throughout the province and recognized as an able public speaker and writer, was elected to represent New Westminster District. The Smythe Government was formed and Mr. Robson took in it the portfolio of Provincial Secretary.

In 1889, on the death of Mr. A. E. B. Davie, Mr. Robson reached the highest office that his adopted province could offer him, that of premier. He passed away in London, England, three years later, at the age of sixty-eight years.

It would be difficult to over estimate the influence of this sterling type of public man upon the destiny of British Columbia during those difficult formative years when the young province was finding its feet. Able, modest, genial, but very firm when he had made up his mind—and a man of vision, to boot—he was popular amongst his friends and respected by his opponents. Besides advocating union with Canada, he was a consistent, courageous, and outspoken champion of responsible government; his editorials on that subject during the strenuous years of the struggle were beyond all praise as an influence awakening the people to the importance of the question.

2. AMOR DE COSMOS

In the administration of affairs in British Columbia in the pioneer days, no figure stands out more picturesquely and prominently than that of the Honourable Amor De Cosmos, at one time its premier, and at the same time—dual representation being then permitted—one of its representatives both in the Dominion House of Commons and in the Provincial Legislature.

De Cosmos' original name is believed to have been Smith—plain Alexander Smith. He was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, and educated there and in Halifax. When California was lavishly pouring out her millions he decided to try his fortune there, but after spending six years under a strange flag he caught the Fraser River gold fever and emigrated to Victoria, Vancouver Island. He soon commenced the publication of the *British Colonist*, a small sheet issued three times a week, the first number of which appeared in December, 1858. While he was resident in California he is said to have obtained an Act of the State Legislature changing his name from the plebeian "Smith" to the grandiloquent "Amor De Cosmos," which, being interpreted, is "Lover of the World." And Amor De Cosmos he was thereafter.

De Cosmos was a man of striking appearance, tall, swarthy, black-bearded, almost Spanish in appearance. He ranked high as a public speaker. It is clear, too, that he was a man of vision. No one worked harder to secure the union of Vancouver Island with the mainland colony of British Columbia; and he and the Honourable John Robson were the two great protagonists in favour of the entry of British Columbia into Confederation.

Though their characters differed in many respects, yet De Cosmos and Robson had strikingly similar careers and numerous qualities in common. Both were journalists and wielded trenchant pens; both were but

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little short of being classed as orators; both had come into conflict with the authorities—Robson with Judge Begbie, and De Cosmos with the Colonial Legislature; both were champions of responsible government and union with Canada—Robson on the mainland and De Cosmos on the island; and both became premier of their adopted province.

The stand of De Cosmos as a public man may be best given by quoting the editorial with which he greeted the public in the first number of the *British Colonist*, December 11, 1858. Laying down his policy he said: "Particular interest will be taken in the absorbing questions now before the British North American colonies: The union of these colonies, representation in the Imperial Parliament, the Pacific railroad, and the overland wagon road and telegraph. In local politics we shall be found the sure friend of reform. We shall aim at introducing such reforms as will tend to government according to the well understood wishes of the people. It will be a primary object with us to advocate such changes as will tend to establish self-government. The present constitution we hold is radically defective, and unsuited to the advanced condition of this colony. We shall counsel the introduction of responsible government—a system long established in British America, by which the people will have the whole and sole control over the local affairs of the colony."

De Cosmos, then a member of the Legislative Council of British Columbia, moved on March 10, 1867, the resolution asking for the admission of the colony into the Dominion of Canada. Nothing came of that owing to the inertia of Governor Seymour. About this time the people of the United States began to regard union with them as the manifest destiny of British Columbia: this was, indeed, advanced by their Senate as one of the reasons for the early construction of the Northern Pacific

Builders of the West

Railway. Annexation dangled the bait in a bit of doggerel in which the following lines occurred:

“You want the mail,
You want the rail,
You want the cars to hie on,
Come! Join us and we'll thread your land
With passage way of iron.”

De Cosmos, as editor of the *Standard* newspaper, vigorously combated this attitude. Early and late, in his paper, on the stump, in the halls of legislature—everywhere and at all times he preached Confederation. In January, 1868, at a great public meeting in Victoria he brought forward a resolution asking admission into the newly-formed Dominion of Canada and urging as an essential condition of such admission the construction by the Dominion Government, within two years, of a transcontinental wagon road to connect Lake Superior with the head of navigation on the lower Fraser. In the Legislative Council a short time later he brought forward a scheme of union dealing with the terms which would be acceptable to the colony. And so from year to year he worked to accomplish that end. The history of the struggle for union shows De Cosmos always in the van.

De Cosmos won the friendship of Sir John A. Macdonald, who was evidently attracted by his picturesque personality, as well as by his ability. After the union with Canada he served the province as premier and as a member of the Dominion Parliament. Later he was engaged as the special commissioner of the Provincial Government in pressing the claims of British Columbia arising out of the delay in construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and, later still, in the same capacity, in urging the construction by Canada of the Island Railway. He continued to play a part in public affairs until his active mind became overclouded. He died in retirement while still in his prime.

CHAPTER XXIV

The First Chief Justice: Sir William Begbie

TO TELL the story of Chief Justice Begbie is to tell the story of British Columbia from his arrival at the commencement of the colony in 1858 until his death. He came during the year in which the first tide of motley, gold-seeking adventurers flowed to the banks of the Fraser River. With him came the real establishment of law and order in a virgin land; it was his duty to see that punishment followed crime, and that the loose ideas of life and property which existed in California should not take root under the British flag.

That his iron hand was heavy on the wrongdoer in those early days is proven by the witness of the pioneers and by the comparative peace and freedom from crime in the mines of British Columbia—a condition the more outstanding when compared with the lawlessness that prevailed in other gold camps in western North America.

Not that the people who flocked to the Fraser River and Cariboo mines were any better than those who rushed to the other diggings in search of gold—on the contrary, a large proportion of them had come from California and other parts of western America—but, because they feared what Bancroft calls “the fiery justice of Begbie.” The terror of his name was felt throughout the province and few there were who dared to take the chances of having to face him from the prisoners’ dock.

He was born in England in 1819; was graduated from Cambridge; and in 1844 was called to the Bar. He practised in London until 1858. In that year Sir E. B. Lytton, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, was

under the necessity of sending out a Judge to the new Colony of British Columbia. He had been advised by Douglas of the condition of things in that remote corner of the earth: that gold had been discovered on the Fraser River and that, from California, men who belonged to all quarters of the globe were hastening to share in the riches which were supposed to exist in its bars; that no government had been constituted to control such a heterogeneous collection of people; and that the only semblance of authority was that exercised by the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, with himself as *de facto* Governor. Lytton recognized that the man for the position must be no light-handed, easy-going dilettante. In a quandary, he sought the advice of the Solicitor-General, Hugh M. Cairns, afterwards Lord Chancellor. On his recommendation the Secretary of State selected Begbie for the position. The new Judge was then in the prime of life, strong, athletic, and physically and mentally fitted for the task confided to him.

He arrived at Victoria November 15, 1858, and the next day embarked with Governor Douglas and party for Fort Langley, where the ceremonies in connection with the formation of the colony were to occur.

Although he was sent out as Judge, his duties at the beginning were not entirely judicial. He was to act not only as Judge but also as Attorney-General until such an officer was duly appointed. It is understood that all the early ordinances promulgated by the Governor, who was the sole law-making authority, were either prepared or revised by the Chief Justice. He continued to act in this advisory capacity until the early part of 1859, when George Hunter Cary was appointed as Attorney-General.

In 1859 Begbie commenced his judicial duties by holding courts at Langley, Fort Hope, Fort Yale, and Lytton. His report of this first judicial circuit, made to Governor Douglas, was transmitted to the Home

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Authorities, by whose courtesy it was published in the London Geographical Society's Journal. This document is interesting as showing the condition of the country and the difficulties encountered, even by the judiciary, in traversing it. To reach Langley, Hope, and Yale was easy; but then the trouble commenced. From Yale northward there were no means of travelling but on foot. So, off he went in this manner, accompanied by the Sheriff, the Registrar, and some Indians carrying the baggage of the party. If it had been later in the year, he could have followed the mule trail, which was at a much higher elevation; but as this was then blocked with snow, he was obliged to keep on the west bank of the river till within a short distance of Boston Bar, twenty-five miles above Yale. Begbie does not enter into details of the dangers and difficulties of this trail—an old Indian trail—but he says that it was “utterly impassable for any animal but a man, a goat, or a dog.”

From Boston Bar to Lytton was an easier road to travel. At Lytton he obtained horses and the party rode thence to Cayoosh, now Lillooet. He tried to hold Court there, but unsuccessfully, for he could not find enough British subjects to enable him to empanel a Grand Jury. From Lillooet he returned by canoe and on foot via Seton, Anderson, Lillooet, and Harrison Lakes to the Fraser River.

From that time until his death he exercised his judicial functions in a land of “magnificent distances.” In those early days his heavy hand was of the utmost value in preserving order. But the very talents that rendered him a terror to the evildoer in those lawless times, acting on a temperament naturally autocratic, made him very difficult to deal with when the country became peaceable and settled. There was no Court of Appeal nearer than London, and Begbie was often a law unto himself. He would often set aside the verdict of a

jury, sometimes quite properly, but sometimes most dictatorially. It is said that on one occasion when a jury had brought in a verdict in favour of one of the parties, the Judge immediately entered judgment for the other. The jury was astonished, and the foreman indignantly asked the Judge: "If the judgment is to go contrary to our verdict, what is the use of our being brought here?" The Judge smiled at the foreman and in his thin, high-pitched voice replied: "A mere technicality, my friend, a mere technicality!"

Vancouver Island being a separate colony with a Judge of its own, Begbie's jurisdiction was confined to the mainland colony. When the colonies were united in 1866 considerable trouble was experienced in delimiting the powers of the Vancouver Island Judge and the Mainland Judge; but this was remedied in 1869 by providing that one should be "Chief Justice of Vancouver Island" and the other "Chief Justice of the Mainland of British Columbia." When Chief Justice Needham of Vancouver Island resigned in 1870, Begbie became "Chief Justice of British Columbia" with jurisdiction over the whole colony.

His relations with the members of the legal profession were not always of the most cordial kind. He was impatient of criticism and at times had difficulties with the press when his actions or motives were impugned by it. But at all times he was so picturesque, his wit so caustic, and his actions so determined that he is a figure in the history of British Columbia that will not soon be forgotten.

Innumerable are the stories which are told of him. In one case it is told that when sentencing a prisoner for some minor offence, after making some remarks about the case, he said, "And, sir, for your offence I will only fine you fifty dollars," and paused. The culprit, overjoyed at the small punishment awarded by the redoubt-

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able Begbie, reached down into his trousers' pocket for the money, saying gleefully, "That's all right, Judge. I've just got that in my pants' pocket." The Judge, as if completing the sentence, went on in even voice, "and six months in gaol," and then, with a snap, "have you got *that* in your pants' pocket?"

That he was not always harsh, but could sympathize with and understand the feelings of others is shown by his many quiet, hidden acts of benevolence, and wide charity.

Judge Begbie received the honour of knighthood in 1871, and died in harness in 1894, full of years and of honours.

CHAPTER XXV

Metlakatla: An Ideal Missionary Settlement

IN 1858 at Port Simpson, B.C., a short distance from what is now the site of the ambitious city of Prince Rupert, there existed a post of the Hudson's Bay Company consisting of a few houses, stores, and workshops surrounded by a palisade twenty feet high made of trunks of trees. Near by stood a well-built Indian village of about two hundred and fifty wooden houses, some of them of considerable size. The Tsimshean Indians who lived there were a fine, robust, intelligent people, but barbarous, cruel and bloodthirsty. Thither had come a short, thickset, blue-eyed Englishman, whose purpose it was to teach them the truths of Christianity and the arts of peace. With the assistance of an Indian whom he had made his friend, he acquired, with infinite patience, a smattering of the Tsimshean language and succeeded in gathering around him a few half-breed and Indian children whom he taught. In November he induced the Indians to build for him a schoolhouse in which to carry on his work; everything seemed to be progressing favourably.

But the Medicine Men of the tribe resented the new teaching. The month of December was the season when, according to custom, the heathen rites and ceremonies were to be performed. Demand was made on the missionary to close the schoolhouse for a month so as not to interfere with the celebration. The officers of the fort urged him to consent for fear of the Indians' anger, but he absolutely refused to do so, saying that Satan had reigned there long enough and it was high time his rule should be disturbed. He was warned that bloodshed

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might result from his refusal. Still he refused to give way even should it be his own blood, for, he said, he could not afford to compromise with the devil and he never would.

Surprised at the stand taken by the lone missionary, for he could not expect protection from the fort, his friend, Legaic, one of the head Chiefs, came to him and besought him to change his mind in part and close the school for two weeks. Legaic up to that time had assisted him in his work, allowing the school to be held at first in his dwelling, and later taking part in the construction of the very schoolhouse in question. The missionary would be no party to the Indian orgies, directly or indirectly, and again refused. Legaic could not understand him and became furious at his obstinacy. With a cohort of Medicine Men, painted and masked, he descended on the schoolhouse and with menaces and threats demanded that it be closed for at least four days. The missionary could not be moved. Legaic worked himself into a fury, threatening to kill the children if they came to school, storming at the shame which would be put on him in the face of his visitors; but without success. Calmly and distinctly the missionary gave the angry chief to understand that his mind was made up and that nothing could change it. At last the Chief, exasperated by the calmness of the unarmed man before him, drew his knife and threatened him with death; but as he stepped forward to execute his murderous design, he saw Clah, the missionary's friend, standing near holding a pistol under his blanket, ready to protect the threatened man. Clah's attitude had its effect. The Chief stopped, glared at the intruder, and in speechless wrath stalked silently away, followed by his savage allies. The missionary had won the day; the school remained open.

But how came this man in such strange surroundings, venturing his life in his endeavour to benefit this

savage folk and lift them from their degradation. The tale is an interesting one. From 1852 to 1856 H.M.S. *Virago* had been patrolling the North Pacific coast under the command of Captain (afterwards Admiral) J. C. Prevost. Captain Prevost was a splendid type of the cultured Christian gentleman. He had been struck by the physical perfection of the native population and also by their ignorance and debased mode of life. He foresaw the dangers which were approaching owing to the coming of the white men to the West, and the effect which immorality and drunkenness, the vices of the white race, would have upon them. He felt a duty laid upon him to bring them aid before it was too late.

In 1856 the *Virago* returned to England and Captain Prevost immediately communicated with the Church Missionary Society. At its request, he prepared a memorandum for publication in the Society's journal. This had its effect at once. "Two Friends" immediately donated five hundred pounds to start the work. Soon after, Captain Prevost was ordered to return to the north-west coast of America in the *Satellite*, and, with the sanction of the Admiralty, he offered a free passage to the teacher selected by the Society to go to the Tsimsheans.

The opportunity was ready for the man. The man was also ready for the task. A few years before Captain Prevost's return, a representative of the Church Missionary Society was to speak to the people of St. John's Church in Beverly, Yorkshire, on missionary work. Owing to the inclement weather the attendance was so small that the Vicar suggested an adjournment, but the speaker insisted on making his address notwithstanding the small audience. Amongst his hearers was a young man, then engaged in mercantile pursuits, and fast climbing the ladder of success. He was deeply moved by the words of the speaker, and, then and there, determined

that at all costs he would be one of those to carry Christ's message to the heathen. He gave up his business, offered himself to the Society, and was sent to the Highbury Training College to complete his education. This young man was William Duncan, better known in British Columbia as "Father Duncan," the first person who was effective in civilizing the Indians of the North Pacific coast, and one of the most picturesque figures in our history.

Duncan accompanied Captain Prevost to the Far West and arrived in Victoria in June, 1857. On his arrival he met the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, James Douglas, knighted for his services to the Empire in later days. Douglas and others attempted to dissuade the young man from going further, pointing out the dangers he would incur among the savage peoples of the North and the inability of the Hudson's Bay Company to give him protection of any kind. Duncan was obdurate. To the Tsimsheans he had been sent, and to them he would go. The more savage they were the greater the necessity for his presence among them. But he could not go at once for there were no means of reaching his destination until the Company's vessel should go north in the autumn. In the meantime he remained at Victoria, learning the ways of the West, studying the Chinook jargon, the *lingua franca* of the coast, and preparing himself for his great task.

On arriving at Fort Simpson in October, 1857, he found the state of things there had not been exaggerated by his Victoria friends. On the contrary, it was even worse than he had anticipated. The gruesome scenes, viewed from the Hudson's Bay Company's fort and pictured in his early reports to the society, paint a lurid picture of the life of the natives of that locality. So much were the Indians feared by the Company's employees that only two were admitted within the palisade

at any one time. The fort had been built about seventeen miles from the chief village of the Tsimsheans at Metlakatla, but, soon after it had been established, the Indians had left their old home and grouped themselves around its walls.

The young missionary was not daunted by what he saw and heard around him. On the contrary, his urge to help the natives increased. It was necessary for him first to learn their tongue in order to be able to teach them in their own language. He had the good fortune to meet a friendly Indian, one Clah, who wanted to learn to speak English, and the two laboured together to teach each other. The Tsimshean language was difficult to master, but after eight months of diligent perseverance Duncan succeeded in writing down and memorizing fifteen hundred words. He then began to teach the natives the message he had brought from overseas, and soon was able to obtain to some extent their confidence and attention.

His work was from the beginning hampered by the association of those who were willing to follow the paths pointed out by the missionary with those who were determined to follow in the footsteps of their fathers. Converts, or those who seemed to be inclined to be converts, relapsed into their old ways again and again. Duncan soon saw that he must separate his flock from the other Indians and in 1862 he induced those who were under his influence, three hundred in number, to leave Fort Simpson and return with him to their old home at Metlakatla. In 1864 he obtained a grant from the Provincial Government of fifty square miles around the village for the Indians, two acres of which were to be held for the use of the Church Missionary Society, and here he formed a colony of Christian Indians, as he said, "out of the miasma of heathen life and away from the deadening and enthralling influence of heathen customs."

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Under these conditions he was able to shut out the evils of intoxicating liquors and educate his flock, free from the debasing influence of either white or red.

He succeeded beyond his highest hopes. He opened and maintained a store, built a Church and Mission House, and the necessary dwellings for his people. He was Lay Pastor and Missionary, Treasurer, Chief Trader, Clerk of the Works, the Father and Friend of the community. The Government recognized his position and made him a magistrate. He organized a Village Council to assist him and under his guidance the Indians built and operated a sawmill for their own purposes. Bishop Hills, of Victoria, made several visits and baptized those whom Duncan recognized as truly converted. Bishop Bompas, of Athabasca, also visited the settlement for the same purpose. Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Dufferin visited the Mission. The Church Missionary Society, proud of the success of its efforts, published glowing accounts of Duncan's work. It seemed as if a new era had dawned in the relations between the red race and the white.

It will be remembered that although Mr. Duncan was carrying on the work of the church as a missionary, he was not a clergyman in the technical sense. He had at various times been pressed to take holy orders, and if he had done so he probably would have been appointed Bishop of the Diocese when it was formed. This he always refused to do, feeling that he could be of more use to his people as a lay teacher than as a clergyman. His isolation from the church world of England and his long continued association with the natives caused him gradually to lose interest in the forms and ceremonies of the Anglican Church and to teach Christianity in a general way, without vexing his pupils' minds with ideas of sect which they could not understand. This course seems to have found favour with the society under whose

auspices he laboured, at least, we find no objection made to it until after the arrival of Bishop Ridley.

Until 1879 the whole of British Columbia had been but one diocese of the Anglican Church. In that year it was divided into three, the northern portion where the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society were labouring being constituted the Diocese of Caledonia. Rev. Wm. Ridley, an English clergyman, at one time a missionary in India, and afterwards vicar of an English parish, was appointed Bishop. On his arrival at Metlakatla he was apparently well pleased with the condition of things, for his report to the Church Missionary Society, written shortly after, glows with appreciation. He says:

The church bell rings, and from both wings of the village, well-dressed men, their wives and children, pour out from the cottages, and the two currents meet at the steps of the noble sanctuary their own hands have made to the honour of God, our Saviour. . . . Inwardly, I exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!"

At the same time he assured the Indians that he had not come to interfere with Mr. Duncan but to work with him.

But this idyllic state did not long continue. Bishop Ridley and Mr. Duncan could not agree. It was in the nature of the two men to be antagonistic. Duncan was determined and had a knowledge of his people which the Bishop could not have. He was no longer an Episcopalian in the sectarian sense of the word; and ritual, forms, and ceremonies lacked meaning for him. The Bishop was just as determined as Duncan, but without that knowledge of Indian character which the latter had imbibed from his long years of experience at Fort Simpson and Metlakatla. He was a thorough churchman, to whom the ritual, forms, and ceremonies of the

Anglican Church were as vital a part of his Christianity as the essential beliefs thereof. He appeared at the church services in his full episcopal regalia; he demanded his proper title as "My Lord" when being addressed. He failed to see any necessity for the plain and simple services to which the Indians had been accustomed under Mr. Duncan's regime.

He suggested that the services might be improved by following more closely the ritual of the church. Then he desired that the Indians be allowed to take the sacrament in both bread and wine. This, Duncan strenuously opposed, pointing out that ceremonial cannibalism had until lately been practised to some extent by the Indians and that they had been taught that this was a heinous sin. How could they now be taught that in partaking of the sacrament they were partaking of the body and blood of Christ? Could they understand that this was merely symbolic and not an approval of their old heathenish customs? The Queen's law forbade any one giving them intoxicating liquors. They were taught that it was wrong for them to touch them, and this made it impossible for the church to give them wine, even in a religious ceremony. The Bishop was anxious that the ceremony of baptism should be more liberally administered; Duncan insisted that great care should be taken that those who received that rite should be fully qualified for it and competent to discharge the religious duties imposed thereby. Both men were sincere, no doubt, in their views; both sought the same goal; but neither would yield and so a time of trouble commenced which promised ill for the little community.

There is no space here to go into the details of the strife which arose from the disagreements between the leaders. Out of it sprang a division among the Indians. The Bishop and those who supported him founded their

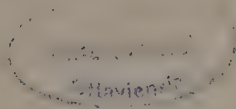
claims on the rights of the Church Missionary Society under which the settlement had grown up. The others asserted the ancient rights of the Indians to the soil. The vexed question of the Indian rights to the two acres which had been reserved for the society and on which buildings had been constructed by the Indians added to the flames. There was a small riot in which the Bishop took a leading part. News of trouble brought a gunboat from Victoria, to find on arrival that it was not needed. A commission of leading men came from Victoria to investigate the whole affair and, after hearing evidence for several days, returned and made a lame and impotent report which in no way mended matters.

So the affairs of Metlakatla drifted on. Nothing was done and Duncan, seeing his life's work ending in failure and strife, took a drastic resolution. He, with those who adhered to him, would leave Metlakatla, and in some other place carry on his work without interference. He went to Washington, D.C., and obtained from the Government of the United States for his Indians a grant of Annette Island, just across on the Alaskan side of the boundary. Thither he went, followed by some eight hundred followers, and with them he built a new home where he carried on his work unmolested and undisturbed until his death a few years ago.

The settlement at Metlakatla did not die, though sadly diminished in numbers. A community remained, steadily increasing in numbers, working out under Bishop Ridley himself and the late Bishop DuVernet, who passed away a short time ago, the lessons taught by Mr. Duncan. Not only in Metlakatla, but on the Naas, the Skeena, and on the Queen Charlotte Islands, the work of the society and of the church has prospered and great good has been accomplished for the native population. Duncan's claim to remembrance is that he first saw the means by which the Indians could be fitted

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into the scheme of civilization and taught that lesson to those who shared his labours. It is to their credit that they and their successors, after he had left them, recognized and followed his example and his teaching. And while we regret the strife which grew out of the differing ideas of two determined but conscientious Christian men, each trying to do God's work but in conflicting ways, and the voluntary exile of Mr. Duncan and his adherents, British Columbia will never cease to be proud of the work and character of our first missionary on the North Pacific coast, commonly called, as a mark of affection and respect, "Father Duncan."



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